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THE LUCY BOOKS



BY

JACOB ABBOTT



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THE
LUCY BOOKS,
BY THE
Author of the Rollo Books.



New York,
T. Y. CROWELL & CO.

Jacob Abbott

COUSIN LUCY

AMONG

THE MOUNTAINS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE ROLLO BOOKS.



THE LUCY SERIES

IS COMPOSED OF SIX VOLUMES, VIZ. :

Lucy Among the Mountains.
Lucy's Conversations.
Lucy on the Sea-Shore.

Lucy at Study.
Lucy at Play.
Stories told to Cousin Lucy.

A NEW EDITION, REVISED BY THE AUTHOR.



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PREFACE.

THIS volume, with its companion, *COUSIN LUCY UPON THE SEA-SHORE*, is intended as a continuation of *Lucy's* history, four volumes of which have been already published. They present to the juvenile reader an account of the gradual progress made by our little heroine in the acquisition of knowledge, and in the formation of character, though in very different scenes from those in which the incidents of the preceding volumes have been laid.

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LUCY AMONG THE MOUNTAINS.

CHAPTER 1.

FORDING.

ONE summer afternoon, in the fall of the year, just after sunset, there was a chaise coming down a long hill in the woods. The hill was steep, and there was a rocky precipice on one side of the road. There were lofty mountains all around.

In the chaise there were three persons — a gentleman, a lady, and a little girl. The girl was Rollo's cousin Lucy. The gentleman and lady were her father and mother. They were taking a journey.

The country was very wild and mountainous, and the road desolate and solitary. If it had been morning, Lucy would have been pleased with the cliffs and precipices, and the towering summits of the mountains. But now, as the sun had gone

down, it seemed lonely. In fact, Lucy was a little afraid.

“How much farther have we got to go?” she asked.

“I don’t know,” said her father; “it must be several miles.”

“Hark! father,” said Lucy, again; “I hear a roaring.”

“Yes,” said her father; “it is down in the valley below us.”

Lucy said nothing in reply to this; but, if her father could have seen her face, he would have perceived that she looked anxious and pale. She did not know what that roaring could be.

“I presume there is a stream there,” said her father, — “perhaps a small river.”

“O,” said Lucy, “a river roaring. I didn’t know but that it might be — some — some wild beasts.”

Lucy was a little ashamed of her fears, and so she spoke hesitatingly.

Her mother smiled faintly, and then immediately looked serious again. In fact, her mother was a little afraid herself. She did not like crossing rivers so late, in strange and wild places. She was afraid that the bridge might break down.

Lucy’s father, however, said that he presumed

that the bridge was perfectly safe, for he thought they would have a good bridge on a road so much travelled as that appeared to be.

He was, however, in error in all his calculations on the subject ; for, as it happened, there was no bridge at all. He learned this before he came to the river ; for, when they had reached the bottom of the hill, they met a man on horseback, and so they stopped to inquire of him about their road. They asked him if there was a good bridge over that stream ; and he said that there was no bridge at all, but that there was a very good place to ford.

“O, I am afraid to ford,” said Lucy’s mother.

“So am I,” said Lucy.

“Is the water deep?” said her father to the man.

“No, sir,” replied the man, “not if you keep in the right place, — just in the edge of the rips.” So saying, the man rode on.

Lucy’s father then moved his horse slowly on down the road, which gradually descended into a ravine, where Lucy could hear the water roaring. Lucy said that she was afraid to have the horse wade through the river.

“So am I,” said her mother

“I don’t quite like the adventure myself,” said her father, “but there is no other alternative.”

“Can’t we go back?” said her mother.

“Not very well. It is several miles back to any place where we could spend the night, and then we should have to come and ford this stream to-morrow morning; so that we shouldn’t gain much.”

“Only it would be light,” said Lucy.

“And perhaps we might find some other way,” said her mother.

“We’ll go down to the bank of the stream, and see, at any rate,” said her father. And he accordingly rode on. The rocks and precipices were so high on each side of the road, and the river itself so crooked, winding around among them, that they could not see far before them. At length, however, they came in sight of the surface of the water, gleaming through the trees before them; and in a few minutes more, they came down to the bank of a very broad stream.

“O dear me!” said Lucy; “I am sure I am afraid to wade across such a big river as this.”

Her father said nothing, but he stopped the horse upon the sand of the shore, and began to look up and down over the water.

"It looks very shallow," said he.

"What is *shallow*, sir?" said Lucy.

"Why, not deep," replied her father.

"What did the man mean by the *rips*?" asked Lucy's mother

"He meant the ripples in the water there, all across the stream, just below us." So saying, Lucy's father pointed, and showed Lucy and her mother where the water was rough, being full of little waves, which tumbled along, making a sort of rippling noise. These ripples extended quite across the stream just below where they were. But above them, the surface of the water was calm and smooth, like glass. This calm surface also, like the ripples below, extended across from shore to shore.

The sun had been set for some time, but still there was a great deal of light in the western part of the sky. This light shone upon the water, and enabled them to see, pretty distinctly, the line of the rips, where the man had said that they must go.

"I wouldn't go through the waves, father," said Lucy; "I would go where the water is smooth."

"No," said her father; "we'll follow the directions."

As he said this, he began to drive the horse into

the water. The bottom was covered with fine pebble-stones, so that it was by no means as smooth as the road which they had been travelling in: still they got along very well. The water gradually grew deeper and deeper, until it came up to the step of the chaise. They were then in about the middle of the river.

“O father,” said Lucy, “what a wide river!”

“Yes,” said her father, “it is pretty wide, and I believe I’ll stop the horse a minute or two, and let you look about.”

So he pulled the reins a little, and said, whoa, and the horse stopped; while Lucy and her mother looked up and down the river. Lucy could see better than her mother, for she was seated in the middle of the chaise, upon a low seat. It was a little farther forward than the seat which her parents were sitting upon, so that she could see up and down the river very well. The reflection of the clouds in the water was very beautiful, and there were trees upon the banks, hanging over into the stream. The river came round between two high hills, a short distance above where they were, and there were crags, and precipices, and high mountains, all around.

“I see one house,” said Lucy’s mother.

Where is it, mother?” said Lucy

Her mother pointed towards the house. It seemed to be pretty far off on one side of the valley, far above where they were. They could not see its situation very distinctly, because it was so nearly dark; but it appeared to be on an elevated table of land, with high mountains beyond it.

"There are three houses there," said Lucy
"I can see three."

"No," replied her father; "those are the barns, I presume; however, we must drive on."

He accordingly drove on. Lucy watched the house as long as she could. It was not very large, and was painted white, and there was an enormous elm hanging over it, like an umbrella. The barns, which Lucy thought, at first, were other houses, were very large; but they were partly hidden by trees, so that she could not see them very distinctly. And presently, when the horse drew near the shore, the tops of some large pine-trees, which grew upon the bank, came in the way, and they lost sight of the house altogether. When the horse reached the opposite bank of the river, he walked up the ascent, and then came to a smooth and pleasant road, through a level mowing field, with groves of trees upon one side along the bank of the river. The level field did not extend very

far; and when they came to the end of it, they began to ascend a hill. A short distance before them, they saw a man coming with a cart and oxen.

"I believe I'll stop," said Lucy's father, "and ask him how far it is to the next tavern."

"Yes," said Lucy; "I would."

And just before they met the man, her mother said, in a lower tone, "Ask him, too, whether we shall have to ford another stream."

Just at that minute, they saw that the man was driving his team out of the road, in order to make room for them to pass; for the road here was quite narrow. When they got opposite to him, he stood among the bushes, with one arm resting upon the yoke of his oxen, waiting for them to pass. He nodded to them, with a frank and pleasant expression of countenance.

"Will you tell me, sir," said Lucy's father, "how far it is to the next tavern?"

"Why, it's — not far from five miles — equal to ten."

"How so?"

"O, it's right up and down hill all the way."

"It will take us two or three hours to get there, then," said Lucy's father to her mother. Then he turned to the man again, and said —

“Shall we have any other stream to ford before we get there?”

“No,” said the man, “no *other* stream; but you’ll have to cross this same one again about four miles from here.”

“Ah!” said her father. — “Is it a pretty good place to cross?”

“Yes, very good,” said the teamster.

“Better than it is down here, where we just came across?” said Lucy’s mother.

“No,” said the man, “not *better* than that; we don’t call it any thing crossing there, when the water is as low as it is now.”

Lucy’s mother said no more, and her father was just about driving on, when he reined up his horse again a moment to say, —

“Then there’s no place nearer than five miles, where we can put up to-night.”

“Why, yes,” replied the man, “there’s the General’s. I presume you could get accommodated up here at the General’s.”

“How far is it to the General’s?”

“O, about a mile and a half,” replied the man.

“Does he make a practice of entertaining travellers?” said Lucy’s father.

“Why, no,” replied the man, “he does not

exactly make a practice of it ; but, then, he's very glad to see them when they come."

" And he makes a regular charge for it, does he? "

" O yes," said the man ; " you needn't be concerned about that ; he's very reasonable in his charges."

" Well, sir, I'm very much obliged to you," said Lucy's father ; and he immediately began to whip up his horse, as if he was in a hurry to go along. At the same time, he turned his face away from the man towards Lucy, and seemed to be trying to keep from laughing. Something appeared to amuse him very much ; so much, in fact, that it seemed to be quite difficult for him to keep sober until he got by the man.

" What are you laughing at, father? " said Lucy.

Her father did not answer, but only laughed the more.

" Father," repeated Lucy, earnestly, " what are you laughing at? I am sure I don't think we ought to laugh at that man for telling us about our way."

" No," replied her father ; " I was not laughing at the man, but only at the queer mistake he made."

“What mistake?” said Lucy.

Why, he thought I was afraid that the General would charge too much for entertaining us; whereas all that I was afraid of was, that he would not charge any thing at all.”

“What do you mean by *charge*, father?” said Lucy.

“Making us pay,” replied her father.

“Well, what do you want him to make us pay for?” asked Lucy.

“O, we shall all feel a great deal more at home at his house, if he is going to receive pay for entertaining us. I shouldn’t like to go into a farmer’s house, and have him get us some supper, and give us beds to sleep in, and then get us some breakfast in the morning, and then not pay him any thing for all that trouble. But the man thought that I was afraid we should have to pay him too much.”

Lucy did not understand exactly what her father meant by speaking of a farmer’s house; for the house where they were going was a general’s house, she thought, and not a farmer’s. However, she said no more about it. Her father said that he had forgotten to ask what the General’s name was, and her mother said that she thought the General’s house must be the one they saw up

among the hills, when they were coming across the stream.

“Very likely,” said her father, in reply; and there the conversation ceased. They were all tired, and so they rode on for nearly half an hour in silence.

The road was generally up hill, though it was level sometimes for a short distance; and sometimes it even went down a little way, and then up again. It curved about also, winding along around rocks and precipices, and sometimes up narrow ravines. At one place there was a great tree growing out from the brink of a precipice by the side of the road, far above them; and the tree hung over so far, that Lucy was afraid that it would fall down upon their heads. But her father said that he thought there was no danger. They could hear the river roaring through the valley far below them on one side of the road, and now and then they got a glimpse of the water, which was bright by the reflection of the sky.

At length they came to ground which seemed to be more smooth. There began to be a fence of rails on one side of the road. Presently the fence stopped, and a wall began. The wall was made of rough stones piled up in a row. Pretty soon there was a wall on the other side of the road

too ; and beyond the wall on one side was an orchard, the trees growing among large rocks, which were scattered about the ground. On the other side were broad, level fields, which looked pretty smooth, though Lucy could not see them very well. Her father said that he thought that must be the General's mowing.

As they drove along, they could see that they were passing different fields, having corn and grain growing in them. These fields appeared to be quite large, and the walls seemed to grow better and more substantial the farther they advanced. Lucy's father said he had no idea that there could have been such a place for a farm among those mountains. Lucy, however, said that she did not see any farm, nothing but some fields.

They soon began to draw near the house. They did not see the buildings until they came very near them ; for there were forests and lofty mountains behind them, which looked dark, and so the barns, and sheds, and granaries were concealed. The house, too, did not show itself until they got almost to it. Lucy saw it first by means of a light from one of the windows. She did not see the light very plainly at first, because it shone through some trees which were in the way ; out

presently, when they came into full view of it, they saw that it was a very bright light.

“They’ve got a good fire,” said Lucy’s mother, “and I’m glad of it, for I feel cold.”

“So do I,” said Lucy. “I’m glad they’ve got a good fire.”

Just at this time, her father turned his horse up into a large yard, which extended along by the side of the house. There were various out-buildings all around the yard, and the great elm-tree hung over it like a canopy. The elm-tree was very large, and it stood pretty near the house, so that one half of the branches overhung the house, and the other half the yard. Lucy’s father drove up pretty near to the door.



CHAPTER II.

THE GENERAL'S.

Just as the chaise stopped in the yard, Lucy saw a boy coming in from the barn towards the house, with a basket in his hand. He ran along towards the chaise, and Lucy's father asked him if the General was at home.

"Yes, sir," said the boy; "won't you walk in? I'll hold the horse while you get out."

"No," said Lucy's father; "we won't get out yet. But will you be good enough to ask him if he will come to the door a moment."

The boy said he would, and he went into the house. Lucy expected to see a man dressed in uniform, with a gun in his hand, or at least a sword; and also with a feather in his cap, and an epaulet on each shoulder. Instead of this, however, much to her surprise, the boy came out a moment after he had gone in, conducting a plain-looking man, who appeared just like a farmer.

“Is that the General?” said Lucy, whispering to her mother.

“Hush!” said her mother.

The General had a plain, farmer-like look; his countenance, however, was intelligent and expressive. He seemed very glad to see the travellers. He invited them to come in immediately, — even before he heard their story, — and when Lucy’s father had told him what their circumstances were, he said, —

“Yes, yes, — I can accommodate you just as well as not. I am very glad to see you.”

Then he told the boy to hold the horse’s head, while he took Lucy out, and put her down upon a great flat stone before the door. Then her father and mother got out, and the General took off the trunk, which was strapped on behind, and set it down also upon the stone. He also took out the other baggage, and then told the boy to lead the horse off to the barn, and said that he would send out Joseph to help him take care of him. Then they all went into the house.

Just as they were going in at the door, Lucy said, in a very low voice, to her mother, who was leading her by the hand, —

“Mother, I thought that a general was a kind of a soldier”

“Hush! hush! Lucy,” said her mother

Lucy, therefore, said no more, but went in. She found herself in a large room, with a very large fireplace in one side of it. There were a great many strange things,—that is, things strange to Lucy,—all about the room. There was a long wooden seat, with a very high back to it, by the wall, upon one side of the fire. There was a round-faced, happy-looking girl, sitting on this seat, about as big as Joanna. She was knitting. There was, also, a young man sitting by a window; this was Joseph; and he got up and went out when the party came in, in order to go to the barn, and help take care of the horse. The General and his wife put some chairs before the fire, for Lucy and her father and mother to sit down and warm themselves. Lucy sat down with the rest, but she was so much amazed at the strange things before her,—the great hearth, made of monstrous flat stones, the black iron andirons, with the tops turning over in a curl, and the bright, blazing fire,—that she did not think much about warming herself.

Then Lucy began to look about the room. The light shone brightly upon the floor, and under the tables. Under one table there was a large black dog stretched out straight, with his

chin upon his fore paws, and watching Lucy with the eye that was turned towards her. And every time he heard a noise, he would raise his head, and prick up his ears, and, after listening a minute, lay it down again. In a minute or two, Lucy saw him lift up his head *very* suddenly, and look quite wild. Lucy heard, herself, at the same moment, a low and distant sound of whistling, which seemed to be out in the yard. The dog started up, and ran towards the door, and stood there a moment, whining for somebody to open it. An instant afterwards, a little girl, whom Lucy had not seen before, came quick, and opened the door, and let him out. Then she went back, and took her seat again upon a cricket in the corner. She seemed to be about as old as Lucy; and Lucy thought to herself, that she wished she was acquainted with her, and then she would go and play with her. "And at any rate," said she to herself, "I wish I knew what her name was."

Her name, in fact, was Ellen. Lucy learned her name pretty soon; for the General's wife, who was Ellen's mother, called her, in a few minutes, to go and show Lucy and her mother the way to the bedroom.

"Shall I light a candle, mother?" said Ellen.

“ Yes,” said her mother.

Lucy then observed that Ellen went to a sort of open cupboard, by the side of the room, where there were a great many dishes and tins in rows, all nice and bright ; and she took down an iron candlestick, with a short candle in it, and came and lighted it by the fire. Then she conducted Lucy's mother, and Lucy herself, out through a door in the back side of the room. The door led into a small passage-way ; and, from this passage-way, Ellen opened a door which led into a very pleasant little bedroom. There was a bed in the back side of the room, and a little trundle-bed under it, which Lucy supposed was for her. The middle of the floor was covered with a small carpet. The rest of the floor was painted. There were two windows, with white curtains hanging before them, and between the windows a table, covered with a white cloth. Over the table was a looking-glass ; and there was a large pincushion hanging under the glass. There was also a lightstand in a corner of the room, with a Bible upon it.

Lucy's father came in immediately afterwards bringing in some of the baggage ; and, while he was putting it down, Lucy went and lifted up the curtain of the window to look out.

“O, what a strange-looking place!” said Lucy
“I never saw such a strange-looking place. Come and see, mother.”

Her mother went to the window to see. Directly before them, under the window, there was a little green yard, with a stone wall running along the back side of it. Beyond the wall, there were trees and bushes; and the land seemed to descend into a little valley, where Lucy thought she could hear a brook tumbling over stones. Beyond the brook there was a vast forest, rising higher and higher up the declivities of the mountains. The mountains were so high, that Lucy had to move away more of the curtain before she could see the summits. They were steep and gray. Lucy could see them very distinctly; for the moon had come up, and was shining upon them. In a place lower down, there was a great, rocky precipice, which projected out from among the trees. Lucy said to herself, that she was glad Royal did not see it; for, if he did, she knew that he would want to be climbing up to the top of it, and she should be afraid that he would fall.

When Lucy went back into the great room again with her mother, she found that there was a round table set out in the middle of the floor,

and spread for supper. The girl, who was sitting upon the great seat, beckoned to Lucy to come and sit with her; and Lucy went. She put down her knitting, and took Lucy up in her lap. At first, Lucy was a little afraid; but the girl looked so good-humoredly and pleasantly upon her, that she soon began to feel at her ease.

“What is your name?” said Lucy, looking up into her face.

“Comfort,” said the girl.

“Comfort?” repeated Lucy.

“Yes,” replied the girl.

“I never heard of such a name as Comfort,” said Lucy.

“What is *your* name?” said Comfort.

Lucy told her what her name was, and then Comfort asked her various other questions about their journey; and, at last, Lucy and Comfort became quite well acquainted. In the mean time, Ellen was very busy helping her mother get the supper. There was a round, flat cake set up before the fire, in an iron thing called a *spider*, to bake, and a pie put down in a corner to warm. At length, Lucy looked up to Comfort again, and said, —

“Why don’t you help them get supper?”

“O, I don’t do the housework,” said Comfort ; “I spin.”

“Spin?” repeated Lucy ; “how do you spin?”

“With my spinning-wheel,” said Comfort. “There it stands, in the corner.”

Lucy looked in the direction where Comfort pointed, and she saw a very curious-looking machine, with one great wheel, something like one of the wheels of her father’s chaise, only it was up in the air, on the top of the machine. The machine had three legs, too, to stand upon.

Lucy looked at it, wondering, when Comfort asked her if she had never seen a spinning-wheel.

“No,” said Lucy.

“And then you never saw any body spin?”

“No,” said Lucy.

“You shall see me, then, to-morrow. I shall spin all day to-morrow.”

“I wish you would show me a little to-night,” said Lucy.

“Well,” said Comfort, “I will.”

So Comfort put Lucy down, and led her to the wheel ; and then she took up a long, slender roll of wool, from a pile of such rolls, which was lying across the forward part of the wheel, and began to spin. The wheel made a loud, buzzing noise, which seemed to Lucy to be very extra

ordinary indeed. Lucy stood before the wheel, with her hands behind her, looking on, with great interest, at the spinning, and wondering what made it buzz.

Presently, Comfort stopped, and led Lucy back to her seat, saying, "To-morrow you shall see me spin more."

"But I am going away to-morrow," said Lucy, "with my father and mother."

Just then, Lucy saw that the supper was ready, and they were putting the chairs around the table. Not long after supper, Lucy's mother took her into the bedroom, to put her to bed. While they were in the bedroom together, Lucy said that she wished her mother would stay there several days.

"No," said her mother; "we must go on to-morrow. But perhaps we shall stop again when we come back."

"When are we coming back?" said Lucy.

"In about a week," replied her mother.

"Well, mother," said Lucy, "why can't you and I stay here, and let father go on alone, and call for us when he comes back?"

"I should like that," said her mother. "I will ask him."

"Well," said Lucy, with an expression of great satisfaction. "Then I can see Comfort spin"

So, after Lucy's mother had put her to bed, and was going out of the room, Lucy called out to her, just as she was shutting the door, —

“ You'll be sure and ask father.”

“ Yes,” said her mother.

“ And come back and tell me what he says.”

“ Perhaps so,” said her mother. “ Good night.”

After her mother had gone, Lucy began talking to herself, as follows : —

“ I hope we shall stay here ; then I can see Comfort's lamb. Comfort says she's got a lamb. I wish I had a lamb, — or a little spinning-wheel — if a little one would only buzz. This is the way it went : Buzz — buzz — uz — z-z — .”

And in a few minutes, Lucy buzzed herself to sleep.

CHAPTER III.

THE INSPECTION.

LUCY's plan, of having her mother and herself remain at the General's while her father went on to finish his journey by himself, was adopted, to her great joy.

LUCY stood under the elm-tree, and saw him drive away, with great satisfaction, the next morning, soon after breakfast.

As soon as her father's chaise was out of sight, at a curve in the road, where some large trees intercepted the view, LUCY turned round to go into the house. ELLEN was standing in the door. Her brother, the boy who had held the horse the evening before, was standing pretty near, and, as he turned to go on towards the barn, he said to ELLEN, —

“ ELLEN, is not this inspection day ? ”

“ Yes,” said ELLEN, after hesitating a moment, “ I believe it is.”

“ Excellent ! ” said the boy. “ We shall have

some cakes. I am going to eat mine on my clearing."

"Inspection?" said Lucy to herself; "I wonder what they mean by *inspection*."

But Lucy did not like to ask, though she wanted to know very much. She did not feel enough acquainted even with Ellen, to ask. She thought she would go in and ask her mother.

She found her mother in the little bedroom, arranging it. She had put a table before the window, in a place where it would be pleasant to sit. She had opened her trunk, and had taken out some paper and writing materials, so as to be ready to write a letter. When Lucy came in, she said, —

"Mother, there is going to be an inspection."

"Is there?" said her mother.

Lucy waited a moment; but her mother did not seem to be particularly interested in what she had said, and asked her no questions about it, but went on arranging some books upon the table, just as if there was not going to be any inspection at all. At length, Lucy said, —

"What is an *inspection*, mother?"

"An inspection?" said her mother, looking up, why, it is a kind of a review."

“A review, mother? I don’t know what a *review* is, any better than an *inspection*.”

“Why, it is — a —— I don’t know how to explain it to you; — it is a sort of a training, where several companies of soldiers come together, and the general looks at them, and examines their guns, and sees them exercise.”

“What is it for, mother?” said Lucy.

“Why, to see if every thing is in good order. But is there really going to be an inspection about here, Lucy?”

“Yes, mother, I am sure there is,” replied Lucy, speaking very emphatically, and looking very positive, — “I am sure there is, for Robert said there was.”

“Is that boy’s name Robert?” asked her mother.

“Yes,” said Lucy; “and he said there was going to be an inspection. Do you think you shall let me go and see it, mother?”

“Why, that depends,” said her mother, “upon when and where it is to be. I can’t tell you till you find out something more about it.”

“Well,” said Lucy, “I’ll go and ask Comfort. I am not afraid to ask Comfort.”

So Lucy went out in pursuit of Comfort.

Lucy found Comfort at her spinning-wheel

The wheel was in one corner of the kitchen, by a window. It was a great way from the fire, for the room was very large. Lucy was so much interested, for a time, in seeing Comfort spin, that she forgot about the inspection. Comfort talked with her, and explained something about the spinning-wheel, but did not stop her work. First she would whirl the wheel around one way very fast for a few minutes, and then she would stop, and then begin to whirl it the other way. Sometimes she would draw out a long thread of the yarn, and then the yarn would all run up on the spindle.

"Why don't you turn your wheel always the same way?" asked Lucy.

"Because," said Comfort, "I have to turn it one way to twist the thread, and then the other to run it on the spindle."

Lucy did not understand the explanation very well, and so she thought she would look on and see how Comfort did it. But she did it so fast that Lucy could not see. So, after she had stood silently for some time, hearing the wheel buzz, she asked Comfort if there was going to be an inspection that day.

"Yes," said Comfort.

"When is it going to be?" asked Lucy.

“Right after dinner,” said Comfort.

“How far is it,” said Lucy, “from here?”

“O, not far,” said Comfort; “you shall go; I’ll show you.”

So Lucy ran back to her mother, and told her that the inspection was going to be right after dinner, and that it was not far, and that Comfort would go and show it to her.

“Well,” said her mother, “you may go whenever Comfort goes; but it is very strange that they are going to have an inspection up here. I am sure I don’t see where the troops are to come from.”

“Well,” said Lucy, “I know there is going to be one, because Comfort said so.”

Lucy was right. There was going to be an inspection, but it was very different from the kind that she had imagined. For that day, at dinner, Lucy’s mother asked the farmer about the inspection, and where it was to be, and he said, “O, we generally begin at the barn, and so go all around.”

“Why, what kind of an inspection is it?” said Lucy’s mother.

“Why, it is not a military inspection,” said the farmer, laughing. “Did you think it was a military inspection, Lucy?” he added, turning to Lucy.

“ Sir ? ’ said Lucy.

“ It is not a military inspection ; it is only an inspection of my farm.”

“ An’t there any soldiers ? ” said Lucy.

“ No,” said the farmer, “ no soldiers. We inspect the barn, and the sheds, and shop, and then we come into the house and inspect the rooms, and closets, and the cellar, to see if every thing is in order. We cannot show you any soldiers.”

“ My mother said there were going to be some soldiers,” said Lucy.

“ No,” said Lucy’s mother. “ I said that I supposed they meant an inspection of soldiers. There may be an inspection of any thing.”

Lucy was quite disappointed, when she found that it was not to be an inspection of soldiers

However, she concluded to go and see it, whatever it was ; and accordingly, after dinner, she put on her bonnet, and went out to the door with Ellen, and waited there for the rest to come.

In a few minutes, she saw Robert coming from a building between one of the barns and the shed, with a sort of a box in his hand. The box was somewhat similar to a knife-box in form ; and, as in a knife-box, there was a handle in the middle, coming up from the bottom of the box, which Robert took hold of, and brought it by.

“What is that, Robert?” said Lucy

“This is the tool-box,” said Robert.

“What is it for?” asked Lucy.

“Why, I always carry about a tool-box at the inspection,” said Robert. “Because, sometimes father finds something broken, that he can mend at once upon the spot.”

By this time he came up to where Lucy was standing, and he put down the box upon the great stone step, so that she could look into it. The box was not very deep, and it was divided off, inside, into several compartments. There was one long compartment upon one side, which extended from one end of the box to the other. In this were several tools. There were a hammer and a gimlet; and, besides, there were several other tools, which Lucy did not know the names of.

Besides this long compartment, there were several small, square divisions, which had nails and screws in them, of different sizes. Lucy said she never saw so many different kinds of nails. While she was looking at them, Robert began to hear the rattling of wheels in the road, and he exclaimed aloud,—

“O, here comes Eben.”

Lucy looked to see. A wagon, with a man

and a small boy in it, stopped opposite to the house. The boy appeared to be very young — younger than Lucy. His face was round, and his cheeks were red and full. He looked very sober and anxious, for he was afraid that he could not get out of the wagon, very well. The man took hold of his arm, and helped him climb down. Eben looked towards the ground with an anxious expression of countenance, as if he thought it was a great way down.

As soon, however, as his little feet touched the road, his countenance changed very suddenly, and he began to leap and scamper off towards the house, with great glee.

“Well, Eben,” said Ellen, “and how do they do at uncle’s?”

“Pretty well,” said Eben. “I’m going there again some day, and am going to stay there a whole while.”

Lucy smiled, and Robert laughed aloud, at such an unauthorized combination of terms as Eben’s *whole while*. Eben, however, after looking at them in wonder a moment, said, —

“You needn’t laugh; I certainly am.”

Just then the General came out, and the whole party proceeded to the barn. The General looked carefully all around, to see if every thing

was in its place, and in order. From the barn they went into a sort of room in a shed adjoining it, where there were harnesses and chains, and a number of tools of various kinds. The General looked about, and examined them all. There were a parcel of ropes lying in a corner, and the General asked where they came from. Robert said that he found them up in the garret, and had untied all the knots ; he was going to have them for his sleds the next winter.

The General said that they ought to be hung up ; and he took the hammer and some nails out of Robert's tool-box, and drove up a row of nails, just under a beam about as high as Robert's head. Then all the children took up the pieces of ropes, and hung them up, one piece on each nail.

" There," said the General, " now you can see what you've got. They are out of the way there, and when you want one, you can come and get any length you like."

Every thing else in the harness room was found in good order, and so they went into the shed. There was a wood-pile there and some of the wood lay near the foot of the pile upon the ground ; for this shed had no floor. One of the logs had a wedge sticking into it. The log

was cracked open a little, but not very far, and the wedge was driven fast into it.

“How came this left so?” said the General.

“Why, father,” said Robert, “I began to split this log, but I couldn’t.”

While he was saying this, the General rolled the log over; and he found two other wedges, lying on the ground, under it, half covered in the chips.

“One wedge in the log, and two in the chips, make three signs of a bad woodman,” said the General.

“Why, you see, father,” said Robert, “that the ring of the beetle kept coming off, and so I couldn’t split it.”

The General then took an axe, which was standing in its place pretty near where they were, and with a few heavy blows he split the log, and liberated the wedge which had been held in the cleft. Then he told Robert to put the three wedges upon their shelf, and to carry the beetle, with the loose ring, into the shop, and to put it with the tools that were to be mended.

“When is he going to mend it?” said Lucy.

“The first rainy day,” said Ellen; “he always sends off all the broken things to the shop, and then he mends them some rainy day.”

Before Robert got back from the shop, the inspection party had gone up a back stairway which led into a kind of garret, over the kitchen part of the house. Here there were a great many boxes and trunks, all, however, in good order. There was a large shelf at one end, with a great many herbs in bundles. Then they all went through a narrow door into another garret over the main body of the house; and thence they came down the front stairs. They found that the door at the foot of the stairs would not shut very well; and the General, after looking at it a moment, said that the latch was out of order.

“Yes, sir,” said Ellen, “and I wish you would mend it, for it troubles me every time I want to come up stairs.”

“Have you got a file among your tools, Robert?” said the General.

“Yes, sir,” said Robert; for Robert had come back, before this time, from the shop, and was following them with his box of tools.

The General took out the file, and also the hammer. First he filed the iron of the latch a little; then he hammered it a little, and thus very soon put it in good order.

Ellen said that she was very glad.

They then went into all the rooms of the house, except the little bedroom where Lucy's mother was. They opened all the closet doors too, and looked into them, to see if every thing was in order. When they came into the little room where Ellen slept, there was a little chest in it, where she kept her clothes ; and she opened the lid, and asked them all to look in and see if her things were not in order.

After they had thus examined the whole house, they went out at the front door, and thence across the yard into the garden. They walked up and down all the alleys, looking at the beds and borders, to see if all was in proper condition.

It was pretty late in the season, and there were not many weeds growing. Ellen and Robert both had some beds in one corner, where they raised corn, and peas, and beans for seed.

The General told them it was nearly time for them to gather their beans.

When they came out of the garden, Robert asked his father to look at the hinge of the gate, which, he said, was coming off.

There was a narrow piece of board nailed upon the post, and the hinges of the gate were nailed to that. By some means or other, however, this

board had got split where the upper hinge was fastened to it, and so the hinge was loose. Robert pointed it out to his father.

“Ah, yes,” said he; “I am glad you showed me this; very soon the hinge would have come off, and then the lower hinge would have got broken. Now we shall save them.”

The General then looked at the board, and said it was split, and there must be a new one made. So he took out some tools from Robert’s box, and took off the hinges very carefully. Then he set the gate up by the fence on one side. Then he took off the split board, and gave it to Eben.

“Can you carry that, Eben, into the shop?” Eben was a very small boy, but he was very glad to help when he could. He took the board, which was not very heavy, but was about as much as he could well carry, and began lugging it along.

“Now, Robert,” said the General, “some time this afternoon, I want you to saw out a piece of board just the size of that, and get it all ready to put on. When it is done, carry it out to the gate, and stand it up there. Also put a tool-box there, and an axe, so that every thing will be ready, and then remind me at supper-time to go and put it on. I can put it on in a moment,

if you get every thing ready. — And now the inspection is over.”

So saying, the General went away, and Ellen said, —

“ Well, Robert, you put your tools away, while I go and get the cakes.”

“ The cakes ? ” said Lucy ; “ what cakes ? ”

“ Why, mother always gives each of us a cake, inspection day, so that we may not forget to remind father of it.”

Lucy followed Ellen into the house. She supposed that she would go and ask her mother for the cakes, and Lucy wished that she was going to have one too. But Ellen did not go after her mother. She went directly to a closet. As she was opening the door of the closet, she said, —

“ Mother always puts our cakes here, on a particular shelf — three of them, all in a row.”

They went into the closet, and there they found the cakes ; only there were four, instead of three.

“ Why, here are four,” said Ellen ; “ mother has made a mistake.”

“ No,” said Lucy ; “ one must be for me.”

“ So it is,” said Ellen, “ I’ve no doubt. I’ll go and ask mother.”

She accordingly went off to ask her mother, and presently came back saying that the fourth was for Lucy. And she accordingly gave her one. It was a round cake, not very thick, but it looked as if it was sweet. Ellen carried the other two out, to give them to Robert and Eben.

Lucy went to show hers to her mother. She found her taking a walk under the trees which Lucy had seen from out the bedroom window. Lucy took hold of her mother's hand with one of hers, while she held the cake in the other; and so she walked along with her, and told her all about the inspection.

Her mother listened with a good deal of interest; and when she had done, she said that she thought it was an excellent plan to have an inspection.

"Yes, mother, and so do I; and I wish you would have one when we go home."

"I think I will," said her mother.

"Once a month, mother," said Lucy; "it must be once a month. The General has it once a month."

"Yes," said her mother, "I should think that about right. I can inspect your Treasury."

"Yes, mother," said Lucy; "I'll keep it in excellent order."

"Only you couldn't mend the broken things about the nouse, very well," continued Lucy.

"No," said her mother; "but, then, our inspection would not be just like a farmer's. We should inspect drawers, and closets, and cupboards, and such places. I think it will be an excellent plan."

"And a cake for me and Royal, at the end," said Lucy.

"Is that an essential part of the plan?" asked her mother.

"Essential?" repeated Lucy; "what is *essential*?"

"Why, necessary; that is, is it an indispensable part of the plan that there should be cakes distributed?"

"Why, yes," said Lucy; "that is to make us remind you of it. You see, you would forget when inspection day was coming, unless we reminded you; and so we must have a cake."

On reflection, Lucy's mother concluded that this was, as Lucy represented, a very important part of the plan; and she pretty nearly concluded that, when she returned home, she would adopt the inspection system, for her part of the house, cakes and all.

CHAPTER IV.

A WALK.

THAT evening, after the inspection, Lucy and her mother went out to take a walk upon a high hill back of the General's house, to see the prospect. Comfort told them that they could get to the top of it without going through the grass at all.

“Why don't you want to go through the grass, mother?” said Lucy.

“Because there may be some dew upon it, which might wet our feet,” said her mother. “But are you sure, Comfort,” said she, “that we can get up to the top without getting into the grass?”

“Yes,” said Comfort, “I'm sure ; and I'll go, if you wish, and show you the way.”

Lucy's mother liked this plan very much ; and so they set off together, about half an hour before sunset. They followed a cart-road down into a little valley, and went across the brook ;

and then they began to climb up by a narrow and rocky path among the trees. The path was very steep, and it was much farther than they had supposed. In fact, Lucy's mother soon began to be very tired. She was not accustomed to climb up the hills.

Presently they came to a rocky place under some cliffs, and Lucy's mother said that she believed that she would not go any farther.

"O mother," said Lucy, "I want to go to the top very much."

"Very well," said her mother; "you may go with Comfort, if you wish to, and I will ramble about here. If you don't find me here when you come down, you may conclude that I have gone home."

So she turned off, and began to walk along under the cliffs, gathering blue-bells and other flowers that grew among the rocks. Comfort and Lucy left her, and went on up the steep path.

"O, what a steep place!" said Lucy.

"This is not very steep," said Comfort. "There are paths up the mountains much steeper than this."

"Then I don't see how you get up," said Lucy.

“O, we climb along,” replied Comfort — “we step up from one stone to another.”

The path was very tortuous ; that is, it turned and twisted about a great deal among the rocks and around the points of precipices. It was, in fact, a very wild and desolate-looking place ; and pretty soon Lucy began to be afraid. She did not know exactly what she was afraid of, but she began to wish that she had staid down below with her mother.

She was not much accustomed to rocks and mountains, and there was something frightful to her in the ragged precipices, the gloomy thickets and particularly in a dark ravine, which she could look down into in one place. Besides, she thought that perhaps there might be some bears there.

She did not, however, like to acknowledge to Comfort that she was afraid. So, after they had been walking along a little while, she said, —

“How much farther is it, Comfort ?”

“Not a great way. Why, are you tired ?”

“Why, no,” said Lucy, “not exactly ; but I wish my mother had come too.”

“So do I,” said Comfort ; “she would like the prospect, I know. We can see away down to the lower falls.”

"How far is that?" said Lucy.

"O, it is several miles, down the valley."

"Is it as many as seventy miles?" said Lucy.

"No," said Comfort, "not quite seventy."

"Is it a hundred miles, then?" said Lucy.

"Why, a hundred miles are more than seventy, child."

While Lucy had been talking thus, she had been lagging behind Comfort, and seemed reluctant to advance. They had come to a steep place, where they had to climb up a rocky ascent, which turned, in a spiral manner, around the point of a little precipice. There were bushes and briars on each side, growing out of the crevices of the rocks, and from the little patches of earth. Comfort went up a few steps, and then stopped for Lucy.

"Come, Lucy; why don't you come?" said she.

"Why, I think, Comfort," said Lucy, "that we had better not go any farther. I think we had better go back and find my mother."

"O, your mother is safe enough, child."

"But I am afraid she'll get lost," said Lucy.

Comfort laughed at Lucy for being afraid that her mother would get lost.

"She can't get lost," said she. "She can't go

but a very little way under the cliffs before she comes to the end."

"The end of what?" said Lucy.

"Why, the end of the level place where she can walk," said Comfort. "After you go out there a little way, the rocks go right down, as steep as the sides of a house."

"Then I'm afraid that she will fall down there," said Lucy.

Comfort told her there was no danger; but Lucy would not be convinced. The more she argued, the less possibility there seemed to be of making any impression. The truth was, Lucy was not really afraid for her mother, but for herself. And the reason which she offered for wishing to return, was only the ostensible reason, not the real one; that is, it was a reason that she chose to offer, not the one that she really felt. It is of no use to attempt to reply to reasons that are only ostensible, because they are not the ones that really influence the mind; and so, even if you show that such reasons are not good ones, the person is not convinced any more than before. If Comfort had known that the real reason why Lucy did not want to go any farther, was, that she was afraid herself, perhaps she would have said something to encourage her, and lead her to

go on. But while she was only arguing against Lucy's supposed fears for her mother, she was doing no good at all; for this was not the true reason. When, therefore, we attempt to argue against people's objections to anything which we propose, it is very necessary first to be sure that the objections which they offer are real objections, not merely ostensible ones.

Presently Comfort proposed to Lucy that she should go up a little farther, and she would come to a place where they could see the house.

"How much farther is it?" asked Lucy.

"Only up to the top of this rock," said Comfort; "come, I'll help you."

So saying, Comfort came down to where Lucy was standing, and held out her hand to her, Lucy was still somewhat reluctant to go; but Comfort told her that they could see the house, and the yard, and very likely they could see the people walking about there; and so Lucy, on the whole, concluded to go. Comfort helped her up from one step to another over the ragged stones, and presently they reached the top.

Then they went through some bushes a little way, and came out, a moment afterwards, upon a sort of shelf of rock, where they had a fine view.

It was not a very extensive view, for the other rocks and trees, rising on each side, intercepted the prospect, excepting in the direction which was down towards the General's house. The house lay almost beneath their feet; and, as Comfort had said, they could see all the buildings, and the yards, and the garden. Lucy saw a large flock of sheep, too, coming up towards the barn, from a green path behind it.

"There, Lucy," said Comfort, "is not this a pleasant place?"

"Yes," said Lucy, "and there's my mother now, just going into the house."

"So she is," said Comfort; "she has got tired of waiting for us, and has gone in. Now, you can go up to the top of the rock with me, for, you see, she is out of danger."

Lucy looked steadily at her mother, and in a moment she began to call out to her with a loud voice,—

"Mother, look at us."

But just as the words were uttered, her mother opened the door, and went in, and Lucy saw the door close after her. Lucy's attention was next arrested by seeing several cows come along a lane behind the house. Comfort said that they were coming from the pasture. Behind the cows were

Robert and Eben. Lucy could see that Eben had a long switch in his hand, and Robert had an axe over his shoulder.

"There are Robert and Eben," said Lucy, "I verily believe."

"Yes," said Comfort, "they are driving home the cows."

"So they are," replied Lucy; "but Robert has got an axe on his shoulder. What has he been doing with his axe, I wonder?"

"O, I suppose," replied Comfort, "that he has been at work upon his clearing this afternoon; and so, after he had done his work, he went and got the cows."

The road in which the cows were coming, led down through a valley, and it looked like a very pleasant road indeed. Lucy asked Comfort where it led to, and she said it led up to the pasture. Then she asked Comfort what she meant by Robert's clearing; and Comfort told her that Robert was clearing a piece of land somewhere up the road, but that she did not know exactly where it was, or what sort of a place it was.

"I mean to go down and ask Robert where his clearing is," said Lucy.

“Then you will not go up to the top of the rock with me,” said Comfort.

“No,” said Lucy, “not this time. We have come high enough for this time. I must go down and find my mother. Perhaps she will want me.”

“See,” said Comfort, “she has just come to the window of her bedroom.”

Lucy looked down in the direction in which Comfort pointed, and she saw her mother just taking a seat at the window. Lucy called to her, and waved her hand at her a great deal, but she could not make her hear. She thought that the reason was, because the cow-bells made such a noise; but Comfort told her that it was much farther than it appeared to be.

Lucy stopped to gather a few flowers around the spot where they were standing, and then she and Comfort descended. Lucy was not at all in a hurry to get home, for her fears of the strange and wild scenery around them were much diminished, when she found that they were going towards home. She kept constantly stopping to gather flowers, and to pick up curious fragments of the rocks; and in one place she found some beautiful red berries, which she wanted to gather and carry down to her mother; but Comfort told her that she believed that they were poisonous.

They remained some time at the cliffs where her mother had stopped, and Lucy found a curious place under the rocks, which she called a *den*. It was a rude fissure under the precipice, and it was large enough for Lucy to get into. She said that, if she should be caught out on the mountains in a shower, she could get into her den, and it would not rain upon her.

When they got home again, as they were passing along by the barn, they saw the cows standing in a little green yard, and Robert was just bringing his milking-stool and a tin pail. He was going to milk the cows. Lucy asked Comfort to let her go in and see him milk, and she told her she might go; only she said that she must be careful not to go too near the cows.

So Comfort went into the house, and Lucy went through a little gate into the yard. Ellen came in just after her, bringing a little milking-stool, and pail too, just as Robert had done.

"Are you going to milk, too, Ellen?" said Lucy.

"Yes," said Ellen; "I milk every night."

So Ellen took her seat near one of the cows and began milking into her pail very fast.

"Why, how easy it is to milk!" said Lucy
"I did not know that it was so easy."

Lucy was mistaken in supposing that it was very easy. It is a general rule, that whatever we see done skilfully appears to be done with ease ; and as Ellen was a very good little milkmaid, and the milk came down in fine large streams into the pail, Lucy supposed that it must be very easy.

“I wish you would let me milk a little,” said Lucy.

“I don’t think you can milk,” replied Ellen.

“O, yes, I can.” said Lucy ; “I do harder things than that.”

“But I don’t think your hand is strong enough,” said Ellen.

Lucy held out her hand, and looked at it, and thought it looked pretty strong.

“And, besides,” said Ellen, “have you ever learned to milk ?”

“No,” said Lucy, “I never had any opportunity.”

“Then I’m *sure* you can’t milk,” said Ellen .
“for nobody can milk till they have learned.”

“But I wish that you would let me try, and see,” said Lucy.

Ellen concluded, on the whole, to let Lucy try ; so she rose from the milking-stool, and let Lucy take her place.

Lucy tried very hard, but the milk would not come. She was very much surprised.

“Why!” said she. Then she tried again; she tugged away with all her strength. “Why! How do you do it?” said she.

Ellen laughed; and the cow, perceiving that some new and inexperienced hand was at work, and not liking to be experimented upon, began to move. Ellen had just time to catch up the pail, when she walked quietly off, two or three steps, and then stood still.

Lucy was frightened, and jumped up and ran.

Ellen took up her stool by its handle, and followed the cow; and, taking her seat again, went on with her milking. Lucy walked off to Robert, and asked him about his clearing.

She did not, however, have the opportunity to get the information which she wished; for just then her mother, who began to think that it was time for her to come down the hill, came to the door to look for her; and seeing her in the yard among the cows, she called to her to come in. When she got to the door, she asked her mother if she was not willing to have her stay there a little longer and see them milk.

“Is Comfort there?” asked her mother.

“No, mother,” said Lucy, “but Ellen is.”

"I am afraid you may get hurt," said her mother. "The cows may hook you."

Lucy assured her mother that there was no danger; but her mother thought it best for her not to go there again; and so Lucy did not hear any thing about Robert's clearing until the next morning.



CHAPTER V.

ROBERT'S CLEARING.

IN fact, Lucy forgot to ask Robert about ~~his~~ clearing until the next morning, after breakfast, when she was out in the yard, and saw him and Eben preparing to go away.

She asked them where they were going.

"We are going to my clearing," said Robert; "and I wish you'd go too, and be our teamster. Then you shall own part of my lamb."

"Have you got a lamb?" asked Lucy.

"No," replied Robert, "not yet; but I am going to have one. As soon as I have got my clearing done, father is going to give me a sheep and a lamb; and you shall own part of the lamb, if you will go and be my teamster."

"Your teamster?" repeated Lucy.

"Yes," replied Robert; "I am swamper, and Eben is ox, and we want a teamster."

"What shall I have to do?" asked Lucy.

"O, you'll only have to drive Eben, when he is hauling the logs."

"Eben can't haul logs," said Lucy.

"Yes he can," said Robert; "he's a very good ox; only we want a teamster."

"Well," said Lucy, "I'll go and ask my mother."

Lucy accordingly went in and asked her mother. Her mother wanted to know how far it was to the clearing; but Lucy could not tell. She then wanted to know how long they were to be gone; but Lucy could not answer that question either. Finally, her mother said that she might go and ask Comfort if she thought that it would be safe for her to go with the boys, and let her opinion decide the question.

Comfort said there would be no danger if Lucy was careful to keep out of the way of Robert's axe. So they all set off together.

They followed the lane where Lucy had seen the cows come down the evening before, for some distance. It led, in a winding direction, up a valley, with a brook upon one side of the road.

"What a pretty brook!" said Lucy.

"Yes," said Robert; "that is the brook that I am going to float down my logs upon."

"Your logs?" repeated Lucy.

"Yes," replied Robert, "the logs I get off my clearing. I cut them down, and Eben hauls them

to the edge of the brook ; and then, when there comes a freshet, we're going to tumble them in, and let them float down to the house."

"And then they'll go by," said Lucy, "and down into the river."

"No," said Robert ; "I shall have a boom to stop them."

"What is a *boom*?" asked Lucy.

"A long log of wood across the brook, to stop my logs."

The brook which Robert said was going to float down his lumber, was there a small stream, tumbling over rocks along the valley. Presently, however, they came to a place where the valley widened a little, and there was a level piece of ground on one side of it. On the other side, the land descended steep to the very brink of the brook. The low piece of ground was covered pretty thick with tall alder-bushes, twice as high as a man's head ; so that the stems of them, when they were cut down, made pretty large poles. There was one spot, where a considerable number of them had been cut down. In the middle of this spot, there was a pile of branches and tops, heaped up pretty high. There were, also, near the edge of the brook, some piles of the wood which Robert had got out, and which Eben had

hauled to the bank. Robert went into this place, and began at once to cut down one of the tallest hushes.

Lucy watched the blows of his axe, until, at last, the tree began to fall. It would have fallen over upon her, had not Robert called upon her to run away. When it was down, Robert cut off the top and all the branches, and these he put on the heap. Then he cut the long pole in two, in the middle. This made two short poles of it. Then Eben came up with a small chain which he had in his hand, and which he had brought with him, and contrived to hook it around one end of one of the poles, and then began to draw it off towards the brook

"Is that the kind of log you meant, that Eben could draw?" asked Lucy.

"Yes," said Robert.

"O, I thought you meant a large log."

"No," said Robert; "we call these our logs. We are going to get a great many piles of them by the brook; and then, when there comes a freshet, we are coming up here, and going to tumble them in, and let them sail away down home."

Robert cut Lucy a long stick for a goad-stick, and then she drove Eben back and forth several

times, drawing the logs, as Robert called them. At length, Lucy stopped, and said, —

“But, Robert, what do you mean by *swamper*? You said that you were swamper.”

“Yes,” said Robert; “I’m swamper and chopper too.”

“I don’t understand what you mean by swamper and chopper,” said Lucy.

“Why, when they are cutting trees in the woods, for timber, they always have a swamper, and a chopper, and some oxen, and a teamster. The swamper finds out which the good trees are, and he makes a road to them, so that, when they are cut down, they can haul them out. The chopper cuts them down, and cuts off the top. Then the teamster comes with his oxen, and hauls them off to the river.”

“Is that the way?” said Lucy.

“Yes; my father told me,” said Robert.

“Why doesn’t one man do it all?” said Lucy.

“I don’t know exactly,” said Robert; “but I wish I had some fire here, to set my heap on fire.”

“Are you going to set that great heap on fire?” asked Lucy.

“Yes,” said Robert, “when I get it big enough.”

"I don't believe it will burn," said Lucy; "it is all green leaves."

"It *will* burn," said Robert, "if I could only get it well on fire. The trouble is, to set it a-going."

So saying, he and Lucy went up to look at the great heap of branches which he had made in the middle of his clearing. Robert said that, if he could find some good dry wood somewhere to begin it with, it would make a noble fire; and he also said that he meant to have brought some fire that morning, but he forgot it. Finally, he said that, if Lucy and Eben would go and get some fire, he would find some good dry wood, and they would have a burning.

Lucy was at first afraid to attempt to bring any fire; but Robert told her that Comfort would give her a lantern, so that it could be brought without any difficulty or danger. Then she was afraid that she should not be able to find her way. But Robert said that Eben knew the way; and so, at last, after much hesitation, Lucy concluded to go. Accordingly, Robert went over, across the brook, to the side of the hill, which was covered with large trees, to see if he could find some old dry log or stump, which he could cut to pieces, and use to kindle his fire. He found one with-

out much difficulty. It was the ruins of an old tree, which the wind had blown over about ten years before. It was leaning against the other trees, and was very much decayed. The limbs had nearly all dropped off, and it looked so dry that Robert thought that, if he could get it down, and split it up, it would be excellent for his fire.

In the mean time, Lucy and Eben walked along slowly towards the house. When they got there, Lucy sat down upon a chopping-block in the yard, while Eben went in to ask his mother for the lantern. While he was gone, Lucy happened to think that, perhaps, her mother would not like to have her go and help make a fire in the woods, and, at any rate, that she had better go and get leave. She reflected that, if she went without leave, she should feel uncertain and doubtful, all the time, whether she was doing right or wrong; and that would destroy the pleasure of the fire. So she got up, and went into the house to find her mother.

She found her seated at a window in the kitchen, with the General's wife and Ellen, all paring apples for an apple-pudding which they were going to have for dinner.

"O mother," said Lucy, "let me pare some apples."

“O, no, Lucy,” said Ellen; “you’ll only cut your fingers. It is harder to pare apples than it is to milk.”

The farmer’s wife then said that she had better not attempt to pare any apples, but that she might have some to eat; and she gave Lucy two. Just then Eben came in, out of a back room, with the lantern in his hand. This reminded Lucy of her errand, and so she told her mother what Robert was going to do; and she asked her if she had any objection to her going to see him.

“Why, this is a serious question,” said her mother. “I am afraid it would not be quite safe.”

“Why, Eben says,” replied Lucy, “that they often make fires in the wood, and they never get burnt.”

“But you’d be in more danger than Eben,” said her mother.

“Why, mother?” asked Lucy.

“Because,” said her mother, “in the first place you are not so accustomed to fires in the woods, and wouldn’t know so well where the danger would lie. Besides, your clothes are of cotton, and, if they should take fire, they would burn very fast; but Eben’s are woollen.”

Lucy looked at her clothes, and at Eben’s

Eben stood by, listening very attentively to what was said, but he made no reply.

"I've a great mind to go with you, and take care of you," said Lucy's mother. "I should like to see the fire myself."

"Well," said Lucy, "that will do. Eben and I will walk on, and you can come after us."

"Very well," replied her mother; "run along."

Accordingly, Lucy and Eben set off together. Eben had the lantern in his hand, and, after they had gone a few steps, Lucy wanted to look in, and see whether it had not gone out. It was not quite out, but it burned very dimly. Lucy said it was almost out.

"No," said Eben; "that is the way it always looks."

"Then it isn't a very good lantern," said Lucy.

"Yes, it is a good lantern," said Eben. "It makes a good light in our barn in the winter nights."

"How do you know?" said Lucy.

"Because," said Eben, "my father carries it out; and one morning I went out with him, and we found some eggs with it."

"Where did you find them?" said Lucy.

“O, on a beam. There were four eggs. My father brought in three, and I brought in three.”

“O, Eben,” said Lucy, “that is not right. Three and three don’t make four.”

“Then perhaps it was ten,” said Eben. “Yes, I believe it was ten.”

“Why, no, Eben,” said Lucy, “it could n’t be ten.”

“Why not?” asked Eben.

“Because,” said Lucy, “three and three don’t make ten?”

“What do they make?” said Eben.

“Why, they make six,” replied Lucy. “I’ll get a little stick, and make some marks upon the ground, and show you.”

So Lucy got a stick, and began making marks upon a smooth place in the road, corresponding with the number of eggs. On more mature reflection, Eben recollected that he brought in two eggs, one in each hand, and that his father carried in two in one hand, and one in the other. He had one egg, he said, in the hand which held the lantern.

“Then there must have been five eggs in all,” said Lucy.

“In order to prove this to Eben’s satisfaction, she made two marks for the eggs which he carried

in, and then two more for those which his father carried in in one hand, and then, finally, she added another mark, for the one egg which his father carried in in his lantern hand.

“Now,” said Lucy, “if you’ll count them all up, you’ll see that it makes just five, — exactly ”

So Eben began to count, —

“One — two — five — six — four.”

“O dear me !” said Lucy ; “why, that isn’t the way to count.”

“That’s the way *I* count,” said Eben.

Lucy looked extremely perplexed, and did not know what to say ; but just at that moment her mother came up. She saw that the lantern which Eben had put down upon the ground, while he was listening to his lesson in arithmetic, was leaning over to one side ; and she was afraid that the light had got put out. So she took it up, and looked into it.

“No,” said Lucy, “it has not gone out, but it burns very dim. What makes it burn so dim, mother ?” she asked.

“O, it burns very well. It looks rather dim, but that is because it is bright daylight. A candle burning in the daylight always looks dim.”

Her mother then asked her what she was making there in the road. Lucy told her that



she had been trying to explain to Eben that two and three made five.

"But," said Lucy, in addition, "I cannot make him understand it. He can't even count."

"Then, of course," replied her mother, "he cannot understand. You are giving him your instructions in the wrong order."

"How, mother?" said Lucy.

"Why, you are trying to teach him addition before he knows how to count. You perceive that a boy who cannot count up to five and six does not know what numbers the words *five* and *six* stand for; and, of course, he cannot tell whether two and three make five, or six, or what they make."

"Then I'll teach him to count," said Lucy.

"Very well," said her mother; "only let us all go along now, for I want to see the fire."

"O, yes," said Lucy; "I forgot all about the fire."

So they all went along together; only Lucy and Eben walked on a little in advance, and Lucy gave Eben some lessons in counting, while her mother followed more slowly, looking for flowers on each side of the way, as she came along.

In a short time, they arrived at Robert's clear-

ing. They found that he had made fine preparations for the fire. He had cut down the old dead tree, and chopped it up into short pieces; and he had pushed these in, under the pile. He also had some strips of birch bark, which he was going to kindle with.

Lucy came up to the place with the lantern, and set it down at Robert's feet. Her mother came up, too, with a large bouquet of flowers in one hand.

"That will make a good fire, Robert," said she; "only it seems to me that you have got the wood in on the wrong side of the heap."

"Why?" said Robert.

"Because," replied she, "it ought to be put at the side towards the wind. Then the wind will blow the heat and flame directly through the heap, and set it all on fire. There is not much wind, but there is enough to do some good."

"We'll try this side first, now I've got it ready," said Robert.

So he took one of his pieces of birch bark, and, opening the lantern door very carefully, he put it in, and lighted it. Now, birch bark, when it is burning, makes quite a smoke; and Robert put down this burning piece near the place where he had put his wood, in order to see which way

the smoke would go. He found that it was drifting off slowly away from the heap of bushes.

“Now, we’ll try it on the other side,” said he. He tried to take up his piece of bark, but he could not. It had curled itself up in a curious manner, and was all enveloped in flame. So he took another piece, and lighted it, and carried that around to the other side of the heap. He put it in just under the edge of the branches. The smoke curled up among the branches and leaves, and they were all very much pleased to observe, that, instead of sailing off, as it had done on the other side, away from the heap, it passed directly through the centre; and in a few minutes it filled the whole heap with smoke, which issued out all over the top of it, as if it was all on fire underneath.

“Yes,” said Robert, “I’ll move my kindling wood round to this side.”

So he brought his logs round one by one. They were pretty large, but, being much decayed, they were not heavy. Robert piled them together in as close and compact a manner as possible; for he said it was necessary to make a solid fire.

“Why don’t you set the bushes on fire, just as they are?” asked Lucy’s mother.

‘ Why, we can’t make such brush as this burn well, alone,’ said Robert. ‘ It will catch fire a little, and then go right out, unless we have a good solid fire underneath it. Then it will all get to blazing together.’

‘ Let me try,’ said Lucy, ‘ with a piece of your birchbark.’

‘ I’ll light it for you,’ said her mother.

So they took a large piece of birch bark, which Robert handed them, and lighted it in the lantern. Then they placed it under the heap, at a place where the sprigs and branches of the bushes were thickest. The bark soon began to blaze up well, and immediately the leaves and branches above it began to take fire.

‘ There,’ said Lucy, ‘ it burns.’

‘ Wait,’ said her mother ; ‘ let us see how it will work.’

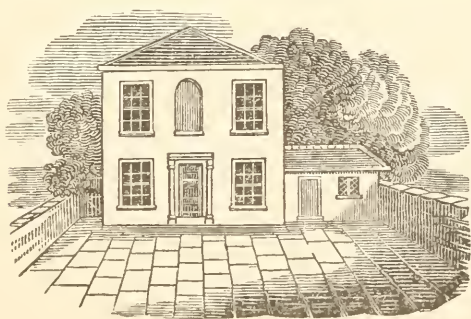
It blazed up finely very soon, making a bright flame, nearly a foot high, and the wind blew the smoke and sparks directly through the top of the heap. Lucy, and, in fact, her mother, expected that it would set the whole heap on fire.

Robert and Eben looked on in silence.

In a moment the blaze began to subside. It burned fainter and fainter, and at last, after a few minutes, it all died away, leaving nothing but a

hole in at part of the heap, with the bright ends of the twigs, which had been burned off all around, pointing in towards the centre.

By this time, Robert was prepared to put fire to his logs, and he soon got them well on fire. He had pushed them in as far under the heap as he could, and the wind carried the heat and flame through the very heart of it. In a few minutes, large volumes of white smoke came pouring up, out of the top of the pile, in the most beautiful manner. Flashes of flame soon began to break out in the midst of this smoke, and in a short time they all had to stand back from the heat produced by the high, crackling flames. After some time, they all went up upon a bank near by, under some trees, and sat down upon a small log, to watch the progress of the fire.



CHAPTER VI

PHILOSOPHY.

“WHAT a noble great fire!” said Lucy.

“Yes,” replied her mother; “in the night I think that that fire would make quite a spectacle.”

“Would it burn brighter in the night?” said Lucy.

“No, it would not really burn any brighter, but it would look brighter. It would illuminate the whole sky. It is a fine fire now; but it does not make such a display in the daytime, as it would in the night. Just like the candle in your lantern; you remember how dim it looked. That was because it was surrounded by daylight.”

“I should think we could see things better by daylight,” said Lucy.

“We can, every thing but fires and lights,” replied her mother. “Those we can see better in the night.”

“Why is it so, mother?” said Lucy.

“Why, the light of the sun and of the day is so bright that we can’t see the light of the fire.”

“I don’t see why we can’t see both, mother,” said Lucy.

“Why, you see,” said Robert, “it dazzles our eyes, — the light of the sun does, — and we can’t see so well.”

“I am sure I can see better in the day than in the night,” said Lucy.

“That’s a mistake,” said her mother.

“O mother!” said Lucy.

“In one sense you can; that is, you can see more things, because there is so much more light; but your eye is not so sensitive.”

“What do you mean by *sensitive*?” asked Lucy.

“Why, let me see,” said her mother; “how shall I explain it to you?”

Here she hesitated, and appeared to be thinking. Lucy and Robert sat still, and did not interrupt her. As for Eben, he began to be tired of this philosophical discussion, and so he got off from the log, and began to punch a stick down into a hole under the root of a tree. He thought that it was a squirrel’s hole, and he wanted to make the squirrel come out.

“Suppose,” said Lucy’s mother, after a moment’s pause, “that I had a small box, tight all around, excepting at one end, where there was a

small hole, just big enough to look through. Then suppose that I should have a picture pasted against the back side of the box opposite to the hole."

"We couldn't see it, mother," said Lucy; "it would be all dark."

"Yes, that's true," said her mother. "But now suppose I should make another hole in the side of the box to let in a little light."

"How could you make it, mother?" said Lucy.

"O, I don't know, — I could get Royal to bore it for me with his gimlet."

"That wouldn't be big enough," said Lucy.

"Hasn't he got a big one?" asked her mother.

"Yes," said Lucy, "he has got one, but it does not make a good hole; and then it almost always splits the wood. I think it would spoil the box to have him bore a hole in it with the large one."

"O," said her mother, "it won't hurt the box, it is nothing but an imaginary box."

"An imaginary box?" repeated Lucy.

"Yes," said her mother; "it is only an imaginary box, and it won't hurt it to bore an imaginary hole in it."

Lucy laughed, and her mother went on with the illustration

"Now, suppose," said she, "we had such a

box, with a picture pasted on the back part, inside, and a small hole opposite to the picture to look through. Suppose that there was also a hole in the side of the box, to let in a little light. Now, suppose that you were to bring your eye up suddenly to the eye-hole, in the daytime, and also in the night; in which case do you think that you could see the picture most distinctly?"

"I don't know," said Lucy.

"In the night," said Robert.

"Why?" asked Lucy's mother.

"Because," said Robert, "I can always see down cellar better in the night than I can in the daytime; and that is something like it."

"But I can see down cellar better in the daytime," said Lucy.

"That is because our cellar is lighted with windows," said her mother. "But yours, Robert, is dark, I suppose."

"Yes, ma'am," said Robert; "I never heard of windows in a cellar."

"They sometimes have windows in a cellar," said Lucy's mother, in reply. "But where there are no windows, and you have to take a light down, it is much more difficult to see in the daytime than in the night. So it would be in such a box. If you were to come up to it suddenly in the

daytime, you would find that you could see but very little. But if it were possible for you to come to it in the night, and look in, and yet have daylight shine in through the hole in the side, just as before, you would find that you could see much better."

"I'm sure I don't see why," said Lucy.

"The reason is," said her mother, "that a bright light changes the condition of the eye some how or other, — I don't know exactly how, but I know it changes it, — so that it is not so sensitive to light. So, after we have been walking about in the bright day, if we go down cellar with a candle, we can't see very well. Our eyes have been changed in some way by the great light of the day, so that we can't distinguish the objects in the cellar, which are illuminated only by the dim light of the candle."

"If we stay down some time," said Robert, "then we can see better."

"Yes," said Lucy's mother, "because then your eyes become changed again, and adapted to the faint light. They become more sensitive, and then, of course, when you come out again into the bright light of day, they are too sensitive, and you are dazzled."

“ Yes, ma’am,” said Robert ; “ that is exactly the way.”

Lucy’s attention was here taken up by watching Eben, who seemed very much interested in looking into the hole which he had been punching. He was trying whether he could see the squirrel there. She jumped off the log, and went to the hole, saying, —

“ Can you see him, Eben ? ”

“ Yes,” said Eben, “ I believe I can see him.”

“ Let *me* look,” said Lucy.

Lucy put her head pretty close to the hole, and looked very intently.

“ Can you see him ? ” said her mother.

“ I don’t know,” said Lucy, “ whether I can see him or not.”

“ If we had a dark closet here, where we could shut you up a few minutes, then you could see better down in the hole,” said her mother.

“ Won’t it do for me to shut my eyes ? ” said Lucy.

“ I don’t know,” replied her mother, “ whether that will produce the effect, or not. I don’t know what it is that causes the eye to change, — whether it is the mere absence of light, or the effort we make to see when looking in the dark. If it were the mere absence of light, then it would

answer for you to shut your eyes. You`as try it."

The children all tried the plan. They shut their eyes, and held their hands over them, and so kept them as dark as they could for some minutes, and then looked in. They thought that they could see better. Robert said that what Eben saw was only a root, and that he did not believe that there was any squirrel there.

The children, therefore, presently came back, and took their seats upon the log again; and Lucy asked her mother to go on.

"I think it likely that what I have explained to you may be the reason why a fire or a light does not appear so bright by day as it does by night. The eye is accustomed to the glare, and adapts itself to a strong light, and so becomes in some measure insensible to a comparatively faint one.

"That is the reason, I suppose," she continued, "why we can't see the stars in the daytime."

"Yes, mother," said Lucy; "I knew there were stars in the daytime. Miss Anne told me."

"I saw a star one morning," said Robert.

"After it was light?" asked Lucy.

"Yes," replied Robert; "the sun was almost up."

“I presume it was the morning star,” said Lucy’s mother.

“What is the morning star?” said Lucy.

“Why, you must know,” said her mother, “that there is one planet which goes round and round the sun, pretty near to him — a great deal nearer than we are.”

“What is a planet, mother?” said Lucy.

“Why, it is a kind of a world,” replied her mother.

“As big as this world?”

“No; the planet which I was speaking of is not quite so big as this world, I believe; but it is very large. It goes round and round the sun; and, of course, when the sun rises, and goes over the sky, and sets, this planet keeps with him, going round and round him all the time.”

Here Lucy turned her face up to the sky, and began to look for the sun. She put her arm over her eyes, to shade them from the dazzling light.

“O, you can’t see it now, Lucy,” said her mother.

“Why not?” said Lucy.

“Because,” said Robert, “the sun will dazzle your eyes.”

“And besides,” said her mother, “the general light makes your eyes less sensitive than they

ought to be to see a star. We never see **this** planet by day, although it goes with the sun, sometimes a little before him, and sometimes a little after him, but never a great way off."

"What makes it sometimes before him and sometimes after him?" asked Lucy.

"Why, that's of course," said Robert.

"No, not exactly of course," said her mother. "It might revolve around the sun in such a way as always to appear to be at the same distance. But, as it happens, it does not. It goes round in such a way that sometimes it appears before the sun, and sometimes behind it, and sometimes it is directly between us and the sun. It passes forward between us and the sun until it gets before him; then it turns and wheels away around on the other side, and goes on until it gets behind the sun. Then it comes round on this side again; and so it keeps going and coming.

"But, then," she continued, "we can very seldom see it. There are only three cases in which we can see it. One is, that when it is before the sun, we can see it in the morning; because, then, you see, it rises first, and so we can see it before it becomes quite light."

"But Robert said it was very light when he saw it," said Lucy.

"Yes, it was much lighter than it had been, but it was not as light as it is at noon."

"No," said Robert; "I only meant it was broad daylight."

"It was much lighter than it was in the night, I have no doubt," said Lucy's mother; "so light, in fact, that you could not see the other stars. But this looks brighter than any other stars."

"Why?" asked Lucy.

"One reason is," replied her mother, "because it is nearer to us; and another reason is, that it is very near the sun, and so is strongly illuminated by his rays."

"But you said that the sun was not up."

"No; but still he was where he could shine on Venus."

"Venus?" repeated Lucy.

"Yes," replied her mother; "that's the name of it. It is very bright. It looks like a little moon when you look at it through a telescope."

"Does it?" said Lucy. "How big does it look?"

"That depends upon the power of the telescope," replied her mother.

"I mean to get up to-morrow morning, and see it," said Lucy.

“ You said there were three ways to see it,” said Robert.

“ Yes, mother,” said Lucy ; “ what are the other two ? ”

“ Why, sometimes,” replied her mother, “ Venus falls behind the sun, and then you can’t see it in the morning ; for when the sun rises, Venus is still down behind the horizon ; and then it does not come up until after the sun. Consequently, by the time it gets up, the whole sky is lighted up, and our eyes are much less sensitive, and so we can’t see it.

“ But now,” continued she, “ if we wait till evening, the sun, which sets first, will be in advance of Venus, and leave her a little way up in the sky. To be sure, Venus follows directly on, and sets in a short time ; but then it generally gets dark enough before she sets to make our eyes sensitive enough to see her. When Venus is in that part of her path which makes her set after the sun, so that we can see her in the evening, we call her the *evening* star. When she is before the sun, so as to be seen in the morning, she is called the *morning* star. So, you see, Lucy, it will not do any good to get up early in the morning to look for Venus, unless we know whether she is now before or behind the sun

If she should rise later than the sun, we could not see her."

"Now, there's one more way," said Robert.

"Yes, mother," said Lucy; "what is that?"

"Sometimes it happens," said her mother, "that, while Venus, after having been behind the sun, is passing round this side of it to go before it, that it goes exactly between us and the sun, and so we can see it pass across his face."

"How does it look?" said Lucy.

"It looks like a little black spot," said her mother — "a little, round, black spot, moving across the face of the sun."

"What makes it look so black?" said Lucy.

"Why, it is only the side which is turned towards the sun that is bright, and the part that is turned towards us, when it passes between us and the sun, will, of course, be dark. Besides," she continued, "I suppose that, strictly speaking, we don't really see Venus in that case at all. We are only prevented from seeing a part of the sun. Venus stops all the rays from that part of the sun which is exactly opposite to her, from coming to us; and it causes the appearance of a small, round, dark spot, moving along over the face of the sun. That is called a *transit* of Venus. But a transit of Venus happens very seldom."

"I should think it would happen every time Venus comes round," said Robert.

"So should I," said Lucy.

"No," said her mother.

"Because, you see," said Lucy, "that she must go by the sun every time."

"Yes," said her mother; "that is true. But then sometimes she goes above the sun, and sometimes below it. It is very seldom that she goes across, exactly opposite to him; and it is only then that there is a transit."

"I don't understand," said Robert, "how you can see that little black spot on the sun, when it does go across. I should think the light of the rest of the sun would dazzle your eyes."

"Hark! what's that?" said Lucy.

Lucy listened, as if she heard a sound at a distance.

"That's the horn," said Eben.

"Yes," said Robert, "the horn for dinner. We must go home. But first I'll go and put my fire together a little."

The fire had by this time nearly gone down. It had burned out the whole middle of the pile, leaving a circle of brands, ends of sticks, and tops of bushes, all around. Robert pushed them in to the centre, where they lay upon the

burning embers, and soon began to smoke and blaze again. Then he followed Lucy, and her mother, and Eben, who were walking slowly along. When he came up to them, he told them that he knew where there was another heap of brush to burn, and he wished they could come up in the evening, and set it on fire, when they could see the light in all its brightness. This they agreed to do. Then they all went home to try the apple-pudding.

CHAPTER VII.

THE SLAB

ABOUT an hour after dinner, Lucy and Eben went into a shed not far from the barn, where there was a wagon; and Eben proposed that they should get into it, and play have a ride.

“How can we get in?” said Lucy.

“O, we can climb in,” replied Eben.

Lucy thought that she could not climb up into such a high wagon; but Eben said that it was very easy. So he went around to the front part, and clambered in. Lucy then concluded to try, and she found that she succeeded better than she had expected. She sat down upon the seat of the wagon.

“What a good seat!” said Lucy. “This is better than a chaise; for a chaise tips down.”

“Tips down?” said Eben.

“Yes,” replied Lucy, “when there is no horse in it.”

“What makes it tip down?” said Eben.

“I don’t know,” said Lucy; “but it does, and

I can hardly keep in the seat. But your wagon does not tip down at all."

Just then they heard somebody coming. They looked round, and saw that it was Robert.

"Come, boys and girls," said Robert, "jump out of the wagon."

"Why can't you let us ride?" said Eben.

"Because," said Robert, "I am going to put the horse in."

"Are you going away?" said Eben.

"No, but Comfort is."

"Where is she going?" asked Lucy.

"I don't know," replied Robert; and just as he said so, he opened a door which led out of the shed into the barn, and disappeared. In a few minutes he returned, leading out a horse.

He tied the horse to a ring, which was fastened into a beam about as high as his head, and then went into the harness-room after a harness.

While he was putting the harness upon the horse, Lucy and Eben continued their ride; and presently he told them that they might stay in the wagon, and he would give them a real ride as far as the door. Accordingly, when the horse was harnessed, he backed the wagon out of the shed, while Lucy and Eben sat in it; and then

ne led the horse up to the door, Lucy holding the reins, and making believe drive.

Robert fastened the horse to a post, and Lucy and Eben, thinking that they would not get out until they were obliged to, sat still. Presently Comfort came to the door in a different dress from the one which she had worn when she was spinning, and with her bonnet on.

"Comfort," said Lucy, "are you going away in this wagon?"

"Yes," replied Comfort.

"Who is going to drive you?" asked Lucy.

"I am going to drive myself," replied Comfort.

"Where are you going?" said Lucy.

"I'm going a-shopping," said Comfort.

"A-shopping?" said Lucy; "I don't see where you can go a-shopping. Only I wish," she added, after pausing a moment, "that my mother would let me go with you."

"Well," said Comfort, "go and ask her."

Comfort helped Lucy down out of the wagon, and she ran in to ask her mother. As she went in, Comfort said, —

"Tell her that I should like to have you go very much."

Lucy came back in a moment, leading her

mother, who came out to see whether it was really true that Comfort was perfectly willing to have Lucy go. When she found that she was willing, her mother consented. At first Eben wanted to go, too ; but Robert persuaded him to go with him. He was going off into the field with a cart, and he said, if Eben would go with him, he would let him ride in the cart. Eben, on the whole, concluded that he would ride in the cart ; and so he got out of the wagon, and went away ; and in a moment after, Comfort and Lucy went riding out of the yard together.

Comfort turned the horse in the opposite direction to the one from which Lucy had come with her father and mother when they first came to the General's. Lucy was glad of this, for she wanted to go in a new road. After riding a short distance along a smooth and level road, they began to descend a hill which seemed to be carrying them down into a dark and shady valley.

The high mountains were all around them ; and now and then Lucy had a view of water down the valley far before them. Lucy thought, too, that she could hear the noise of water tumbling over rocks down in a deep and dark ravine, filled with forests, on the side of the road.

“How far is the place where you are going shopping from your father’s?” said Lucy.

“It is about half a mile,” replied Comfort.

“O, what a short ride!” said Lucy. “I’m sorry it isn’t farther.”

“O, it’s farther from here,” said Comfort. “It is almost two miles from the General’s.”

“But I thought the General’s was your father’s,” said Lucy.

“No,” replied Comfort; “my father lives down in the valley, about half a mile from the corner.”

“Then why don’t you stay there?” said Lucy. “I should think you would stay at home, and not come and live at the General’s.”

“O, I come to the General’s to spin,” replied Comfort.

“I don’t see why you come to spin for him.”

“Why, he pays me for it,” said Comfort.

“O,” said Lucy, “then I suppose you spin to get the money.”

“Yes,” replied Comfort; “that is it.”

“Is your father very poor, then?” said Lucy.

“No, he is not poor at all. My father has got a good farm, and is quite forehanded.”

“Forehanded?” repeated Lucy.

“Yes,” replied Comfort.

Lucy did not understand what Comfort meant

by *forehanded*; nor did she see why Comfort should go away from home, to live at the General's, to get money, unless her father was poor. However, she was prevented from asking her any more questions by something which here happened to attract her attention.

For just at this time the road descended near to the stream which Lucy had heard in the bottom of the ravine; and there was a large opening through the trees, so that she could see down to the water. It was foaming and tumbling like a cataract, along a very rocky bed. The stream was pretty broad, and there were several rocks and rocky islands scattered about its bed. On one of these islands, at a little distance from the shore, they saw a little boy sitting alone; and he seemed to be crying.

"Only look at that boy," said Comfort. "I wonder how he came there."

So saying, Comfort drew up the reins, and stopped the horse, in the middle of the road. The boy looked up and saw them.

"What's the matter, my boy?" said Comfort, in a loud voice.

The boy answered something, but the roar of the water was so loud that they could not hear what he said.

“Let’s go down and see what’s the matter.” said Comfort.

“Well,” said Lucy, “so we will.”

Comfort got out of the wagon, and then she helped Lucy get out. She led the horse to one side of the road, and fastened him. Then she began carefully to descend the bank, helping Lucy down, too. At length they got down to the shore, opposite to where the boy was. He was on the end of a little rocky island, or rather of a large rock, which was out a few steps from the shore. There were scattered rocks about it, and between it and the shore.

“What’s the matter, my boy?” said Comfort.

“I can’t get off the rocks,” said the boy.

The boy did not take any further notice of Comfort and Lucy, than just to answer Comfort’s question, but sat still, and continued to cry, just as before.

“How did you get on the rocks?” said Comfort.

“I don’t know,” said the boy; “I have forgot the place.”

“Why, that’s very strange,” said Comfort, — “such a little boy as this, out on these rocks and saying he don’t know how he came there.”

“He isn’t bigger than Eben,” said Lucy.

The water was very shallow in the stream, and there were stones between where the boy was, and the shore, almost near enough for stepping-stones. Comfort looked at them a moment, and then she said, —

“Can’t you step over on these stones?”

“No,” said the boy, “not unless they come and help me.”

“Who come and help you?”

“Why, Roger and the other boy.”

“Who is Roger?” said Comfort, “and where is he?”

“I don’t know where he is,” said the boy.

“He does not know any thing,” said Comfort to Lucy, in an under tone. In fact, Comfort was almost out of patience with the boy, because he could not give any better account of himself; though she ought not to have been out of patience with him, for he was very small, and then he was very much frightened, both at his situation and on account of the strangers.

“Do you suppose, Lucy, that I could get over on those stones, and help him off?”

“Why, yes,” said Lucy, “perhaps so.”

“I’m afraid I shall fall into the water,” said

Comfort. "Now, if I only had a slab." So saying, Comfort began to look around on the shore.

"A slab?" said Lucy; "what is a slab?"

Lucy had, in fact, never heard of a slab. Comfort did not answer her, for she went immediately away, and began to look about for a slab, Lucy remaining near the boy.

A slab is the outside piece, which is sawed off first, when they saw up a log into boards. Of course, it is round on one side, and flat on the other. Sometimes, too, it is very irregular in shape, on account of the logs not being regular in form. Slabs generally lie in considerable numbers about mills, because they are not of much value; and then, when the freshets come, they get washed away, and carried down the stream. Many of them lodge along the banks, where they get stopped by the trees, or wedged in among the rocks; so that they are often found lying along the shores of such a stream as this was.

By this time, the boy had stopped crying; and he took up a slender little pole, which was lying by his side, and laid it across his lap. Lucy looked at him a moment in silence.

"What is your name, little boy?" said Lucy

"George," said the boy.

“Well, don’t be afraid,” said Lucy. “Comfort has gone to get a slab.”

George did not answer, but he seemed now to be getting quite composed.

“What is that pole for?” said Lucy, again.

“This is my fishing-pole,” said the boy.

“Did you come a-fishing?” said Lucy.

“Yes,” replied the boy; “and we caught four.”

Just at this moment, Lucy heard Comfort calling out that she had found a slab. Lucy looked in the direction from which the voice came, and she saw Comfort beyond a rocky point, a short distance up the stream.

“I’ve found a slab,” said Comfort; “but it is too heavy for me to bring along, and so I’m going to sail it down.”

Lucy could see that Comfort was stooping down, as if she was pushing something off the shore. At the same instant, she heard other voices in the opposite direction. She looked down the stream, and saw two boys coming up along the bank, half hid by the bushes and rocks, with fishing-poles in their hands. They were talking together, and did not see Lucy until they got out of the bushes, and had advanced pretty near to her. At the same time, Comfort came

down from above, guiding her slab along by a little slender pole.

"O boys!" said Comfort, when she saw them, "is this little fellow your brother?"

"Yes," said one of the boys, "he is my brother."

"We couldn't think how he came here," said Comfort.

"Why, we were fishing," said the boy, "and we wanted to go down and just try a new place; and we told him we'd come back for him in a few minutes, if we found a good place."

"O," said Comfort, "I was just getting this slab, to help him off."

"What did you want the slab for?" said the boy.

"So as to get over where he is," said Comfort.

"O, there's no need of any slab," said the boy. And so, without saying any thing more, he stepped across from one stone to another, as easily as if he had walked along the shore. The other boy followed him, and one of them helped George to the shore, and the other took up a small string of fishes, which was lying in a crevice of the rocks, where Lucy had not seen them.

"You've caught some fishes, then," said Comfort.

“Yes,” said the boy; “but they don’t bite very well.”

“I hope they’ll bite better down below,” said Comfort; “and I wouldn’t leave that little fellow alone again; it frightens him.”

“Well, we won’t,” said Roger.

So saying, the boys all walked along together down the bank, and soon disappeared.

“I think he ought to be ashamed of himself,” said Lucy. “I would have given him a good scolding.”

“That wouldn’t have done any good,” replied Comfort.

“Yes it would,” said Lucy. “It would have taught him not to do so next time.”

“No,” said Comfort; “that would only have made him more likely to do so again.”

“Let’s make a bridge with your slab,” said Lucy, “and get out on that rock.”

“No,” said Comfort; “we might get in, and get our feet wet.”

“Why, Comfort!” said Lucy; “I don’t see that there is any more danger of getting in now, than if the boy was on the rock, and you were going out to get the boy.”

“Yes,” said Comfort; “but that was an object worth running a little risk for. There’s no use

in running the risk for nothing ; so, instead of making a bridge of the slab, we'll make a ship of it."

As she said this, she pushed one end of the slab outwards, to make it point out into the stream. It turned slowly, and, when it was pointed in the right direction, she gave it a long push, by which it was sent, by a slow but steady motion, away out into the current. The current immediately turned it down the stream. It went swiftly along the rapids, until presently the end struck against a small rock, which happened to be in its course, projecting a little above the surface of the water. This stopped the force of the motion immediately, and the upper end of the slab began to move slowly round, and to drift sideways down the stream. They watched it a few minutes, and then they climbed up the steep, grassy, and rocky bank, unfastened the horse, got into the wagon, and rode on.

CHAPTER VIII.

SHOPPING.

At the place where Comfort and Lucy had found George on the island, the stream looked like a brook, only it was very large for a brook. It ran tumbling along among rocks just like a brook. Lucy found, however, after they had rode along a little farther, that it began to change; and in a short time it appeared to turn into a smooth and beautiful river. This was the sheet of water which Lucy had had an occasional glimpse of, higher up the valley. But now, at a certain turn of the road, they came suddenly upon a full view of it.

“O, what a beautiful river!” said Lucy.

“That’s the mill-pond,” said Comfort.

“The mill-pond?” repeated Lucy.

“Yes,” replied Comfort.

“How did they make such a mill-pond?” asked Lucy.

“Why, they built a dam across the stream,

down below here, and that stops the water, and makes a pond."

"That's an excellent plan," said Lucy. "I think it looks a great deal prettier."

"O, but they didn't do it to make it look prettier," said Comfort.

"What did they do it for?" asked Lucy.

"Why, to make the mills go. They almost always have a pond to make mills go."

"I don't see how a pond can make mills go," said Lucy.

"Why, the dam makes the water rise very high," said Comfort; "and then they build a mill on the bank just below the dam, and have a great wheel down in the bottom of the mill, and they let the water out of the pond against the wheel, and that carries it round so as to make the mill go."

"Do they have a hole in the dam right opposite to the wheel?" asked Lucy.

"Yes, they have an opening," replied Comfort, "and a kind of a long box, to lead the water from the opening in the dam to the wheel. That is what they call the *flume*. I'll show you the flume when we get to the mill."

"Are we going to the mill?" asked Lucy.

“Yes, we shall go over the bridge close to the mill. The flume passes under one end of the bridge.”

Comfort and Lucy were now riding along a beautiful road. The mill-pond was on one side, with several islands in the middle, and with many points and promontories extending into the water from the shore, and crowned with trees. On the other side was a great forest, covering the side of a hill, and running higher and higher to the tops of the mountains. On before them Lucy could see a bridge, and a small village on the other side of it. In about ten minutes, they reached the bridge.

Lucy could see the dam very distinctly. It was built of logs laid up like a wall, and extending entirely across the stream, from one side to the other. A thin sheet of water was gliding smoothly over the top, and falling upon the rocks below.

“Why don’t they build the dam a little higher,” said Lucy, “and so stop all the water?”

“That wouldn’t do any good,” said Comfort.

“Yes,” said Lucy; “then they would have more water to make their mills go.”

“But they’ve got water enough,” said Com-

fort ; “ and, besides, if they should make the dam higher, they could not keep the water from running over the top ; because, if they should do it, it would only stop the water in the pond for a little while ; it would rise higher and higher, and so, pretty soon, it would run over the top again, just as it does now.”

The mill was on the farther side of the bridge, and below it, while the dam was above. Lucy asked where the flume was. Comfort pointed out to her a sort of a large box or trough, made of timbers and planks, which proceeded from the end of the dam on the other side, and passed under the bridge to the mill.

When they got opposite to the flume, Comfort stopped the horse a moment to let Lucy look at it. There was a kind of a grating at one end of it, towards the mill, and the water was whirling and boiling, among the sticks and slabs which were lying before the grating. Lucy saw that the water was running down through the grating, in underneath the mill, and she supposed it ran under the water-wheel, and turned it round.

“ What makes them throw all those sticks and slabs into the flume ? ” said Lucy.

“ They don’t throw them in,” said Comfort.
“ Those things were brought down by the stream

and came floating along into the flume, and the grating stopped them. That is the reason why they have a grating, —in order to stop all such things.”

“Why must they stop them?” said Lucy.

“Because,” replied Comfort, “they would go through, and strike against the water-wheel, I suppose, and break it.”

After Lucy had looked at the flume long enough, Comfort drove on. The horse ascended a little hill, beyond the brook, and came into a sort of village, though it was very small. It consisted of only a very few houses and shops.

“Where are you going to do your shopping?” asked Lucy.

“I’m going to that store,” said Comfort.

So saying, she pointed to a building in a corner, not far from the mill, which was painted green. It had a sign over the door, and some shawls hanging in the window.

“I shouldn’t think there was much to buy in that store,” said Lucy.

“O, yes,” said Comfort; “it is quite a large store.”

There were several posts before the store. Comfort drove up to one of them, and got out

and fastened the horse. Then she helped Lucy out, and they both together went into the store.

It was a much larger and pleasanter store than Lucy had expected. There were two pretty large counters. One was at the back side of the store. There were a great many goods, of all kinds, upon the shelves. At the back corner of the store there was a door, which seemed to open out into a pleasant yard. There were one or two chairs near this door. Comfort conducted Lucy along to this corner, and gave her a seat in one of the chairs.

“Now, Lucy,” said she, “I expect it will take me ever so long to do my shopping ; and you may amuse yourself here as well as you can. You can look about the store, or sit here, or go out in the yard.”

“Well,” said Lucy, “I shall do very well, I don’t doubt.”

Comfort then went away, and presently came back with a piece of gingerbread, which she had bought of the storekeeper, and gave it to Lucy. Lucy was glad, both because she liked gingerbread, and also because she was a little hungry. After she had begun to eat her gingerbread, she thought she heard a peeping sound out in the

yard. Lucy stepped out upon the step to see what it was. She found there, in one corner of the yard, a hen and a whole brood of chickens.

The hen looked rather fiercely at Lucy when she saw that she was coming near her chickens, and so Lucy kept back a little. She observed, however, that the hen had a little leather strap around one of her legs, and by means of that and a string, she was tied to a stake. There was a small cask lying down upon its side, for her to go into, with her chickens.

Lucy broke off a small piece of her gingerbread, and threw it down to the hen. The hen seized it very eagerly, and broke it into crumbs with her bill, and called her chickens to come and eat it. They all gathered around her, and picked up the little crumbs as fast as they could. Lucy thought that they ate it as if they never had had any gingerbread before.

Lucy looked about the yard. It was a very pleasant yard, descending a little from the street. There was a fence around it painted white; but as the fence was not very high, and as the land descended somewhat towards it, Lucy could see over it. She could see the dam, and the bridge, and the mill-pond, extending far away among the islands and banks covered with trees. She could

also look right down the bank opposite to where she stood upon that part of the stream which was below the mill.

She watched the water gliding over the top of the dam, and falling down in a shower upon the rocks below, for a few minutes, when she heard a door open behind her. She looked round, and found that there was another door, besides the one which she had come out of, in the same building. There were also some windows. In fact, it seemed as if the back part of the building was a house, and only the front part a store.

At any rate, the door opened, and a girl, about as big as Lucy, came out with a saucer in her hand, and a spoon in it. Lucy saw at once that she had come out to feed the chickens. Lucy went towards her, to see her; for before she had gone to the front part of the yard to see the prospect.

“Are these your chickens?” said Lucy.

“Yes,” said the girl.

“They’re beautiful chickens,” said Lucy.

“Yes,” said the girl, “only they came too late.”

While Lucy was considering what the girl could mean, by saying that her chickens came too late, the girl went on feeding them; and after she

had done, she looked down to the stream which ran off below the mill, and said, —

“ Ah ! they’ve shut the gate.”

“ What gate ? ” said Lucy, looking ; “ I don’t see any gate.”

“ The water-gate, I mean,” said the girl ; — “ the gate that lets the water under the mill.”

“ How do you know that they’ve shut it ? ” said Lucy.

“ Because,” replied the girl, “ don’t you see that the water doesn’t run under the mill ? When the gate is up, and they are grinding, the water comes tumbling through, under the mill, in a great stream.”

Lucy looked, and saw that there was a channel behind the mill, beginning under it, which passed down a little way, and gradually turned, and at length, at a short distance, came out into the main stream. The bottom was rocky, and now nearly bare, only there was a small stream, which ran among the rocks, flowing out towards the main current. There is generally such a channel below a mill, by which the waste water is discharged, after it has performed its duty of giving impulse, in its descent, to the float-boards of the great wheel.

At the place where this channel entered the

main stream, Lucy observed a large, flat surface of rock, of a blue color, which seemed to be quite level and smooth. There was a bird upon it, hopping about. The main current was running very swiftly along that end of it which was towards the stream, and there was a little water, too, on each side of it; so that it was a sort of an island.

"I wish I could go down on that great blue stone," said Lucy.

"It is very easy to get there," said the girl. "I've been on it a hundred times."

"I mean to go and ask Comfort to let me go down and get on it," said Lucy.

So Lucy went into the store, but in a moment came out again. The girl asked what Comfort said.

"She says I must not go now," said Lucy, "but that, when she has done her shopping, she will go with me."

"Is that the mill-pond up there?" said Lucy, pointing to the sheet of water above the dam.

"Yes," said the girl.

"What a pretty little island!" said Lucy.

While Lucy was looking at the island, she happened to observe something upon the water, very far off, and she did not know what it was.

It looked like a little black line drawn upon the water.

“What is that?” said Lucy, pointing to it.

“What?” said the girl; “I don’t see any thing.”

“That little black thing, very straight. in the water, close by the island, where that great tree is.”

“O, I don’t know,” said the girl; “nothing but a slab, or something floating down.”

Lucy looked at it very intently, and said, —

“I verily believe it is our slab!”

Lucy ran into the store to tell Comfort. Comfort was standing before the counter, looking at some calico. The counter was covered with calicoes.

“Comfort,” said Lucy.

“That, you say, is one and ninepence,” said Comfort, speaking to the storekeeper.

“Comfort,” said Lucy, putting her hand gently on Comfort’s arm. “Here’s our slab floating down.”

“And nine yards, at one and ninepence, comes to how much? — let me see —”

“Comfort,” said Lucy.

“Let me see; nine shillings and nine ninepences is — wait a minute, Lucy.”

Lucy stood still. The storekeeper drew out

a little slate from under the counter, and began making figures upon it. Lucy saw that Comfort looked perplexed, and was very busy ; so she left her, and ran out into the yard again, to watch the slab.

Lucy thought that the slab had not moved at all, while she had been gone. It seemed to be in exactly the place where it was before. In fact, it did not move very fast, because the water in the mill-pond was almost still. It was, however, slowly descending towards the dam.

“ Why don’t it come faster ? ” said Lucy.

“ Why, the water does not run very fast in the mill-pond,” replied the girl ; “ we can sail all over it in a boat ; so that the logs and slabs come down slowly.”

“ Where will it go to ? ” asked Lucy.

“ O, it will come down over the dam ; or else it will run into the flume, and get stopped by the grating.”

“ I mean to watch it,” said Lucy, “ and see.”

“ Then you had better go and stand on the bridge,” replied the girl. “ You can see it better on the bridge.”

“ I don’t think Comfort would let me,” said Lucy.

“ You had better go and ask her,” said the girl

“ No,” said Lucy ; “ it don’t do any good to ask anybody any thing when they are a-shopping. They are always talking about ninepence and tenpence.”

The girl laughed, and then went into the house.

Lucy looked at the slab a short time, and then, as it did not move much, she got tired of watching it ; and so she turned to look at the chickens. She gave them a little more of her gingerbread, and ate the rest. Then she went into the store, and amused herself in walking about, and looking at the things which the storekeeper had to sell.

In about three quarters of an hour from the time when they came into the store, Comfort was ready to go. She had completed her purchases, and the storekeeper had put them all up in one great parcel, with some strong and coarse brown paper wrapped around it. Comfort put her parcel into the wagon, and then told Lucy that she was ready to go.

“ Yes,” said Lucy, “ only you must go down with me to the great blue stone.”

“ Well,” said Comfort, “ I will. You’ve been very patient, and have n’t troubled me at all.”

So they walked along together towards the bank of the stream below the mill.

CHAPTER IX.

AN ESCAPE.

THEY found some difficulty in getting down the bank, it was so steep and rocky. There were, however, little trees and bushes growing here and there, which they could take hold of; and there was a kind of a path, too, which was of considerable service. The channel by which the water came out from under the mill was almost dry, so that they walked about all over it, stepping from stone to stone. They went up very near the mill, so that they could see under it. Lucy saw the great wheel, but it was still. She said she wished they would let the water through again, for she wanted to see it go.

“Why, Lucy!” said Comfort; “then the water would come pouring down where we stand. And I don’t think that we ought to stay here much longer, for they may hoist the great gate suddenly. So let us go down to your blue stone.”

They accordingly walked along over the rocks, towards the blue stone. In the lower part of the

bed of the channel, the stones and rocks were wet where they had been covered with water. The higher ones were dry, showing that where the water came through under the mill, they were not covered by it. Comfort told Lucy to step along on the dry rocks, for the wet ones were apt to be slippery.

At length, they reached the great blue stone. Comfort said that it was a beautiful place to stop and see the water. The middle part of the rock was dry ; but it was wet all around the sides, and there was a little water still standing on each side, which they had to step over, in getting upon the rock. There were several chips, and sticks, and small pieces of board on the edges of the rock. They had floated on when the water was high, and had been left there.

Lucy amused herself a few minutes throwing these pieces of wood off into the middle of the current, and seeing them float away down the stream. Comfort took up a long, crooked pole, and pushed off some which were lying in places out of Lucy's reach. After a little while, when Lucy had thrown off all that were upon the front side of the stone, she turned and went to the back side, to find some more. Comfort happened to be standing, at that moment, on the front side

of the stone, reaching out, and trying to push off a small log which was partly floating, and partly lodged upon a rock. Just as she succeeded in pushing off the log, she heard Lucy exclaim, in a tone of surprise, —

“Why! why! how wide the water is!”

Comfort looked round, and dropped her pole instantly, and said, —

“So it is; the water is rising. The men have hoisted the gate. We must get off this rock as quick as we can.”

Comfort and Lucy ran all around the rock, trying to find a place to get off; but it was too late. The water, on each side, was before so wide that they could hardly jump over it, and the surface of the rocks beyond, which formed the bed of the stream, sloped off so gradually, that a very little rise in the water made it considerably wider.

“What shall we do?” said Comfort; “what shall we do?” As she said this, she kept going round and round the rock, trying to find some place where it would do to jump off; but she could not. Lucy was very much frightened, and began to cry.

“O, Lucy, don’t cry,” said Comfort. “You needn’t be afraid.”

“O dear me!” said Lucy; “we shall certainly be drowned.”

“O, no” said Comfort; “there’s no danger of being drowned. We can stay on this rock, safe, till we contrive some way to get off.”

“O, no,” said Lucy; “the water keeps rising more and more, and it will cover us all up.”

“No,” said Comfort; “don’t you see that the top of the rock is dry; and that proves it is not covered when the gate is up, and the water runs through as fast as it will.”

Comfort looked at the water. It was rising very rapidly; and they could see a torrent of it come pouring down upon them from under the mill, which threatened to raise it much higher. Still Comfort was not afraid. She was confident that it would not come higher than to cover that part of the rock which was wet before, and so that they were safe upon the dry part. And the result was as she had anticipated. The water continued to rise, but it rose more and more slowly; and when it arrived at the old high water mark,—that is, the line where the rock had been wet before,—it continued standing at that level.

“There,” said Comfort, “it won’t rise any more now.”

Lucy looked very anxious and unhappy. She did not see how they could get off.

"We shall have to stay here all the time," said she, in a very sad and desponding tone.

"No," said Comfort; "there's one way we can do, I'm sure. I can call out to the people in the store, and they'll come and help us off."

"I don't see how they can help us off, if they come," said Lucy.

"O, yes," replied Comfort; "they can go and shut the gate, if they can't do any other way."

"Then that will stop the mill," said Lucy. "and I don't believe they will be willing to stop their mill."

"Yes they will," said Comfort. "I know Mr. Jameson, that owns the mill. He'll stop it for us, I know."

"Well, then," said Lucy, "why don't you call them?"

"Why, I want to look around, and think a little, first," said Comfort. "If we call them, they'll come and help us, I know; but then Mr. Jameson will laugh at me well, and I don't want to be laughed at."

"I had rather be laughed at than be drowned," said Lucy.

“Yes,” said Comfort; “but we’ll see. I want to look around and think a little. I’ve heard them say that, if your life is in danger, and you have only got two minutes to save it, you must take one of them to think what to do.”

“If we only had a slab,” said Comfort, looking around. “And there comes one now, I declare.”

Comfort pointed towards the dam. Lucy looked, and behold, a slab was just appearing over the edge of the dam. It rubbed along, stopped, then rubbed along again, moving very slowly, as there was scarcely water enough to bring it over. At length, when it had advanced so far that the projecting end was heavier than the other, it fell slowly over, and came down with a thump upon the rocks below. Lucy and Comfort saw all this, for they were standing so low, and the bridge was so high, that they could see the top of the dam under it. As the slab fell down, its face was presented directly towards them; and Lucy said, —

“It is our very old slab, I truly believe. I saw it floating down in the mill-pond, a good while ago.”

“I believe it is the very same,” said Comfort.

“Now, if I can only reach it with this pole when it comes by us.”

Comfort took up the pole again, and they both watched the slab, as it came swiftly on towards the bridge. It struck one of the piers of the bridge, and then the upper end began slowly to move round, just as it had done against the stone where Comfort and Lucy first pushed it off.

“Yes,” said Comfort, “it is coming round this way.”

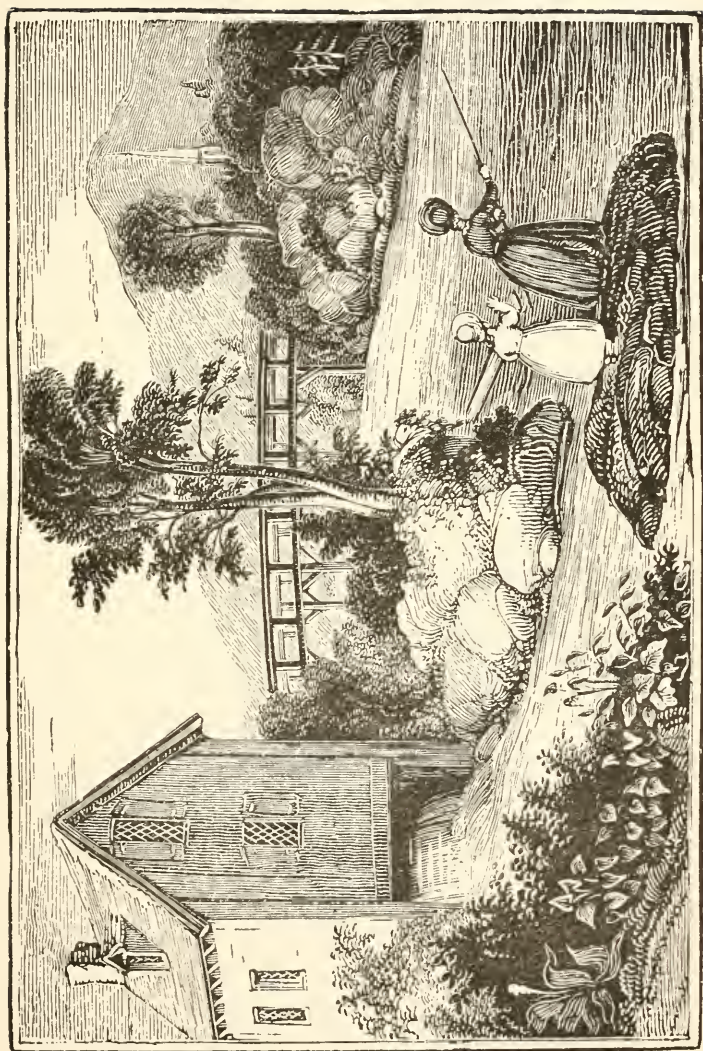
The slab moved slowly, until it got into the current again, and then it was swept along more swiftly than ever. It came on towards the side of the stream where Comfort and Lucy were standing on the rock; but Comfort was afraid that it was not coming quite near enough. She reached the pole out as far as she could, so as to have it all ready, saying, —

“Now, Lucy, don’t speak a word.”

She just succeeded in resting the end of the pole upon the forward end of the slab.

“There,” said Lucy; “now pull.”

But Comfort knew better than to pull. It would only have pulled her pole off, and let the slab go down the stream irrecoverably. She therefore only drew in the pole very gently, but



following, at the same time, the natural motion of the slab down the stream. By this means, she succeeded in bringing the slab round into a little sort of bay of still water, below the great blue rock.

“There,” said Comfort; “now we’ll make a bridge.”

Lucy was exceedingly rejoiced to see the slab safe under their control. She was very ready to help Comfort place it. They found some difficulty, however, in doing this, though they succeeded at last. They drew the slab up into the channel on one side of the great stone, where there was a narrow place, and then they pushed the farther end of it up a little way upon the opposite shore. Then they lifted the end which was towards them, and put it upon the rock; and thus they had a bridge.

“Now,” said Comfort, “we must go over carefully, for it is slippery. However, there is no danger; for if we get in, it is not very deep, and we shall only get pretty well wet.”

But they did not get in. Comfort walked over first very carefully, leading Lucy by the hand, who came behind her. Lucy jumped and capered about upon the bank, when she found

that she was free, and they both went up the bank as fast as they could go.

“We got some good by trying to help George off, didn’t we?” said Lucy, when they were getting into the wagon.

“Yes,” said Comfort.

“It’s very lucky, I think,” said Lucy, “that we went to get the slab for George.”

“No,” said Comfort; “it was unlucky, according to the old rule.”

“What is the old rule?” asked Lucy.

“Why, that it is unlucky to take pay for doing a kindness.”

As they drove down to come upon the bridge, Lucy observed a young man coming along over the bridge, from the other side. Comfort stopped talking, and did not say anything more until they had passed him. He smiled when he met them, and bowed to Comfort. Comfort nodded to him in return.

“Who was that, Comfort?” said Lucy, when they got by.

“That is Mr. Jameson,” said Comfort. “I would not have had him know we got caught down there on the rocks for half a dollar.”

CHAPTER X.

EFFECT.

THAT evening Lucy and her mother set out to go with Robert to his clearing, to build a fire for the purpose of seeing how it would look in the dark. When they were up there in the forenoon, Lucy had asked her mother to go up some evening, as Robert said he had another heap which he could burn. Lucy wanted very much to see a fire in the night, and, in fact, her mother did, too. They asked the general about it at supper-time, and he said that there was no danger then in making fires; and so, a little after sundown, Lucy and her mother set forth, Robert and Eben coming along close behind them. Lucy carried the lantern, and Robert his axe.

Lucy had given her mother an account of her adventure with Comfort on the great stone; and so strong had been the impression which the affair had made upon her mind, that she had several times alluded to it afterwards. And now, as they were walking along, her mother silently admiring

the beauty of the evening, Lucy's thoughts were away down by the mill, — her imagination being busy, reproducing images of the great wheel, the channel below the mill, the wet stones, the slab, and the current of water.

At last she said, —

“Mother, what makes it unlucky to thank people for doing a kindness?”

“I didn't know that it was,” replied her mother.

“Yes, mother,” said Lucy; “Comfort says it is.”

“It seems to me,” replied her mother, “that Comfort is a great authority with you these days.”

“I don't know what you mean,” said Lucy.

“Why, I think you quote Comfort pretty often.”

“Quote her?” repeated Lucy. “I don't know what you mean: I never heard of quoting any body.”

“What was it she said about its being unlucky?”

“Why, she said it was unlucky to take any pay for doing a kindness.”

“People have a great many sayings,” replied her mother, “about what is lucky and unlucky; but I haven't much faith in such notions myself.”

“I don't see what they say so for, if it is not true,” said Lucy.

“ Perhaps they think it is true. Some people think Friday is an unlucky day, and so they never will begin any new undertaking on Friday, if they can help it.”

“ Do *you* think that it is an unlucky day, mother?” said Lucy.

“ No, I don’t think it is more unlucky than any other day in the week. It is not a very good day to begin any new undertaking, such as a journey, because it comes so near the end of the week.”

“ Is that the reason why they call it unlucky,” said Lucy, “ do you suppose?”

“ Perhaps it originated in that. Such notions have generally something or other for a foundation. Though I have heard it said that the reason why Friday has such a bad reputation, is because it was the day of the crucifixion of Christ.”

“ Did they crucify him Friday?” asked Lucy.

“ Yes,” replied her mother.

“ How do they know?” asked Lucy. “ It does not say so in the Bible. At least, I never read anything about Friday in the Bible.”

“ No,” replied her mother : “ the account does not mention that particular day ; but it says that he was crucified the day before the Sabbath, and

that he rose from the dead the day after the Sabbath."

"Then that would be Saturday," said Lucy. "The day before the Sabbath is Saturday."

"Yes, the day before *our* Sabbath is Saturday," replied her mother; "but the Sabbath in the days of Christ was on Saturday itself; so that the day before was Friday. Jesus was crucified on Friday, and he remained in the tomb over Saturday, which was their Sabbath, and rose from the dead on Sunday morning. So they changed the Sabbath from Saturday to Sunday, in order to have it on the same day that he rose."

"Then that's the reason why they call Friday an unlucky day?" asked Lucy.

"No," replied her mother; "I did not say that that was certainly the reason; only I have heard it said that that might be the reason. There was a time, a great many years ago, when people paid a great deal more attention to particular days than they do now, and celebrated a great many; and perhaps, in those times, they considered Friday, being the day in which such a sad event happened, an unfortunate or unlucky day."

"Well, mother," said Lucy, after a short pause, "but I don't see, after all, why Comfort said it was unlucky to take pay for doing a kindness."

“ Perhaps it would tend to make a person act afterwards from mercenary motives,” said her mother.

“ What does that mean ? ” said Lucy.

“ Why, suppose,” said her mother, “ that every time you performed any act of kindness for me or your father, I should pay you for it. Then, after a while, when you did any such thing for us, perhaps it would be for the sake of the pay.”

“ O, no, I shouldn’t,” said Lucy.

“ Well, suppose, then, that Eben is the person. Suppose that you had a great many sugar-plums, and every time he helped you, or did you any kindness, you should give him some of them. Don’t you suppose that in a short time, instead of helping you out of feelings of kindness to you, he would do it for the sake of getting the sugar-plums ? ”

“ Why, yes,” said Lucy.

“ His motive, that is, the thoughts that would lead him to do anything for you, would be, not honest kindness of heart, but a hope of pay.”

“ Yes,” said Lucy.

“ Now, when any person is led by hope of pay to do what he ought to do for other motives, they say he is *mercenary*.”

“ What does *mercenary* mean ? ” said Lucy.

“Why, that’s what it means,” said her mother. “I’ve just explained it to you. It is seeking for pay where we ought not to. Once there was a lady who was sick, and a boy named Jerry, who lived pretty near, came to the door, and asked how she did, and wanted to know if he could do any thing for her. Now, I suppose you would think that that was a very kind, generous boy.”

“Yes, mother, I should think so,” said Lucy.

“He would have been so if his motive had been as good as it appeared to be. But the fact was, his motive was mercenary. He had heard another boy say, that his mother sent him to ask if he could do any thing for the lady, one day when she was sick, and that she thanked him, and gave him a cake. So Jerry thought that, if he went, perhaps he should get a cake too.”

“O,” said Lucy, “what a boy!”

“The spirit which he was acting under was not a benevolent, but a mercenary one.”

“Yes,” said Lucy, “I thought he really wanted to know what he could do for the sick lady.”

“That was the appearance,” replied her mother, “but it was a false appearance. In fact, appearances, in such cases, are often deceptive. Sometimes, for instance, children go and wish people a merry Christmas, or a happy new year, when

their motive is, not any real kind feeling, but a hope of getting a present."

Lucy did not say any thing in reply to this. She was silent a moment. She was thinking whether she had not been influenced by mercenary motives, sometimes, in wishing people a happy new year.

"Now, it is very evident," continued her mother, "that when a person takes pay for doing any little act of kindness, that it may tend to make them expect pay in future cases. Now, you happened, in this case, to do George a favor. The consequence was, that, after a time, the benefit of what you did came back to yourselves. This is very apt to be the case with acts of kindness; and perhaps it is right to tell children so, and let it influence them in some degree; but still, the real reason, after all, which ought to influence us in doing kindness to others, is simply the good it will do them, and not the hope of having good come out of it, somehow or other, or some time or other, to us."

"Well, mother," said Lucy, "I'm sure that, when we were getting the slab, to help George off, we didn't think of ever getting helped off by it ourselves."

"No, I presume not," said her mother "But

is it not time for us to get to Robert's clearing? Robert, how much farther is it?" said she, turning round to speak to Robert.

Robert said it was not much farther; and Lucy, who turned round, too, to hear his answer, observed that the light of the lantern flashed upon the trees on each side of the road very beautifully.

"How bright the light shines," said Lucy, "now it is evening!"

"Yes," said her mother, "and if the fire is as bright in proportion, we shall have a splendid illumination."

"O, there's our old fire," said Lucy.

She pointed to the spot where they had made their fire in the morning. It had burned nearly out. There was, however, one little flame coming up from it. The party all gathered around it to see.

"It's the old stump," said Robert.

In fact, Robert had thrown upon the fire, when he went away in the morning, a large, old stump, half decayed, and this had been slowly burning all the afternoon. It was now nearly burnt out but a piece of the root was blazing up a little. Robert went up to it, and took hold of the part which was not on fire, and then walked off with the burning brand in his hand. He led the way

o the other part of his clearing, where he had another heap, and put the brand in under it. He then took the lantern, and went into the woods near by, to find some dry wood to help set the fire to burning. He came back soon, and, in a few minutes, the whole party, standing in a ring around, were illuminated by a bright blaze. A broad column of smoke and sparks ascended into the dark sky, and the bright flashes of light gleamed upon the trees around in a very splendid manner.

“Isn’t it a good bright fire?” said Lucy.

“Yes,” said her mother; “I want to walk about a little, to see the effect on the trees from different positions.”

“The effect, mother?” repeated Lucy.

“Yes; come with me, and I’ll show you what I mean by effect.”

So Lucy took hold of her mother’s hand, and they walked along back to the road. They went up to the top of a little green bank very near the road, and then turned around to look at the fire. It was partly hid by a little group of small trees which intervened; that is, which came between. The fire seemed to be in the middle of these trees. The leaves and branches were brightly illuminated, and in the midst of them they could see the flame

itself glittering through the little openings in the foliage. There was a great column of sparks, too, ascending above the trees and smoke, illuminated by the fire below. The sparks were produced by Robert and Eben, who remained at the fire, punching it with long poles.

“You see what a beautiful appearance the fire has here,” said Lucy’s mother. “Now, we will go to some other place, where it will present a different picture, or, as people commonly express it, where it will have a different *effect*.”

So they descended the bank again into the road, and walked along in it a little way into a very bright place, where the light from the fire shone broadly across the road. When they had got into the middle of this bright place, they stopped, and turned towards the fire. Every thing in the appearance of it was changed. The great glowing flame was full before them. There was a sort of circle of trees, around the border of Robert’s clearing, which shone magnificently; and some rocks across the brook, half under the trees, seemed to be edged with fire. They could see Robert, and Eben too. Robert was behind the fire, with his face towards them. One arm was extended to push his pole into the fire, and the other was held up over his face to shade it

from the heat. He looked up to Lucy, and smiled; and Lucy was surprised to observe how distinctly she could see the expression of his countenance and the movement of his eyes, so bright was the illumination. Eben stood on one side *banging* the fire with repeated strokes of his long pole, to make the sparks fly.

"What's that great thing over beyond the brook, mother?" said Lucy.

Lucy pointed to something at some distance across the brook, and beyond some large, scattered trees.

"I don't know," said her mother; "it looks like a great heap of logs and stumps. Let us go and ask Robert."

Robert told them that it was his father's great heap of logs and stumps, that he had got out of a swamp.

"Let's go and set it on fire," said Lucy.

"Will it do to set it on fire?" asked her mother, speaking to Robert.

"It won't burn," said Robert; "it has not been piled up long enough."

"O, we can make it burn," said Lucy.

"Well," said Robert, "we can try."

"Are you sure your father will be willing to have you set it on fire?" said Lucy's mother

"O, yes, ma'am," said Robert, "I know he will; he wants it burned."

Robert pulled out a large brand from the fire, and gave it to Eben to carry.

"Give me one, too," said Lucy.

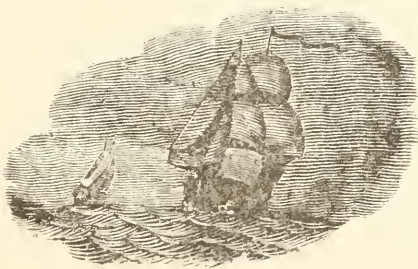
"And me," said her mother.

Robert got brands for them all, and they marched along in a fiery procession towards the great heap. They put the brands all together in a hole under the heap, and then went back for more. In this way they soon got quite a little fire burning under the great heap; but still Robert said that he did not believe the heap itself would burn. He said that the logs and stumps were very wet when they were taken out of the swamp, and that they had not had time to dry. The children, however, worked upon it some time, and then left it, and went to the other fire; and after a while they returned to the great heap again. But they found, as Robert had predicted, it did not appear to burn very well. There was a great smoke coming up out of the middle of it, but they could not decide whether it was going to burn, or whether it was going out. They pushed under some more dry wood, and then waited some time longer. But, at length, Lucy's mother said that it was time to go home, and they

must give up the great heap, and try it some other time.

Lucy was unwilling to leave it, and wanted to go and get some more dry wood ; but it was hard work to get it, for the heap was in the middle of the swampy part of the ground, from where the materials had been taken, and so they had to bring the dry wood from some little distance, out of the woods on the higher land around them. The ground on which the heap stood was not, however, wet and swampy then. It was dry and hard ; for Robert's father had dug a drain leading right through the middle of it down to the brook.

They were, accordingly, obliged to leave the great heap, though they resolved to come up in the daytime, when they could get dry wood ; and then, as Robert said, they would keep crowding dry logs under till they *made* it burn



CHAPTER XI.

THE GAP AMONG THE MOUNTAINS.

THE next morning, when Lucy got up, the first thing she did, was to go to the window and look out. Her mother was sitting at the table, writing a letter.

“O dear me!” said Lucy; “now if the clouds haven’t all gone away!”

“The clouds?” repeated her mother; “what clouds?”

“Why, last evening,” replied Lucy, in a desponding tone, “there were some clouds, and a circle round the moon, and Robert said that it was going to rain. And now they have all gone away, and it is going to be pleasant.”

“Well,” said her mother, “and don’t you want it to be pleasant?”

“No,” said Lucy; “I want it to rain.”

“Why, Lucy,” said her mother, with surprise, “what do you want it to rain for?”

“Why, to make a freshet on the brook, to bring

down the logs. And besides, I want my garden to be watered."

"Your garden!" repeated her mother. "I did not know you had any garden."

"Yes," said Lucy; "Ellen gave me one, and my flowers are all dying, because it does not rain on them."

It was true that Lucy had a little garden. It was a small place in Ellen's garden, where Ellen had planted six hills of corn. She had broken off all the ears of corn which had grown there, to roast, and so the stalks which were left were not good for any thing. Ellen, accordingly, pulled them up, and gave them to the cow; and she told Lucy that she might have the place for her garden. So Lucy had hoed it over, and raked it, and put flowers in it, which she and Eben gathered from a field. She had been out the afternoon before, to see her garden, and the flowers were wilted. The reason was, that they had no root; but Lucy thought that it was because they had not been watered by rain.

As the sun rose, it became more and more evident that she was to be disappointed in her wishes for rain. Never was there a finer prospect for a beautiful day. So pleasant was the morning

in fact, that, at breakfast, the General proposed that Lucy's mother should go and take a ride, and see the country around them.

"You and Lucy might take the wagon and Hero," said he, "and have a good ride before dinner."

"Yes," said Comfort; "they might go up through the Gap, and so round by Emery's Pond."

"O, I wouldn't go there," said the General's wife. "It's all rocks and mountains on that road. I think she had better go down to the corner, and out on the Greenville road. There are beautiful farms that way."

"Well, mother," said Lucy, "let's go."

"I don't know as I should be able to manage Hero," said her mother. "I'm not much accustomed to driving."

"No difficulty about that," said the General. "Hero is a good traveller, but you can manage him as easily as you could a dog, with reins or without reins. Or you may take Robert; he'll drive you," continued the General, after a moment's pause. "Robert, couldn't you rig up a seat for yourself in the forward part of the wagon?"

Robert said he could, without any difficulty

and finally, after some further discussion, the plan was agreed upon. Robert harnessed Hero, and he put a box in the wagon, in front, for himself to sit upon. They concluded to go around through the Gap; for both Lucy and her mother wanted to see the rocks and the mountains, rather than smooth farms. Just as they were going to set off from the door, the General's wife brought out a tin pail with a cover upon it, and put it into the wagon.

"What is that?" asked Lucy.

"Something for you to eat," said she, "so that, if you like your ride, you can stop and have a little luncheon some where, and so not come back until the middle of the afternoon."

When they drove out of the yard, Robert turned the horse in the direction which led to the fording-place, where Lucy and her father and mother had crossed the stream.

"Why, this is the way we came!" said Lucy.

"Yes," said her mother. "You won't have to cross the ford, shall you?" said she to Robert.

"No, ma'am," said Robert; "we are going to turn off pretty soon."

Accordingly, after they had gone on until they had passed by the smooth fields of the General's farm, they came to a road which turned off to-

wards the mountains. As they were turning into this road, Lucy saw a beautiful blue flower, growing under some rocks.

"O mother!" said she, "see what a beautiful blue flower!"

"Yes," said her mother; "I should like to get it. We will stop and get it when we come back. It would wilt and fade away before we get home, if we take it now."

"But we shall not come back this way," said Robert, at the same time stopping Hero. "So I had better get it now."

Robert jumped out, and brought the flower, and handed it to Lucy. Then he climbed up into his seat again, and drove on.

"Which way *shall* we come home?" asked Lucy.

"Why, we are going round by Emery's Pond, and we shall come out by the Valley district, and so home by the road that leads by my clearing."

"Where is the Gap that your father spoke of?" asked Lucy's mother.

"O, it's on here a few miles among the mountains," replied Robert. "This road leads through the Gap. Father says it would not be possible to make a road here if it were not for this Gap."

The country grew more and more wild, as they advanced. The road was very winding, and it ascended and descended by turns. They were, however, on the whole, gradually rising, as they found by observation, every now and then, that they had a more and more extended view of the great

valley behind them, at the top of each succeeding ascent to which they attained. It was only occasionally that they had such views, for generally they were entirely shut in by hills, forests, and precipices. Before them they saw nothing but vast piles of mountains, rising higher and higher, and covered with trees nearly to the summits. Lucy did not see how they could possibly get through them or over them. In fact the Gap, through which they were to pass, was not to be seen by the traveller until he had entered it.

Once, as they were coming down a little hill, where the road took a sudden turn, they heard the voice of a man echoing among the forests before them.

"What's that?" said Lucy. In fact, Lucy was a little afraid; and it must be confessed that the aspect of the whole scene was rather wild and gloomy.

"That's somebody driving a team," said Robert.

"How shall we get by?" said Lucy's mother
 "It seems to me the road is very narrow."

"O, we can find a place to get by," said Robert.

Just then, the turn of the road, as they came down the hill, brought a bridge into view, — a small bridge, but very high, leading across a brook. They had passed several similar bridges before, only this was higher than the others, and looked more uneven. There were large logs laid along the edge, on each side of it, for a balustrade

"Why, there's a hole in the bridge," said Lucy's mother.

"Yes, ma'am," said Robert; "there are two or three. But it's no matter. Hero will look out for the holes."

Hero took them over the bridge very carefully, stepping with much deliberation over each hole, or else, where there was room, going entirely on one side of it. Just as they had crossed the bridge, they saw the two heads of a yoke of oxen and a man driving them, coming into view, from a turn in the road, at the top of a little ascent beyond. A large pair of cart wheels followed the oxen. Under the axletree of the wheels was one end of a great log, held up to the axletree by chains. As the team came on, Lucy could see that the other end of the log rested upon the ground, and was dragged along by the oxen.

"Why," said Lucy, "what are they going to do with that great log?"

Her mother looked up to the team with a countenance of great anxiety, for it seemed to be coming directly down upon them. Her fears were, however, in a moment relieved; for the man who was driving the oxen, turned them out to one side of the road, so as to make room for the wagon to go by. One of the great wheels went away down by the side of the road, so that Lucy exclaimed, —

"O dear me! the log will get tipped over!"

The teamster, however, did not seem at all

concerned about his log, for he stood leaning against his oxen, and looking at the persons in the wagon, with an expression of great interest and curiosity upon his countenance. He could not think who it was that was coming. He at length nodded slightly to Robert, just as he was going by. He recollected that he had seen him somewhere.

After they had passed, Lucy said to Robert, —

“What is he going to do with that great log?”

“Why, that’s Mr. Emery,” said Robert; “he’s getting out some boards to cover his house.”

There were two things very perplexing to Lucy in this answer. One was, that she did not see any thing like boards. She thought Mr. Emery was getting out a monstrous great log, and not boards. And the other was, she did not know what Robert meant by covering his house.

“Where is Mr. Emery’s house,” said Lucy.

“O, it’s up this way, pretty near his pond,” said Robert. “We shall come to it pretty soon.”

“Then he’s going the wrong way,” said Lucy. “He’s lost his way.”

“No,” said Robert, laughing; “he’s hauling that log down to mill, to get it sawed up into boards.”

“O,” said Lucy, “yes, that’s the way he’s going to get his boards.”

“Yes,” said Robert, “that’s the way they always get boards.”

“That isn’t the way my father gets boards,” said Lucy

“How does he get them, then?” asked Robert.

“Why, he buys them.”

“I should think he had better get out the logs himself,” said Robert, “if he’s got any growing on his land.”

“My father hasn’t got any land,” said Lucy, “only just his garden.”

“Only his garden?” said Robert.

“No,” said Lucy, — “and the yards; nor any oxen.”

“Hasn’t your father got any oxen, either?” asked Robert.

“No,” said Lucy.

“Well,” said Robert, “then I don’t know what he will do. My father says it’s a great deal cheaper to get out the boards yourself, than it is to buy them; but, then, you must have oxen.”

By this time, they began to enter the Gap. The mountains and precipices had been growing more lofty, and seemed to draw nearer and nearer to the road, until now they appeared to overhang the valley all around. Sometimes they would pass under a towering cliff of rocks, with trees clinging to the sides, and growing out of the crevices.

From one such precipice Lucy saw water dripping down from a great height, and falling upon some stones by the side of the road.

“O mother,” said Lucy, “see the water coming down.”

“Yes,” said Robert; “that’s where the great icicle was last winter.”

"Was there a great icicle there?" asked Lucy.

"Yes," replied Robert, "a monster. 'Twas as tall as the steeple of the meeting-house."

"O, what a big icicle!" said Lucy. "I should like to see it."

"If you come here next winter," said Robert, "I expect you can see it."

Strictly speaking, it was not an icicle that Robert had seen hanging down on the face of the rocks, the last winter, though it looked like one. It was caused by the freezing of the water, as it dripped down from a vast height. It looked very much like a monstrous icicle clinging to the rock.

Here they came suddenly upon another bridge. Lucy was surprised to see so many bridges.

"How many brooks there are!" said Lucy.

"O no," said Robert, "only one brook. All the bridges that we have come to, are over one brook. It is the outlet of Emery's Pond."

"What is an *outlet*?" asked Lucy.

"I don't know," said Robert, "exactly. They always call it the *outlet*."

"What is an *outlet*, mother?" said Lucy.

"Why, ponds among the mountains," replied her mother, "generally have little streams running into them, coming down from the little valleys, and from springs. And this water must run out again, so that there is generally a place where the water runs out, and that is called the *outlet*."

"And is this brook the outlet to Emery's pond?" asked Lucy.

"Yes," replied Robert; "and all the bridges which we have come across, are over this same brook."

"What do they have so many for?" asked Lucy.

"Why, they must have a bridge every where, where they want to cross," replied Robert. "The banks are too steep and rocky to ford."

"But why need they cross so many times?" asked Lucy's mother. "Why not keep on one side, or on the other, all the way?"

"Because," said Robert, "they can't make the road. They keep going back and forth across the brook wherever it's easy to make a road. Besides, it is not much work to make a bridge."

"How do they make it?" asked Lucy.

"Why, they cut down a couple of large trees, for *stringers*, — string-pieces, — or else three. I believe they generally have about three."

"What do you mean by *string-pieces*?"

"Why, pieces to go across the stream from one bank to the other, to put the planks on."

"Do they generally have three?" asked Lucy's mother.

"Yes, ma'am," replied Robert, "I believe they do. Then they split up some logs for plank, and so cover it."

"That makes me think," said Lucy, "of what you said about Mr. Emery's house. You said he

was going to get some boards to cover it up. What is he going to cover his house up with boards for?"

Robert laughed aloud at this question.

"You needn't laugh," said Lucy. "You said that he was going to cover his house up."

"No," replied Robert. "I said *cover* his house; not cover it *up*."

"Well," said Lucy, "I don't think there's much difference. Besides, I'm pretty sure you said cover it *up*. Didn't he, mother?"

"Let us hear what Robert says he *meant*," replied her mother.

"Why, I meant, *cover* his house," replied Robert; "that is, nail boards on it, to keep out the wind and rain."

"Hasn't he got any boards nailed on his house?" asked Lucy.

"Yes," said Robert, "he's got one room covered in, and he lives in that. He's trying to finish the rest this fall."

It was in vain that Lucy attempted to form a distinct conception of the appearance which Mr. Emery's house would make, with one room covered in, as Robert called it, and the rest waiting for boards yet to be sawed. She said no more, however, but rode on, feeling great curiosity to see the house, and asking Robert to show it to her, as soon as they should come in sight of it

CHAPTER XII.

PUMP-MAKING

IN about a quarter of an hour, they emerged from the Gap, and came out into an open, circular valley, surrounded by lofty mountains. They here crossed the stream again by a log bridge, and rode along afterwards upon its bank; the stream being on their left hand, and woods upon the right.

"Now," said Robert, "we shall soon come to Emery's opening."

"What do you mean by his *opening*?" said Lucy.

"Why, his farm," answered Robert.

While Lucy was considering why they should call a farm an *opening*, she obtained a glimpse of a small sheet of water before them. It was a little pond, shut in among the mountains. They very soon reached it. Lucy saw where the brook came out of the pond. They rode along a little way, by the shore of the pond. On the other side of the road, there was what Lucy called a field of corn and stumps. A little farther on, just in the edge of a group of forest-trees, which remained standing, Lucy saw a small house.

"There's Mr. Emery's house," said Robert.

Lucy looked at the house with great attention

as they gradually drew near to it. It was small. One end, the nearest end, as they rode towards it, was covered with boards, which looked new. The other end was, as Lucy said, all timbers.

"Yes," said Robert; "he hasn't covered but one room yet. That's what he wants to get some boards for now, to put on the rest of it."

Lucy saw several small buildings around the house. They were made of logs and slabs. There was a large haycock behind the house, with a roof over it, supported at the corners by tall poles. In front of the house, there was a man at work upon a great log. The log was lying in a horizontal position, each end being blocked up from the ground; that is, each end was supported by blocks and logs put underneath.

"What are they doing with that great log?" said Lucy's mother.

"I guess they're going to make boards of it," said Lucy.

"No," said Robert; "they're boring it. I expect they are going to make a pump."

"I did not know that they could make a pump out of a log," said Lucy.

"Yes," said Robert; "don't you see he's boring a hole through it?"

Lucy now observed that the man who was working at the log, stood at the end of it, and that he had a tool in his hand, that looked like an auger. He held the handle of it, and kept continually turning it round. The iron part entered into a hole in the end of the log, and Lucy saw

that he was boring a hole into it. She thought, however, that he certainly could not bore in but a very little way.

There was a little boy sitting upon the other end of the log. Lucy could not imagine what he was doing. She thought that he was too small a boy to help make a pump; and yet he seemed to be doing something very busily. As the wagon drew nearer, Lucy observed that he was playing horse. He had mounted upon the farther end of the log, and had tied a string round the end for a bridle, and was playing that the log was his horse. He had a stick in his hand, and was whipping his horse severely, to make him go.

When the wagon had advanced nearly opposite to the house, Lucy said, —

“Mother, let us stop a moment, and see the man make his pump.”

“Well,” replied her mother, “Robert may stop a moment, if he pleases.”

So Robert stopped his horse opposite to the end of the log, where the man was at work boring the hole.

“You’ve got almost through, John, haven’t you?” said he.

“Yes,” said the young man, “I’ve only got to go about a foot farther.”

Lucy looked at John, surprised that Robert should address him so familiarly; but she observed that, though he was nearly full grown, and looked like a man, yet he appeared in his countenance

quite young. She thought it probable that he was one of Mr. Emery's boys, almost grown up. Just at this moment, a woman, very plainly dressed, came out of a back door in the house, with a water-pail in her hand, and walked along a path which led down a descent beyond the house. She looked at the wagon a moment as she went along, but did not stop. Lucy followed the direction of the path with her eye, and she saw that it led down to a little brook not far from the house. There was a log across the brook where the path reached it, and a deep place in the water, just above the log. Lucy saw very plainly that the woman was going to get a pail of water.

Lucy meant to watch her, to see her dip up her water. In fact, she was afraid that she would fall off the log. She was, however, prevented from watching her, by having her attention attracted suddenly to John and his boring; for, just before the woman reached the brook, John began to draw out his auger.

He walked backwards, keeping hold of the handle of the auger with both hands, and drawing it out as he receded. It was a long iron rod, which kept coming out more and more, the farther he went back, till Lucy began to think that the end of it would never come.

"O, what a long borer!" said Lucy.

In fact, the borer was as long as the log. It would do no good to have a log for a pump longer than the auger to be used in boring it; for in that case the hole could not be bored through

Accordingly, Mr. Emery had cut off his log a little shorter than his auger, in order that it might go through. After John had got the auger out, he did something to the end of it, and then put it in again.

"When are you going to set your pump?" said Robert.

"Father is going to bring up the boxes to-night," said John, "and then we shall set it as soon as we can get it ready."

"Have you got your well dug?"

"Yes," said John; "there it is."

So saying, John pointed to a place by the side of the house, where there was a heap of fresh earth, with a hollow place in the middle, and some short boards laid close together in the hollow place.

"We are going to build our barn out beyond there, and so the pump will be handy for the house and the barn too. It is very hard watering the cattle in the brook in the winter, it freezes up so much."

"And, besides," said Lucy's mother, "it is a great way to bring up water to use in the family."

"Yes, ma'am," said John.

Lucy looked down towards the brook, and saw that the woman was coming back, with her pail filled with water. Lucy had just time to see her; for Robert drove on, and the woman was soon hid behind one of the little buildings. Lucy was, however, very glad to see that she had not fallen in.

"I don't see how he is going to make a pump of that great log," said Lucy.

“Why, when he gets it bored,” said Robert, “he will finish off one end of it like a pump, and then they’ll let the other end down into their well, and board up close all around it, so that people shall not fall in. Then he’ll make a handle.”

“I should think it would make rather a rough pump, after all,” said Lucy’s mother.

“No, ma’am,” said Robert; “he’ll make a very good pump of it. He’s a very good workman.”

“I don’t see what makes the water come up in a pump,” said Lucy.

“The boxes,” replied Robert.

“What are the *boxes*?” asked Lucy.

“Why, they’re — they’re — little things in the pump. Didn’t you ever see boxes?”

“Yes,” said Lucy, “a great many times.” Lucy meant common boxes, not pump-boxes.

“Well,” said Robert, “you know the little clapper.”

“No,” said Lucy; “I don’t remember any clappers.”

“Why, yes,” said Robert, “a little clapper made of leather.”

“No,” said Lucy; “there is not any clapper in any of the boxes I ever saw.”

“Then you never saw any pump-boxes,” said Robert.

“Why,” said Lucy, “are they different from any other kind of boxes?”

“Yes,” exclaimed Robert, emphatically, “all together different. There is a little leather clapper, that lets the water up, and then keeps it from going down again.”

But Lucy could not understand how any thing could be contrived to let the water come up, and then keep it from going down. Robert told her about the upper box and the lower box ; but he did not succeed in making it plain to her. In fact, it requires considerable skill in the art of describing and explaining, to communicate any clear idea of the internal construction and working of a pump. Lucy could not get any idea of it whatever. She asked her mother to explain it to her ; but her mother said that she did not understand it very well herself. So Lucy said she did not know what she should do.

The road led them, for a time, along the shores of the pond, and generally not much above the water. And, as they passed along, they could see the water on one side of them, and sometimes they had forests, and sometimes steep rocks, on the other. At length, they came to a place where Lucy proposed that they should stop and eat their luncheon. It was a place where a brook flowed into the pond. The road crossed the brook by a bridge, just above its juncture with the pond ; so that, when they were on the bridge, they could see the pond below them, between the steep banks of the ravine, through which the brook flowed. One of the banks was an almost perpendicular cliff of rock. The other was not quite so abrupt, and it was covered with trees. They could see that down upon the shore of the pond, there was a smooth, sandy beach, extending along the shore on each side of the mouth of the brook. Lucy proposed that they should stop here.

"Well," said her mother, "I think it will be a very good plan."

"Yes, ma'am," said Robert; "there is plenty of good grass about here, too, for Hero."

Lucy had not noticed the grass; but now she observed that, on each side of the road, and near the banks of the brook, above the bridge, there was plenty of grass. So they all got out.

Robert began to unharness the horse, after driving him a little way out of the road. Lucy stood on the end of the bridge, looking at him. Her mother began to descend the rocks, below the bridge, in order to get down to the bed of the brook, intending to follow it along to the pond. Lucy wanted to go with her mother, and she also wanted to see Robert take care of the horse.

"Mother, wait for me," said Lucy.

"I'll go along slowly," said her mother.

"But, mother," said Lucy, "I can't get along, unless you help me."

"Yes," said her mother, "I think you can. At any rate, if I find any place where I think you can't get along, I will wait for you."

Robert went on unharnessing his horse. He put the several parts of the harness in the wagon as he took them off, and at last nothing remained but the bridle.

"Robert," said Lucy, "are you going to fasten him to a tree?"

"No," said Robert; "he couldn't eat the grass, if I should."

"What are you going to do, then?" said Lucy

"I am going to let him go where he likes"

"O Robert," said Lucy, "then he'll run away."

"No," said Robert.

Robert then unfastened the throat-lash, and took hold of the bridle, at the top of the horse's head, and drew it over his ears, and off before; and then the bits dropped easily out of his mouth, and the horse, understanding that he was liberated, drew his head away. He walked off a few steps, and then lay down to roll, while Lucy stood laughing heartily at the awkward figure he made, with all his four *heels*, as she called them, in the air.

"I believe he'll run away," said Lucy.

"No," said Robert; "he won't run away."

"And, besides, I don't believe you can catch him, and put his bridle on again."

"Yes," said Robert; "I've got some salt in my pocket, on purpose."

Lucy had heard of catching birds by sprinkling salt on their tails, and she stood bewildered and perplexed, trying to imagine how this method was to be applied to Hero, when she heard her mother calling her. So she turned away from Robert, and began to descend the bank, towards her mother, calling out, —

"Yes, mother; I'm coming."

Robert carried the bridle to the wagon, and put it in; and then he pushed the wagon entirely out of the road, so that, if a team were to come by, it would not run against it. After doing that, he followed Lucy and her mother down the bank of the stream.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE RETURN.

THEY found a very pleasant place, indeed, for their luncheon, under some shelving rocks, at the angle between the ravine of the brook and the shore of the pond. They could see the whole surface of the pond, and the woods and mountains beyond. There was only one house in sight, and that was Mr. Emery's. The unfinished end was turned towards them. Lucy took out a mug from the tin pail, and went to the brook to dip up some water, to see if it was cool. Her mother told her, before she went, that she had no doubt it was cool. Lucy found it as her mother had said. It was very cool indeed. She dipped up her mug full from a little, deep place among some stones covered with green moss. It looked very cool, and it proved to be so on tasting it.

Lucy brought a mug of it to her mother.

"Mother," said Lucy, "how did you know it was cool?"

"Because," said her mother, "brooks become warm when they flow for a long distance across an open country exposed to the rays of the sun. But this brook comes directly down from the mountains, flowing through the woods all the way; so that I think the water could not have had time to get warm."

“Where does it come from, at first?” said Lucy.

“It comes from a spring,” said her mother, “I suppose. Some springs break out of the ground from under a rock.”

“What makes the spring?” asked Lucy.

“Why, the water in the mountains above,” replied her mother, “presses down in among the rocks, and wherever there is a crevice in the rock near the surface of the ground, the water comes out.”

“But what makes there be water in the mountains above?” asked Lucy.

“It comes from rains.”

“Then I should think that, when it had done raining, it would pretty soon stop coming out in the spring.”

“No,” said her mother; “it takes a great while to drain off. The earth, and the moss, and the roots, and the stones, hold the water like a great sponge. It slowly soaks down, and gets into the crevices and fissures, and so runs out in a steady stream, wherever a fissure or any opening of the rock comes out to the surface. Still, if it has not rained for a very long while, the springs begin to grow low, and some of them stop running entirely.”

They staid at this place more than an hour. After they had eaten their luncheon, they rambled about among the rocks, and along the shore, gathering flowers. Lucy amused herself in picking up pebbles and throwing them into the water

Robert pointed to a patch of green leaves which were floating upon the water at some distance from the shore, and said that that was a field of lily pads.

"Lily pads," repeated Lucy; "what are lily pads?"

"Why, that is where the pond lilies grow," said Robert. "We come out here sometimes, and get them."

"I never saw any pond lilies," said Lucy. "Are they pretty?"

"O, yes," said Robert, "beautiful. They are white, and just like a star; and when they are open, they are as big as the palm of my hand."

"I wish I could get one," said Lucy.

"I would go and get you one," said Robert, "if it was the right season. But it is too late; they are all gone now."

"How could you get them," asked Lucy's mother, "if there *were* any now?"

"O, we've got a raft," said Robert, "along the shore here a little way. The boys made a raft, and we come and go out on that."

"Boys!" said Lucy's mother with surprise. "I shouldn't think that there would ever be any boys here."

"O, yes," said Robert, "there are a great many boys live about here."

"Why, where?" said Lucy's mother. "Excepting Mr. Emery's house, I have not seen any signs of inhabitants at all. It is all desolation."

There were, however, a great number of farms

lying on the various by-roads around, and Lucy's mother did not know from how wide a circle boys would gather to get lilies from a pond.

Lucy asked her mother to let her walk along the shore with Robert, and see his raft.

"How far is it, Robert?" asked her mother.

"Only a few steps," replied Robert. "But, then," continued he, "if you would rather not have her go away, I can bring it along here."

"How?" said her mother.

"O, I can push it right along," said Robert.

"Well," replied Lucy's mother, "that will be the best plan."

So Robert went off after his raft, around a point of land which made out a little way into the pond, while Lucy continued rambling about upon the sandy beach, near her mother.

A few minutes afterwards, as Lucy was stooping down to pick up a singular piece of wood, which had been curiously worn and bleached by the water, she heard her mother calling to her, -

"Why, Lucy! look at Robert."

Lucy looked up, and saw Robert just coming into view, with his raft, around the point of land.

"Why, he's sailing on the raft," said her mother. "I did not know he meant to come in that way. I thought he was going to push it along by the shore."

Robert said that he was going to push it it is true; but he meant, push it by means of a pole, with himself upon it. Lucy and her mother were both a little afraid that he might get in; but,



as he seemed entirely at his ease, and unconcerned, they gradually dismissed their fears, and watched his progress as he slowly approached them. Lucy was very much interested in the examination of the raft, as it drew near. It was made of logs which the boys had cut from the woods, with smaller pieces laid across and pinned on to keep it all together. On the whole, they concluded that it was a very strong and substantial raft. Robert sailed about upon it for some time.

Lucy wanted him to go out to the lily pads, to see if there might not be, possibly, one left ; but her mother was afraid to have him go out where it was so deep. Besides, Robert said that he was sure that not a single lily could be found, for it was altogether beyond the season of them.

While Robert was sailing about upon his raft in the shallow water, Lucy had a long conversation with her mother about springs, brooks, and ponds. Her mother told her that ponds were occasioned by there being a natural hollow place among the mountains, surrounded by high land on all sides, so that the water which ran into it from brooks and springs, could not run out until it rose high enough to run over at the lowest place in the surrounding land ; and that that was the outlet. She also explained to her how it happened that some brooks ran very swiftly, tumbling over rocks, and others flowed deep and smooth, and almost still. At length they concluded that it was time to go home. So she took

the pail, and Lucy and her mother went back up the ravine to the road, while Robert sailed back on his raft behind the point of land ; for he said that he must put the raft away where it belonged.

Robert did not come back to the mouth of the brook again, but he climbed up the bank into the road, at the place where he fastened the raft. Lucy and her mother sat down upon the end of one of the great logs, on the side of the bridge, and waited for Robert to catch the horse, and harness him. The horse was grazing by the side of the road, at a little distance from the bridge ; but not on the side where Robert was coming. Robert therefore had to go across the bridge, to catch him. As he was passing by Lucy and her mother, he put his hand into his pocket, and took out something folded up in a piece of brown paper.

“Is that the salt ?” said Lucy.

“Yes,” said Robert.

So Robert opened the paper, and began to call out to the horse, —

“Hero ! Hero ! Hero ! Hero !”

Hero paid no attention to the call, but went on quietly cropping the grass.

“Hero ! Hero ! Hero ! Hero !” said Robert, walking along towards him.

Hero lifted up his head, turned it deliberately towards Robert, looked at him a moment, and then put it down again. He took two more

mouthfuls of grass, and then turned around, beginning to walk towards Robert.

Robert stopped on the end of the bridge, and waited for him, holding out the paper in his hand. When Hero got near, Robert stooped down, and poured out the salt upon the plank floor of the bridge. To Lucy's surprise, the horse came to the place, and began to lick up the salt with his great tongue. While he was doing it, Robert put the bridle on. Then he stood still, and let the horse finish eating the salt, and then led him away.

"*I* shouldn't like to eat so much salt," said Lucy.

Robert harnessed the horse into the wagon, and then they got in, and drove away. They rode an hour or two by a way which went winding around among forests and mountains, sometimes opening before them, so that they could see wide prospects, and sometimes shut in by rocks, and towering trees, which overhung the road, and made it sombre and solitary.

After a time, they began to ascend a pretty steep and winding road, shut in by the forests and mountains. Sometimes they had by their side, as they travelled slowly along, a noisy brook, sometimes a morass, covered with cedars and firs; and sometimes an impenetrable thicket growing out of steep slopes of land covered with moss, and rocks, and trunks of fallen trees. All this time they were constantly ascending. Still, although they were gradually gaining a high elevation, they had

no prospect; for their view was shut in by the forests and mountains all around them. At length, they came to a piece of road which was level. The horse began to trot. It was the first time that he had trotted for nearly half an hour.

"Here is some level road," said Lucy. "I'm glad of it, for now we can go faster."

"Yes," said Robert; "we've got to the height of land."

"What is that?" said Lucy.

"Why, the highest place. Pretty soon, we shall be going down again."

They came to the end of the level road pretty soon, and then began to descend a little; and presently, at a turn of the road, they came out to a place where they suddenly had a very extensive and magnificent prospect opened before them.

"O mother," said Lucy, "how far we can see!"

"Yes," said her mother. "Stop a minute, Robert, and let us look at this prospect."

"Why, Robert," said she again, in a moment, "there is your father's house!"

She pointed to a house away before them, very far down the valley.

"Yes," said Robert; "we can always see it from here, very plainly. And I can see this rock from our yard."

Robert pointed to a great rocky precipice by the side of the road, and he said that they once came and built a fire upon it, and his mother could see the smoke at their door, very plainly. Lucy was very much surprised to see how low

down in the valley the house appeared. They could see the stream beyond it, and Robert pointed out to them the fording-place, where they had crossed on their way, when they first came to the General's. The General's house seemed now to be nearly down upon a level with the water. This was an illusion, occasioned by their high position. They could see the mill-pond, too, and the bridge; and Lucy showed her mother the green store where she and Comfort went a shopping. She tried also to see the great stone, where they got caught by the water from the mill; but it was not to be seen. Lucy thought it was hidden by the mill.

They gazed around upon the prospect for some time, and then Robert began to move on towards home. In fact, it was getting near the evening; and they saw some clouds in the west, which made them think it was possible that there might be a shower coming.

The road was now generally descending; so Robert made Hero go pretty fast. The clouds behind them, however, increased. At last, one, blacker and larger than the rest, appeared to be coming up, and Lucy's mother said that she believed that there was going to be a shower. But she was mistaken. It rose higher and higher, and for a time appeared threatening; but, after all, it brought nothing with it but a gust of wind. After this had passed, the sky was somewhat clearer, though the sun had set, and the twilight was fast coming on. Lucy suddenly discovered

a very bright star in the middle of a large open place among the clouds ; and she exclaimed, —

“ O mother, see that star ! ”

“ Yes,” said her mother ; “ that’s Venus, I really believe. Yes, it must be Venus.”

“ The evening star ? ” said Lucy.

“ Yes,” said her mother ; “ see how bright it is ; and yet you cannot see any other star in the sky.”

Lucy looked all around, but no other star was to be seen. The sky was somewhat obscured by clouds ; but in the spaces between the clouds there were no stars to be seen.

“ You see, Lucy,” said her mother, “ that it would not have done any good for you to have got up early to see the morning star ; for Venus is the evening star now ; the sun is before her.”

“ Yes, mother,” said Lucy.

“ And so, being before her,” continued her mother, “ the sun goes down, and leaves Venus a little way up in the sky. Of course, when he rises in the morning, he leaves Venus a little below the horizon, where she is out of sight.”

“ How fast Venus goes ! ” said Lucy.

“ No,” said her mother ; “ it is the motion of the clouds which makes it look as if Venus was going fast. But yet she is going down slowly. If you notice how high she is now, and then again when we get home, you will see that she has gone down considerably.”

Lucy said that she meant to watch Venus. But she did not watch her very long, for her attention was attracted by a large light, some dis-

tance before them. It was in the direction of the General's house. Lucy and her mother both saw it at the same time. Lucy thought it was a beautiful light, but her mother was frightened. She was afraid that it was the General's house on fire.

"No," said Robert; "it is not our house. It is this side of our house. It must be some fire in the woods."

"But who should be building fires in the woods this time of the day?" asked her mother.

"I don't know," replied Robert; "only I know that there often are fires about."

As they went on, the light grew broader and brighter. Presently they thought they saw the flash of a flame, and then some sparks ascending.

"What can it be?" said Robert. "It looks as if it was near my clearing. There!" he exclaimed again, after a moment's pause, "I know what it is. It is that great heap which we tried to set on fire."

"That heap?" said Lucy

"Yes," said Robert; "I've no doubt it's that heap. The fire has been working under it all day, heating it through, and now these gusts of wind have set it a-going."

Robert was right. Lucy's mother could hardly believe that fire could have remained inactive under such a heap of combustibles, and finally break out, after so long an interval. But it was really so. The wood which they had put under it, had set some of the lower parts of the heap on fire, and they had burned away slowly; while the

not air and gases, rising up through the heap, had been gradually drying it ; and now the wind had fanned the whole up into a flame. The light of the fire grew brighter and brighter as they drew nearer, although they could not get a distinct view of it, on account of trees which intervened. At length, however, when they reached the part of the road which was opposite to it, the whole burst at once upon their view, blazing, crackling, and roaring, in a manner almost terrific. Lucy's mother said it was quite a conflagration. The whole heap was a burning mass from top to bottom. The forms of all the crooked logs and stumps were yet preserved, but they were all of the brightest red ; and the flames curled and flashed above in the most furious manner. If Hero had not been an uncommonly docile horse, he would have fled in terror. A vast column of smoke and sparks ascended from the heap, far up into the dark sky.

They looked at it a few minutes, and then drove home. When they got out of the wagon, and were going into the house, they stopped a moment on the door-step, to look back at Venus and the fire. Venus was just going down, and the bright glow of the fire was very distinctly visible behind a hill.

THE END



COUSIN LUCY ON THE SEA-SHORE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE ROLLO BOOKS.



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PREFACE.

THIS volume, with its companion, *COUSIN LUCY AMONG THE MOUNTAINS*, is intended as a continuation of Lucy's history, four volumes of which have been already published. They present to the juvenile reader an account of the gradual progress made by our little heroine in the acquisition of knowledge, and in the formation of character, though in very different scenes from those in which the incidents of the preceding volumes have been laid.

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LUCY ON THE SEA-SHORE.

CHAPTER I.

THE ROUND ROOM.

LUCY had a little chamber of her own. It was as high, in the middle of it, as other chambers, but the ceiling sloped away on one side, so that, around behind her bed, there was scarcely room for Lucy herself to stand upright. And yet Lucy was not very large, for she was but seven years old. She often wondered why the ceiling of her chamber was not made level, like other chambers; but she never thought to ask her mother.

In her chamber there was a little book-case with three shelves in it, and a curtain before it, to keep the dust out. She kept her picture-books and her story-books on the two upper shelves, and her playthings upon the lower shelf. The lower

shelf was level with the floor, and the top of the bookcase was not higher than her head, so that she could reach every part of it very conveniently.

Lucy sometimes got tired of play, and then she used to go and ask her mother what she should do. On such occasions, her mother had several times sent her up stairs to arrange her books in the bookcase. She did not give her this to do as play, because she knew that she was tired of play, and would probably not be any better pleased with this than with any other amusement. So she assigned it to her as work. But, then, though Lucy used to go to it reluctantly, as to a task, she always became soon very much interested in it, finding continually something new in the pictures, as she opened the books to look at them, in order to determine where to arrange them.

One rainy day, Lucy could not go to school. She was very sorry for this, for Marielle had promised to bring a painting of a large, beautiful butterfly to the school that day, to show her. Marielle was a great friend of Lucy's at school.

Lucy watched the skies till after nine o'clock ; but there was no prospect of a cessation of rain. Then she sat with her mother for an hour or two, sewing. At last she got tired of sewing ;

she did not know what to do. So her mother let her have her paint-box, and Lucy tried to paint a butterfly. She traced the outline from a picture which she found in one of her picture-books, by holding it up to the window ; and thus she made a drawing. She painted the butterfly as well as she could, and then she painted a horse, and next a farm-house with a brown roof, and black smoke coming out of the chimney. By this time, the colors which her mother had rubbed for her upon the saucer were pretty nearly exhausted, and the water in her tumbler had become very turbid. Besides, she was tired of painting, and she went to her mother to know what she should do next.

“ I think it is very evident what you ought to do next,” said her mother.

“ What?” said Lucy.

Her mother looked towards the table, where Lucy’s painting apparatus was lying, but said nothing.

“ Put my things away?” said Lucy.

“ Certainly,” said her mother.

So Lucy took her tumbler and saucer to the pump, and washed and wiped them, and then put them away. She looked over the papers which were left upon the table, and cut out the

little pictures which she had made, and which she wished to keep, and then gathered up all the other papers and scraps, and threw them into the kitchen fire. She carried the brushes and the pencil, and placed them upon her mother's paint-box, in a little parlor closet, where her mother kept it, and then put down the leaf of the table, where she had been at work, and set back the chair. Thus the room was restored to order again. Her mother had taught her, before, how to put her painting apparatus away.

It was now nearly dinner-time, and Lucy busied herself for some time in setting the table. It still continued to rain. She asked her mother if she thought it would stop raining, so that she could go to school in the afternoon. Her mother said that she could not go to school at any rate, because, even if it should cease to rain, the streets would be too wet for her to go out.

At dinner-time, her mother said, —

“Now, Lucy, after dinner you may have half an hour to play, and then I want to have you finish arranging your books.”

Lucy said, “Very well ; I will go.”

Now, Lucy had a large, flat cushion, which her mother had made for her, when she was a little girl, to sit upon, on the floor. She called it her

divan. It was black, and it was made pretty strong.

So, when the half hour had expired, Lucy took her divan. and carried it up stairs, and placed it before her bookcase. She opened the doors of her bookcase, and stood looking a few minutes at the interior.

The plan which Lucy had adopted for arranging her books was, to put the prettiest and most interesting ones upon the upper shelf, and the others upon the second shelf, and to place all the books upon each shelf, regularly, in little piles, according to their size and shape.

After Lucy had been about an hour at her work, her mother went up to see how she got along. She found her seated upon her divan, before her bookcase, with three books in her lap, and one in her hand, open before her.

“Well, Lucy,” said her mother, “have you got your books arranged?”

“Why, no, mother,” said Lucy; “I am reading this story of Blind Jack. It is a very pretty story. I put the book on the low shelf a few days ago, but now I am going to take it out, and put it on the high shelf. I think it is one of the prettiest books I have. There is another story in it about the sand desk. Mother,” she continued

“should you like to have me read to you the story about the sand desk, when I come down?”

“Yes,” replied her mother; “you may put up your books, and come down, and read it to me now, if you please.”

“Well,” said Lucy. So she put her books upon the shelf, and took her divan under her arm, and went down stairs. She found her mother in the round room.

The round room was not, as its name might imply, really round. It was so called because it had a curve in one side, where there was a bow in the house. This bow was towards the south, and the window opened down to the floor, so that they could walk out when the window was up. It was a small room, and a very pleasant one to sit in, especially on rainy days; for there was a very pleasant prospect of the road from the bow window. On one side of the window in the bow there was a work-table, and on the other side a little case of books, with small drawers below. Lucy’s mother was seated in this room, looking towards the window, when Lucy came in with her book and her divan. She put her divan down upon the floor, under the window, between the table and the secretary, and sat upon it.

She asked her mother if she was ready to hear

and her mother said she was. So Lucy began as follows : —

“THE SAND DESK,

“**MARIA** was a little girl, who lived in a log house, in the woods, near the shore of a lake. There was a sandy beach by the side of the lake, near the house, where Maria used to go and play.

“Maria’s father was a farmer. He had sheep, and oxen, and cows, and a horse, and plenty to eat, and, in the winter, wood enough to make great blazing fires in his large stone fireplace. But he had no books, and no pen and ink to write with. He had one Testament, partly worn out, and an inkstand on a high shelf; but the ink had all dried up. Maria was sorry, because she wanted to learn to write. She was a very little girl. She had not yet learned to read, though her mother had showed her some of the letters in the Testament; and sometimes she would sit down upon a block in the chimney corner, and turn over the leaves, and see how many letters she could find that she knew.

“One summer morning, she rambled away barefooted, and without any bonnet upon her head, down to the shore of the pond. She never had

had any bonnet, though her mother had promised to make her one, when she was big enough to milk. When she got down to the beach, the water looked beautifully. It was smooth and still, and there was a great rock at a little distance from the shore, with a rugged top, which was reflected in the water. The sand upon the beach was white and smooth, and it yielded a little to her step, so that her bare feet made a very distinct and perfect impression upon it.

“ Maria took up a pointed stick, which was lying upon the shore, and she found that she could mark upon the sand beautifully with it. First she made an O ; then she made an S ; then she tried to make the figure of a dog, but this she could not do very well. She then made several other letters, as well as she could remember the shapes of them ; and, when she got tired of this, she walked about, drawing the stick after her, with a waving motion, until she had covered the whole beach with serpentine and zigzag lines.

“ After about an hour, she went home, and told her mother what a fine time she had had, marking upon the sand.

“ ‘ Yes,’ said her mother, ‘ I read, when I was a little girl, that, in some parts of the world, children learn to write by writing upon sand.’ ”

“ ‘Where did you get your books, mother, to read in, when you were a little girl?’

“ ‘O, I had several books when I was young,’ said her mother. ‘My father gave me some, and my uncles gave me some, and some I had in school.’

“ ‘Were there any pictures in them?’ said Maria.

“ ‘Yes,’ said her mother, ‘plenty of pictures.’

“ ‘And where are all the books now?’

“ ‘O, I don’t know; I did not take very good care of them, and so they got lost and destroyed.’

“ ‘I wish I had some of them,’ said Maria; ‘I would take good care of them.’

“ ‘I wish I had them all,’ replied her mother. ‘I did not know that I should ever want them as much as I do now; if I had, I should have kept them very safe. But now they are all gone.’

“ ‘That’s the end, mother,’ said Lucy, shutting up the book.

“ ‘It’s a pretty good story,’ said Royal; ‘what book is it in?’

Lucy looked up, and, to her surprise, saw her brother Royal standing in the door-way. He had

come in while Lucy was reading, and had stopped to hear her story.

“It is in my elephant book,” said Lucy.

She always called that her elephant book, because it had the picture of an elephant in it, near the beginning.

“Is it?” said Royal. “I mean to read your elephant book some day ; but now come with me and see it clear away.”

“Is it clearing away?” said Lucy, starting up

“Yes,” said Royal, “the clouds are breaking, and pretty soon the sun will be out.”

Lucy jumped up off her divan, and began to look out of the window.

“O, you can’t see there,” said Royal ; “come with me to the front door.”

So Lucy took her divan under her arm, and, holding her book in her other hand, she went off with Royal to the front door. Royal opened the door wide. Lucy looked out, and saw that it had stopped raining. It was warm ; so she put her divan down in the door-way, and sat upon it, with her book in her hand. Royal sat by her side.

“Royal,” said she, “do you think the sun will come out before I have time to carry up my elephant book, and put it in my bookcase?”

“No,” said Royal, “not if you are quick.”

So Lucy ran off up stairs, and put away her book, and pretty soon came back again. As she came to the top of the stairs, she asked if the sun had come out.

“Why, you can tell,” said Royal, “by looking on the floor.”

“How can I tell by the floor?” said Lucy.

“Why, it would shine in upon the floor,” said Royal, “if it had come out through the clouds.”

“Well, tell me plainly, is it out or not?”

“No,” said Royal; “but I can see some blue sky.”

Lucy came down the stairs as fast as she could, to see the blue sky. She found that the appearance of the clouds had altered a great deal while she had been up stairs. The clouds were broken and white in many places, and there were two openings, through which she could see the blue sky. In a few moments, the rays of the sun burst forth from one of them in great splendor.

“There’s the sun!” said Lucy. “How it dazzles my eyes!”

The whole landscape looked smiling and pleasant, though glittering with the water which had fallen. Drops hung from the trees, and little streams flowed along the sides of the road; and

there was one quite large pool of water, which had been left by the shower, in the middle of the road, opposite to the house.

"If it wasn't so wet," said Lucy, "I should like to go and take a walk."

"If we had a horse and chaise," said Royal, "we might go and take a ride. There comes a man now, riding," he continued.

"Where?" asked Lucy.

"There," said Royal, pointing off in the direction in which Lucy went when she went to school

"Do you see him through the trees?"

Lucy saw him. He was coming pretty fast. The children watched him as he drew near.

"I wonder if he'll trot right through that great pond of water," said Royal.

"Yes," said Lucy, "he will have to; it is exactly in his way. We'll see what a spattering it will make."

They watched the man until he drew near the house. Lucy then looked at him very intently, and said, —

"Why, Royal, it's Parker!"

"Parker?" repeated Royal; "who is Parker?"

"Why, he's the man that lives at Marielle's; and he is coming here, — isn't he?"

For just as Lucy had said that he was the man

that lived at Marielle's, she observed that, instead of going directly on through the pond of water, he turned his horse up towards their door. It was a large and handsome white horse. He held his neck very proudly. Parker dismounted, and fastened the horse to a post at a corner of the front yard, by means of a chain which was fastened into the post for this purpose.

Parker was a tall, straight, handsome-looking servant man. He advanced to the front gate opened it, and came in, then stopped before Lucy and Royal, and took out a letter.

"Miss Lucy," said he, "here is a letter for your mother. Will you give it to her, with Lady Jane's compliments?"

"Yes, sir," said Lucy, "I will."

Lucy took the letter, and Parker returned to his horse, threw the bridle over his neck, and cantered off.

"I wish I had such a horse," said Royal.

"I wonder what this letter's about," said Lucy.

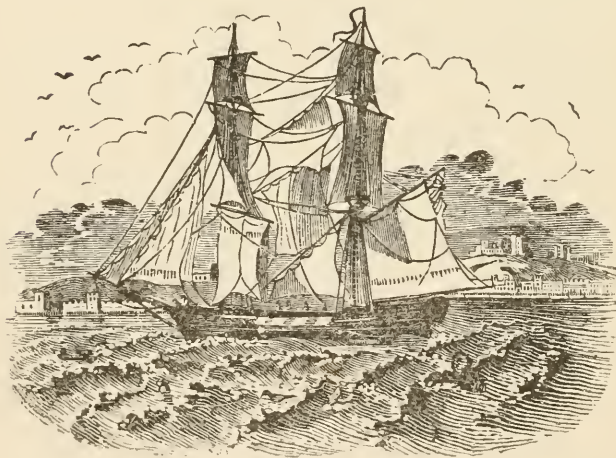
"You'd better carry it right in to mother," said Royal. "I wonder why he didn't wait for an answer. And, besides, I wonder why they call Marielle's mother Lady Jane."

"Because she is a lady, I'm sure," said Lucy.

"That isn't the reason," said Royal. "But I

believe it is because she came from some foreign country."

So Lucy went away with the letter to her mother, while Royal sat down upon the step again, watching Parker, as he galloped slowly along the road, saying to himself, "I think he ought to have waited for an answer."



CHAPTER II.

AN INVITATION.

LUCY was very curious to learn what her mother's letter was about, but her mother said she could not tell her any thing about it.

"Why not, mamma?" asked Lucy.

"I have nothing to say about the reason," said her mother.

"Shall you ever tell me?"

"Perhaps so, and perhaps not," answered her mother.

"Well, mother, have you any objection to my trying to guess?" said Lucy.

"No; no objection at all," said her mother.

"Well," said Lucy, "I guess, then, that it's to tell me there is not going to be any school to-morrow."

Lucy looked up to her mother to see whether she had guessed right. But her mother said nothing.

"Is that it, mother?" said Lucy.

"I said that you might guess," replied her

mother, "but I didn't say that I should tell you whether you guessed right."

"But, mother, what good will it do for me to guess, if you don't tell me whether I guess right or not?"

"I am sure I don't know," replied her mother; "I didn't propose to you to guess."

"No," said Lucy, "that's true; but then I wish I knew. However, I don't think that is it, after all; for I don't believe that Lady Jane would write a letter to you just to say there is not going to be any school. It must be something else. I wish I knew what it was."

"Is it a pleasant feeling for you, Lucy," asked her mother, "to want to know something which you cannot know?"

"No, mother; it is very unpleasant."

"Then why," said her mother, "do you keep your mind full of it?"

"I don't know what you mean," replied Lucy.

"Why, you remain here, thinking of this letter, and keeping yourself in a painful state of mind; whereas you might go away and forget it."

"Well, I'll go away, and try to forget it," said Lucy; "but I'm very sure that I can't."

So Lucy went away: but, instead of trying to

forget the subject, she went to ask Royal to help her guess.

The contents of the letter were, in fact, these. Lady Jane said that she was intending to go to the sea-side for a month, and to take Marielle with her; and she wrote that letter to ask Lucy's mother to let Lucy go too. She said that Marielle was very desirous of having Lucy for a playmate, and that she had herself been very much pleased with Lucy's gentle and quiet character, and, if her father and mother had no objection, it would give her a great deal of pleasure, she said, to have her go with them. When Lucy's mother had read the letter, she thought it was not best to say any thing about the plan to Lucy herself, until her father had come home, and it had been decided whether it was best to accept or decline the invitation.

Now, though Lucy had a chamber of her own, as is described in the first chapter of this book, she only used it as a place of deposit for her books and playthings, and also to play in when she had company. She usually slept in a little room adjoining her mother's bedroom. Before her bedtime, her father and mother had talked about the invitation which had been sent to Lucy from

Marielle's mother, and they had concluded to accept it, and let Lucy go. Accordingly, towards the latter part of the evening, her mother came into the parlor where Lucy and Royal were sitting at the table, to tell Lucy of the decision. Royal had some paper before him, on which he had ruled five parallel lines; and he was trying to write a tune. Lucy was cutting out images with her scissors.

"Now, Lucy, I'll tell you what was in the note from Lady Jane," said her mother.

"Well," said Lucy, "what was it?"

"She says that she is going to spend a week or two at the sea-shore, and the note was an invitation for you to go with her."

"Well," said Lucy, in a tone of great delight, "I should like to go very much. Is Marielle going too?"

"Yes," replied her mother.

Royal stopped in the middle of a demisemi-quaver, which he was making, and looked up, listening very attentively to what was said.

"O, I wish I could go," said he; "I wish I could go. I would row you and Marielle about in the boats."

"When are we going?" asked Lucy, not paying any attention to what Royal had said

“How do you know that you’re going at all, Lucy?” said Royal; “it’s nothing but an invitation, yet.”

“Yes,” replied her mother, “we have concluded to let Lucy go. They set off in a day or two.”

“Well,” said Lucy, clapping her hands, “I’m *very* glad. I never went to the sea-shore.”

“I went once,” said Royal, “and got some shells on the beach. I wish you would get me some shells on the beach, Lucy,” he added:

“Yes, I will,” said Lucy. “But what is the beach?”

“Why, it’s the shore,” replied Royal; “a smooth and sandy shore. You can walk all over it, and find shells.”

“Well,” said Lucy, “Marielle and I will get some.”

Lucy began to make a great many inquiries of Royal about the sea-shore; but pretty soon her mother told her that it was time for her to go to bed; and she accordingly put away her paper and scissors, and followed her mother into her bedroom. She was continually asking questions about the intended excursion. Her mother, however, could not answer them. She said she did not know any of the arrangements which I adv

Jane had made. She did not know how they would travel, or where they would go; and she advised Lucy to dismiss the subject from her mind, and wait till to-morrow, and then she would see Marielle at school, and could ask her all about it.

So Lucy got into her bed, and laid her cheek upon her pillow; and, after hearing her repeat her evening prayer, her mother bade her good night, and retired into her own bedroom. The door between Lucy's little room and her mother's bedroom was left open, so that Lucy could hear her mother moving about her room, while she was trying to go to sleep. She always liked to have this door open, after she had gone to bed, especially if her mother was in her bedroom. Even if she did not speak to her at all, the very idea that she was near, was company for her.

"Mother," said Lucy, at length, after she had been silent for some time, "shall we go in the stage, do you think?"

"No," replied her mother, "probably not. I presume you will go in Lady Jane's carriage."

Here Lucy was silent again for some time. At length her mother heard her gently call out again, —

"Mother?"

"What, Lucy?" said her mother

“Do you suppose that Lady Jane will let Marielle and me go out in any boats?”

“I don’t know,” said her mother. “She will do just as she thinks best when you get there. But I want you to go to sleep; you had better not think any more about your journey to-night but shut up your eyes, and go to sleep.”

“But I can’t help thinking of it,” said Lucy.

“Well, at any rate,” replied her mother, “you can shut up your eyes, and not talk.”

“I do keep shutting them up,” said Lucy; “but they won’t stay.”

Her mother laughed, and said no more.

She was constantly engaged in her room for about half an hour after this, and then she got ready to go back into the parlor; but, before she went, she had occasion to go into Lucy’s room again. Lucy raised her head suddenly, and looked at her mother, with eyes wide open.

“Why, Lucy!” said her mother; “are you not asleep yet?”

“No, mother,” said Lucy; and so saying, she laid her head down upon her pillow again.

“Why don’t you go to sleep?”

“Why, mother,” said Lucy, “I don’t know how.”

“Poor girl!” said her mother “It is really

hard, I suppose.” And so saying, she went away, and left her. She came back again about an hour afterwards, just before she was ready to go to bed herself; and she found Lucy lying with her head upon the pillow, and her cheek upon her hand, fast asleep.



CHAPTER III.

A LONG RIDE.

ONE beautiful morning, a day or two after this time, Lucy found herself at Lady Jane's, just setting off on the expedition to the sea-shore. The sun was shining, and the air clear, for the dust of the roads had been effectually laid by the rain. The trees and grass looked green, the flowers bright and gay, and all the birds were singing merrily. The carriage was at a door in a large yard at one side of Lady Jane's house, and a boy was standing at the heads of the horses, with one hand on the bridle of each of them. The horses were white, and very large and handsome. They stood quietly while Parker helped Lady Jane and the children in. Parker then mounted upon the box, and Lady Jane and Marielle bade good-by to every person who was standing at the door, and the carriage began slowly to move out of the yard. It went under a large arched gate-way, which had a grape-vine climbing over it, and two great trees, one on each side of it.

Lucy and Marielle sat upon the front seat. The carriage was very open in front, so that they could see all around. Lady Jane sat upon the back seat. She was much older than Lucy's mother, and she was dressed in black. Besides, Lucy thought that she always looked rather mournful.

Still Lucy liked Lady Jane very much. Lady Jane had always been very kind to her. She liked her now more than ever, for two reasons: one was, because she had invited her to go to the sea-shore with her; and the other was, because she had said in her note that she thought Lucy was a very quiet and gentle little girl.

Lucy had a very pleasant ride in the carriage all that day. About two o'clock, they stopped at a hotel in a considerable village. First, they went into a large parlor, and sat down upon a sofa. In a few minutes, Parker came in, followed by a girl who belonged to the hotel, and said, ---

“Your rooms are ready, Lady Jane.”

Lady Jane, Marielle, and Lucy, rose from the sofa, and followed the girl out. She conducted them through a hall into a small parlor, in another part of the house. It looked out into a pleasant yard and garden. One of the windows opened down to the floor, so that they could go out by it to a yard outside, and thence into the garden

This window was open. There was a little bedroom, with a bed in it, which opened into this parlor. Lady Jane and the children went in there, and took off their bonnets, and laid them upon the bed. Presently some one knocked at the little parlor door. Marielle went to open it. She found that it was Parker, who had come to bring the work-bags and travelling wallets from the carriage.

“The dinner will be ready in three quarters of an hour, madam,” said Parker.

“It is very well,” said Lady Jane. “How do the horses stand the journey?”

“Very well, indeed, madam,” said Parker.

“I’m glad to hear it,” said Lady Jane. “Will you look out into this little yard and garden, and see if it will do for the children to go out there and play till dinner is ready. On the whole, they may go out with you, and you can leave them there if you find it is a safe and proper place for them; and then I believe I shall not want any thing more. Let me see, — is there a bell?”

Lady Jane looked around the room, and Parker pointed to a bell-pull, hanging by the side of the fireplace.

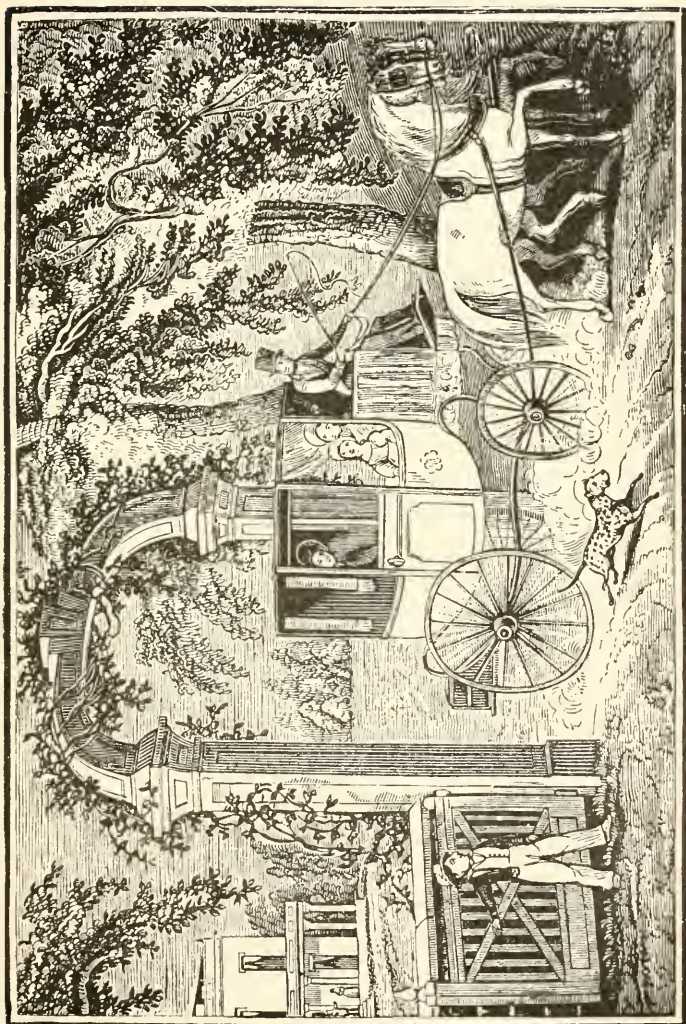
“Very well,” said she; “that is all.”

So Parker conducted Marielle and Lucy out

into the garden, leaving Lady Jane to rest herself upon a sofa in the little parlor. Parker found that the yard and garden were very retired, and perfectly safe and proper for the girls to play in. He accordingly left them there, and then went away.

In due time, the children were called to dinner. They found a table spread in their little back parlor. Parker had just put chairs at the table, for Lady Jane and for the children. He had on a white jacket and a white apron, and, when they sat down to the table, he took his place behind Lady Jane's chair, and, during dinner-time, he helped them all to what they wanted; for Parker was a very accomplished servant, and, on such occasions as this, he acted in various capacities.

About half an hour after dinner, they got into their carriage again, and rode away. Marielle and Lucy kneeled up on the cushion of the front seat, and looked out at the front corner of the carriage, and talked about the objects which successively came into view. Sometimes they passed farm-houses, orchards, and fields covered with corn, a few inches high. Now and then, they passed through a village, or a little hamlet around some stream, where there were mills and a bridge



Then, again, their road would lay, for a mile or two, in a wood, which shaded them, and made it cool and pleasant. They rode on so for some time ; at last, the children became tired of kneeling up ; so they sat down again, and talked to each other about what they would do when they should get to the sea-shore. Lucy said she meant to get some shells upon the beach.

“ And I mean to go and sail in a boat,” said Marielle ; “ that is, if mother will let us. Shall you let us ? ” said she.

“ That will depend upon what Parker says,” replied her mother.

“ Why ? ” asked Marielle.

“ O, if he says he can find a good boat, and he thinks it is safe, perhaps I shall let you.”

“ Couldn’t you go too, mother ? ” said Marielle.

“ No,” replied her mother, “ I do not think I shall go out on the water.”

“ I never sailed in a boat on the sea,” said Lucy. “ Once I sailed on a river with my father.”

“ When was it ? ” asked Marielle.

“ O, once, when we were travelling,” said Lucy ; “ I forget where. I should like to go and sail in a boat on the sea very much, if Parker will

go with us. Do they have any rafts on the sea?"

"Rafts?" repeated Marielle. She did not know exactly what Lucy meant by rafts.

"Yes," said Lucy; "when I went on the mountains, I saw a raft on Emery's Pond."

"What kind of a thing was it?" asked Marielle.

"O, it was made of logs. There was a boy there named Robert, and he sailed his raft out upon the water. He was going to get some lilies; only there weren't any."

"Lilies?" said Marielle.

"Yes, pond lilies, — that grow in a pond."

"In a pond?" repeated Marielle, surprised.

"Yes," said Lucy; "the lilies grew out in a pond, where the water was very deep. I saw the leaves, but there were no lilies then."

"Why?" said Marielle.

"Because it was too late," said Lucy.

This conversation led to Lucy's telling Marielle something more about her visit among the mountains; and, after a while, both gradually ceased talking, and rode along in silence, each leaning back in a corner of the carriage. After that, it was not a great while before they both fell asleep. They did not wake again for two hours. Ma-

rielle opened her eyes first, being disturbed by the stopping of the carriage. The first thing she observed was, that Lucy was asleep in her corner of the carriage.

"Why!" said she, "Lucy is asleep, — and I almost got asleep."

"Yes," said her mother; "I think it was almost. You have been sound asleep these two hours."

"Why, mother," said Marielle, "I did not know it; but what are we stopping for?"

"I don't know," replied her mother.

Marielle kneeled up on the seat again, and looked out. By this time, Lucy began to wake up too; and they both looked out to see what was going on. Parker had driven into the yard of a hotel, in quite a large village. There was a piazza extending along the side of the house, and within the piazza several windows, and one or two doors. The doors led into the hotel. A man came out at one of the doors, with a great apron on.

"Will the ladies come in?" said he.

"Do you wish to stop, Lady Jane?" said Parker. "I've driven up here to water the horses."

"No, I believe not, Parker," said Lady Jane. "how far is it now to town?"

"About eight miles," replied Parker; "we shall be there in little more than an hour."

"Then we won't get out," said the lady.

During this conversation, Lucy heard the noise of a pump; and she looked in the direction from which the noise proceeded. The pump was a little farther along in the yard. It was painted green. There was a square basin of stone before the pump, to hold water for the horses of travellers that came there to drink. There was one team there then — a team of horses attached to a monstrous wagon, loaded up high with boxes and barrels, all tied on with ropes. There were four horses to it. The two foremost horses were drinking out of the basin, and a man was holding a pail to the mouth of one of the other horses, which were behind them. The foremost horses in the team are called *leaders*. The pair behind them, which are harnessed to the pole or tongue of the carriage or wagon, are called *pole-horses*. The boy who was pumping had his pail hung upon an iron support, which was attached to the end of the nose of the pump, so that the pail, while it was hung there, caught all the water which he pumped. Parker stood by *his* horses waiting for the boy to bring a pail of water.

"Parker," said Marielle, "why don't you

drive right up to the pump, and let the horses drink out of that great stone box?"

"Because," said Parker, "there is a team there in the way."

"O," said Marielle.

"Parker," said Marielle again, after a moment's pause, "what makes the man water two of his horses with a pail, and not let them drink themselves?"

"The pole-horses can't get up to the trough while the leaders are on," replied Parker. "He might take off his leaders, but it is easier to carry the water to the other horses in a pail."

By this time, the boy had brought a pail of water, and Parker held it up to the mouths of his horses, first to one, and then to the other. He gave half a pailful to each. Lucy and Marielle watched the operation, and they observed that, when he took the pail away, the horses were reluctant to let it go. They kept their heads in the pail as long as they could.

"They want some more, Parker," said Marielle.

"True, Miss Marielle," said Parker; "but it is not best to give horses all the water they want, while they are travelling."

So saying, Parker gave the boy back his pail

and handed him a small piece of silver money; and then he mounted upon the box again, and drove on. As they were turning out into the main road, the great wagon set off too, and went in the contrary direction; the wheels rolling over the road, with a heavy, lumbering sound.

"How much farther is it, Marielle?" said Lucy.

"Parker said just now," replied Marielle, "that it was about eight miles."

"No, but I mean to the sea-shore," said Lucy. "Parker said it was eight miles to town."

"Well," replied Marielle, "we are not going to the sea-shore to-night. We are going to town."

"O," said Lucy, with an expression of surprise, "I thought we were going directly to the sea-shore. When are we going to the sea-shore?" she asked.

"I don't know," said Marielle; "when are we, mother?"

"It is uncertain," said Lady Jane; "perhaps day after to-morrow."

Lucy very soon saw abundant evidence that they were not to go to the sea-shore. The carriages and vehicles of all sorts were constantly increasing on the road. The villages, too, became more frequent and larger. The road grew broad, and a little dusty. They met a great many

loaded teams, piled up high, like the one they had seen in the yard of the hotel, with boxes and barrels. At last, Lucy saw a body of water before them, and a long bridge; and, in a few minutes afterwards, the carriage came upon the bridge, which made a great change in the sound produced by the wheels and the hoofs of the horses. Parker drew up his horses at a small building pretty near the beginning of the bridge.

“What is he stopping for?” said Lucy.

“This is a toll-house,” replied Marielle. “He is going to pay the toll.”

“What is that for?” said Lucy.

“Why, you see,” said Marielle, “that the people that built this monstrous, long bridge, want some money to pay them for building it, and they make every body that goes by pay a little, and so, after a while, they get a good deal.”

“Do they get enough to pay them for building the bridge?” said Lucy.

“Yes, I suppose so,” said Marielle.

“Then, after that, I expect they won’t make the people pay any more,” said Lucy.

“I don’t know,” said Marielle, “about that, exactly.”

The children were both silent after this, while they were riding over the bridge. They were

looking out, each on her own side, at the boats and vessels on the water, and at the carriages and persons passing them on the bridge. At last, Lucy caught a glimpse of another toll-house, which she knew by its having a sign over it, with a great deal of reading on it, just like the other.

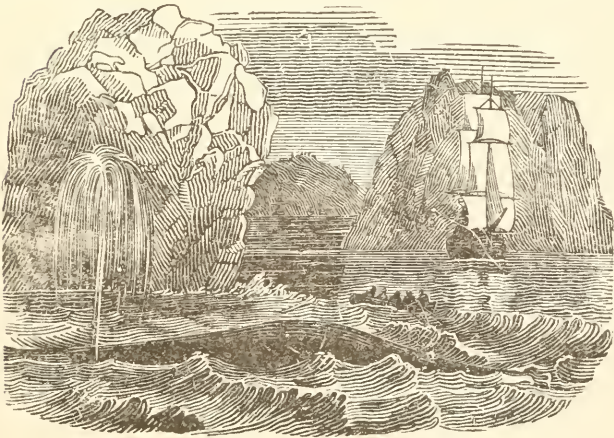
“O, stop, stop,” said Lucy; “here’s another toll-house; and Parker is driving right by it without paying.”

Marielle looked out, but they had gone by.

“I didn’t know there were two toll-houses on the bridge,” said she.

Just then there was another great change in the sound of the wheels, occasioned by their leaving the bridge, and coming at once upon the pavement. The pavement was made of rounded stones, and the wheels of a carriage made a great noise in going over them, so that Marielle and Lucy could hardly hear each other speak. Lucy looked out, however, and saw that they had suddenly entered a great maze of streets, with rows of high buildings on the sides of them, as far as she could see. They met a great many carriages and carts of all descriptions, and twice the road became so filled up with them that Parker had to stop and wait until the road was cleared a little, before he could get along. There was a

sidewalk, too, on each side of every street, paved with bricks, and covered with people, on foot, going and coming. Parker turned a great many corners, and Lucy thought that he would certainly get lost ; but he drove on rapidly, as if he knew very well where he was going. At length, he stopped before the door of a house with a marble portico, in a street lined on each side with houses larger than any that Lucy had seen.





CHAPTER IV.

AUNT MARY'S

WHEN the carriage stopped, Lucy looked out at the house, and said, —

“What place is this, Marielle?”

“This is my aunt Mary’s,” replied Marielle.

“Are we going to get out here?” asked Lucy.

It became unnecessary for Marielle to answer this question, for, as soon as it was asked, Parker opened the door of the carriage, and let them all get out. Marielle got out first, and Parker helped her a little with one hand, while he held the reins with the other. It was not really necessary for Parker to keep the reins, for the horses were so well trained that they would stand perfectly well without being held. But, then, Parker knew that Lady Jane would feel safer, if she saw that he kept command of the reins, and that this feeling of safety was far more important to her comfort than any additional assistance which he might render her with both hands free.

Lucy descended the steps of the carriage, and came down upon a broad sidewalk made of bricks, like a hearth, with an edging of stone between the sidewalk and the road. At a little distance from where she stood, and near the outer edge of the sidewalk, there was a tall, slender, black post, of a handsome form. On the top of the post was a square lantern, with a cross bar. The post was made of iron, and it was nearly twice as high as a man's head. Lucy looked, and saw a row of such posts extending along the street. There were a horse and chaise standing near the sidewalk, with a long rein extending from the horse's bit to a weight, which was lying upon the sidewalk. Lucy thought that the row of houses in this street was very magnificent, with their long ranges of windows, their porticos of marble before the doors, and balconies to the windows in the second story.

She had just taken a glimpse at these things, when Lady Jane asked Marielle if she would go and ring the bell. So Marielle tripped up the steps, and Lucy followed her. There was a name in golden letters on a plate, like a little looking-glass, on the door, with a black border around it. By the side of the door was a black knob, very smooth and bright. Marielle took

nold of this knob, and pulled it. Lucy could hear a bell ring, away in the house.

“Is that the way you ring the bell? ” said Lucy.

“Yes,” said Marielle; “they’ll come presently.”

In the mean time, Lady Jane had got out of the carriage, and came up the steps. Just then the door opened, and a handsome-looking black man appeared. He was very black indeed. Lucy was afraid of him; but Marielle smiled and said, —

“How do you do, Washington? ”

“Very well, Miss Marielle. I am very glad to see you.”

Washington opened the door for them all to come in. They were ushered into a spacious entry, with a large staircase ascending from the back part of it.

The stairs and the entry floor were carpeted with a very thick and soft carpet; and the walls were hung with beautiful pictures, in large gilt frames. Washington conducted them through the entry, and ushered them into a parlor, in the rear of the house. It was a large parlor, with a fireplace in one end. The fireplace had pillars on each side, of white marble, and a mantel-piece, of the same. There were several sofas and rock-

ing-chairs in the room ; and all the other chairs had cushioned seats. There was one round table in the middle of the room, with a tall lamp upon it. There were several other tables around the room, between the windows, with tops of variegated marble, and mirrors under them, against the wall. There was also one very large mirror between the windows at the back side of the room. It was very wide and high, and it reached almost down to the floor. Lucy walked towards it, and could see her whole person in it, and Lady Jane and Marielle beside. She said she never saw such a large looking-glass before. The curtains to the windows hung in very full folds, and were of a splendid color. There was a thin curtain under them, which Lucy thought was made of muslin. The window at the farther end of the room, on each side of the great mirror, looked out to a little green yard, lined with trees and grape-vines.

Lucy was very much pleased to see such a beautiful parlor ; but she only had time to take one general survey of it, before Lady Jane requested Marielle to go to the door and ask Parker to send in her work-bag. Lucy thought that she would go with her.

They went to the door, and found Parker just

taking the last of the parcels from the carriage. While Marielle was waiting for him to bring the work-bag, Lucy was looking at the prospect which was in view from the door. There were no houses on the other side of the street, but, instead, there was a very high iron fence, painted black, with a picketed top. Beyond the fence was a smooth, green field, with rows of magnificent trees. They were elms, and nearly all were as large and handsome as the great elm that overhung the general's house, which Lucy had admired so much when she was among the mountains. Under the trees were broad gravel walks. While Lucy was admiring the walks, and the trees, and the great iron fence, a carriage drove by, drawn by a pair of handsome black horses, with two ladies inside, and a coachman mounted on a high seat, which was covered with a cloth, that hung down all around, bordered by a fringe. She heard a heavy, rumbling noise, round a corner pretty near the house, as if something was coming. She looked to see what it was. First, a large and powerful horse appeared, pulling as if there was something very heavy behind. He had a very strong harness on, with a cape of bear-skin over his shoulders. He was followed by another horse, and then by another ;

and finally the cart which the horses were drawing appeared. It was square, and black, and was full of what looked to Lucy like black stones. There was a cartman walking along by the cart cracking his whip, and ordering his horses, in a loud voice, which way to go.

The horses wheeled round the corner, and the cart stopped immediately at the house next to the one where Lucy was. The cartman brought them up near to the sidewalk, and then took out a board behind, which let some of the black stones fall into the street. Then he went to the front of the cart. He unfastened a chain, and lifted the front of the cart up, and immediately the whole load came pouring down upon the pavement with a great, rattling noise. Just then, Washington came up the steps with his arms full of packages, and Marielle took her mother's work-bag, and went in with it. Lucy had just time to see Parker mount his seat, and wheel his horses round, and drive away ; and then she followed Marielle back into the parlor again.

As they returned through the entry, they saw a lady coming down stairs. Marielle exclaimed, "How do you do, aunt?"

"Ah, Marielle," said her aunt, "I'm very glad to see you. And who is this little girl?"

“ ‘This is Lucy,’ said Marielle. “ ‘She is going to the sea-shore with us.’ ”

“ ‘The sea-shore ! ’ ” said her aunt. “ ‘Are you going to the sea-shore ? ’ ” And so saying, the lady took Lucy by one hand, and Marielle by the other, and walked along the entry towards the parlor where they had left Lady Jane. The lady seemed very kind to both the children ; but Lucy thought that she looked very sad and sorrowful. She was pale, and there was an expression of great anxiety upon her countenance.

When she went into the parlor, she greeted her sister, Lady Jane, with great cordiality, and said that she was very glad that she had come, for little Willie was very sick.

“ ‘Why, aunt ! ’ ” said Marielle, with a look of great concern. “ ‘Is he sick ? I am very sorry. How long has he been sick ? ’ ”

“ ‘O, for some time, Marielle,’ ” replied her aunt. “ ‘You and Lucy can’t play with him at all. And you’ll be very still, won’t you ? You’ll have to amuse yourselves, because I must take care of Willie. The doctor is here now. You can go into the library, you know, and show Lucy some pictures. Lucy, do you like to look at pictures ? ’ ”

Lucy said she liked pictures very much. Lady Jane asked some more questions about little Wil-

lie, and then the two ladies went up stairs together, while Marielle and Lucy went to the back window to look at the little yard and the grapevines in it. As her aunt was going out of the door with her mother, she turned round to say, —

“Marielle, you know where your room is, and you can show Lucy.”

“Yes, aunt,” said Marielle.

So her aunt and her mother went up stairs, and left Lucy and Marielle in the parlor. Lucy looked out at all the windows, and then she began to look at the pictures hanging up against the walls.

“Come, Lucy,” said Marielle.

“Yes,” said Lucy, “in a minute. O, what a beautiful great dog! I never saw such a large picture of a dog.”

“Yes,” said Marielle; “but come, let’s go to our room, and we’ll look at the pictures by and by.”

“Yes,” said Lucy, “I’ll come.”

So she began to move along towards Marielle, looking, however, at the pictures, as she passed them.

“O, here is a pond among the mountains! That’s something like Emery’s Pond,” said Lucy.

“Emery’s Pond?” repeated Marielle.

“ Yes,” said Lucy, “ only the house don’t look like Mr. Emery’s. How high the mountains are ! We rode around among such mountains.”

“ When ? ” said Marielle.

“ O, when I went to the Gap.”

“ Well, come,” said Marielle.

“ Yes,” said Lucy, “ only just let me see what all these people are doing in *this* picture.”

“ No,” said Marielle ; “ I shall go away, and then you can’t find your way to our room.”

So Marielle walked away, and began to ascend the stairs ; and Lucy, finding that she was likely to be left, gave up the pictures, and followed. Lucy was very glad that she had not been left behind, when she found how intricate the passage was to her room. They went up a flight of stairs, and then along a passage-way which conducted them by a number of doors, until they came to one which Marielle said led to her room. Here they went in ; and they did not come down again for half an hour.

CHAPTER V

THE LIBRARY.

WHEN Marielle and Lucy came down stairs, they returned into the parlor again. Lucy looked at the pictures a short time, and then Marielle proposed that they should go into the library. She accordingly led the way through a door, near the farther end of the parlor, into a passage-way, which conducted them to a smaller room beyond, which Lucy at once thought looked even more pleasant than the parlor itself. The walls were almost entirely filled with books, from the ceiling down as low as the top of a table. The space below that was finished with drawers and little doors made of mahogany, and very highly polished. There was a square table in the middle of the room, with two large portable desks upon it. The desks were made of rose-wood, brass bound, and inlaid in a curious manner. The table was made of rose-wood too, having a flat border of rose-wood all around the edge upon the top, and the rest of the upper surface covered

with dark-blue broadcloth. There were several large books of maps and plates upon the middle of the table. There were a few small pictures hanging about the room, wherever there was space for them; and between the windows was a case of shelves, with glass doors, containing some very splendid apparatus, which Lucy could see through the glass. There were several very comfortable-looking arm-chairs about the room, with spring seats, and stuffed arms and backs, — all covered with morocco of a purple color. Lucy took her seat in one of them, saying, —

“O, what a beautiful chair!”

As she sat in the chair, she turned her eyes towards a little fireplace which was before her. It was a small grate, covered with what Lucy called a fireboard; but Marielle said that it was a blower. Over the grate was a mantel-piece, of marble, supported by two pillars, one on each side of the grate. There was a small clock upon the mantel-piece, with the little pendulum swinging regularly to and fro. The pendulum was suspended by a curious system of bright little bars, alternately of brass and steel. On one side of the clock was a thermometer, on an ivory stand, with a dial upon the top. On the other side was what Lucy called a round looking-glass. It

was small, and mounted on a little ivory support; and it had an ivory frame around it. Lucy jumped up, and looked into it; and she said it made her look very small, and very beautiful, too.

"I didn't know that a little glass would make me look so little," said Lucy.

"O, it is not because it is a *little* glass," said Marielle.

"I don't see any other reason," said Lucy. "It makes me look very little indeed."

"But it can't be because it is a little glass," said Marielle; "for then a big glass would make you look very big. And don't you know that you don't look any bigger than you are in the great glass out in the parlor?"

Lucy was just going out to look at herself again in the great glass in the parlor, when a door opened, and Lady Jane came in. It was not the same door that they had come in at, — that is, the one leading from the parlor, — but another, not far from the fireplace. Lady Jane opened the door softly, and shut it again softly.

"O mother," said Marielle, "have you been up to see Willie?"

"Yes," said Lady Jane.

"And how does he do?" asked Marielle

“He’s better,” said her mother. “The doctor has been here, and he says he’s better.”

“We want to go up and see him,” said Marielle.

“No,” said her mother, “you must not go and see him. We want to keep him perfectly quiet and still. We’re going to have your tea sent in here, and you must stay here, and amuse yourselves as well as you can. I’m going to be up stairs with sister Mary.”

“But, mother,” said Marielle, “I want to carry Willie his apple.”

Marielle had brought a large, rosy apple as a present for Willie. It had grown in her garden, and was of a very early kind, that ripened before any of the other apples in the garden.

But her mother told her that Willie was not well enough to eat an apple. She said, however, that perhaps he would be well enough, the next day, to have it to play with, but that Marielle could not give it to him that evening. So, charging Marielle and Lucy not to make any noise, or to do any mischief, she left them, and went up stairs again.

As soon as her mother was gone, Marielle said, —

“Now, Lucy, we’re going to have the library

all to ourselves, and we will have a good time, I can assure you. Washington will bring us up some tea by and by. Then I will be the lady of the house, and we will play that you are my company. And now what shall we do before tea-time comes? I can show you some pictures, or some curiosities."

"Curiosities?" repeated Lucy; "what kind of curiosities?"

"O, various kinds," said Marielle; "they are in these drawers."

So saying, Marielle went to the side of the room, to a place where there were drawers under the books, and began to open them. They were full of shells and curiosities of various kinds. The drawers were divided inside by small partitions. Some of them were square, and filled with little shells. In the other drawers, the partitions were larger, and the shells large, and beautifully mottled, and polished like glass. Marielle took some of them up, one by one, and showed them to Lucy. There was one in a front corner of one of the drawers, which Marielle said they must not take up, for it was very delicate, and it would break it to handle it. Lucy looked at it, however, very attentively. It was white, and

thin, and of a beautiful form; and the parution which it was lying in was lined with cotton, so as to give it a soft bed.

Presently Marielle opened another drawer, and showed Lucy some minerals. Some were beautiful crystals, single and in groups, just as they were formed, with their natural surface smooth and brilliant like cut glass. There were also specimens of marbles, and spars, and agates, with one side rough and worn, and the other polished, so as to show all the beautiful colors, and reflect the light, like a mirror. Lucy admired them very much; and, while she was looking at one which had waving lines in it, which Lucy said looked almost like a picture, Marielle suddenly said, —

“O, that makes me think of the mosaic. I must show you the mosaic.”

So saying, Marielle shut the drawer which they had been looking at, and went across the room to the glass case where the apparatus was kept. Underneath this case there were several small drawers. Marielle opened one, and took out a picture. It was a picture of a burning mountain. There were some rocks and lighthouses in the foreground, that is, in the front part of the picture. Beyond the rocks was a sea, and beyond

the sea some land, with a great mountain rising from it. The mountain was a volcano, throwing up stones and fire.

“Let me take it,” said Lucy.

Marielle gave the picture to Lucy, telling her to hold it very carefully, for she said it was very heavy

Lucy took it into her hand, and immediately exclaimed, —

“O, what a heavy picture! What makes it so heavy?”

“It is a mosaic,” said Marielle.

“A mosaic?” repeated Lucy.

“Yes,” replied Marielle; “it is made of stones.”

“I never saw a stone picture before,” said Lucy. “I did not know that they could paint pictures on stones.”

“O, it isn’t *painted* on the stone,” said Marielle. “The picture is made of different colored stones, let in, some how or other. There, look at that ship sailing along. The sails are made of white stone, cut out and put in just in the right place. And so the mountain and the lighthouse are made of different colored stones.”

Lucy looked at the mosaic very attentively;

but she could hardly believe that it was as Marielle said.

"I don't see how they can make it so," said she.

"Nor I," said Marielle; "but they do, I know. They made it in Italy. My uncle got it there. He says he has seen that very mountain."

The children presently put the mosaic away, and, after looking at the curiosities in the drawers a short time longer, they concluded to sit up to the table, and look at some pictures. Marielle said she knew where there was a book with some beautiful pictures in it. So she and Lucy took hold of a very large arm-chair, large enough to hold them both, and began to push it along up to the table. There were little brass wheels at the bottom of each of the legs of the chair, so that they could trundle it along very easily.

They got down the book, too, and began to look at the pictures; but they found that it was growing dark, and Marielle said that she had a great mind to ring for a light. But Lucy told her that she had better not, for it might trouble Washington to have to come on purpose to bring them a light, and that, pretty soon, she thought that he would come with their tea. And Lucy in fact, was right. Washington came in a few

minutes, bringing in a large lamp with two branches. Each branch had a shade of ground glass over the flame of the lamp, so that it lighted the table and the room very pleasantly, and yet did not dazzle their eyes. He set this lamp upon the middle of the table.

“Are you going to bring us our tea pretty soon, Washington?” said Marielle.

“Coming right up with it, Miss Marielle,” said Washington.

So Washington went out of the room, and pretty soon returned with a small table just large enough for a tea-table for Marielle and Lucy. He set this in a place where there was room for it, between the great study-table and the window. It was so near the great table, that the lamp shone upon it, and lighted it very well. He then brought a small table-cloth and put over it. Then he went away again.

In a short time, he returned with a large tray containing all things necessary for the tea-table. There was a little waiter with two tea-pots upon it, and also a creamer and a sugar-bowl. These were all of silver. There were also two cups and saucers; and two plates, with a knife and fork for each; and a dish with a cover upon it, so that Lucy could not see what was in it. Washington

arranged all these things in order upon the table, and then went out, saying that he was going to get some chairs. In a moment he returned, bringing in some chairs, which were lighter and more suitable for a tea-table than the great elbow-chairs which belonged in the library. He placed one at each end of the table, and then turned to Marielle, and said, —

“Will you ring, Miss Marielle, if you want any thing?”

“Yes,” said Marielle, “we’ll ring.”

So Washington went away.

Marielle and Lucy then went to their seats at the table. Marielle took her place by the little waiter; for she told Lucy that it would be best for her to pour out the tea. While she was pouring it out, she asked Lucy to lift off that cover, and see what Washington had got for them to eat. Lucy did so, and found that it was a plate of hot muffins. Muffins are round cakes, very tender and good.

“I’m glad that we came here,” said Lucy, “instead of going directly to the sea-shore. I think this is a very pleasant place.”

“Yes,” said Marielle; “I like to come to my aunt’s very much, — especially when my uncle is at home.”

"Isn't he at home now?" said Lucy.

"No," said Marielle; "he has gone away somewhere, but I don't know where; he's very often away."

"When are we going to the sea-shore?" said Lucy.

"I don't know," replied Marielle. "We were going to stay here one day for Parker to go and engage us a place. But, now little Willie is sick, I don't know but that we shall stay here longer. Aunt won't want mother to go away, I know, now Willie is so sick,—and uncle away from home, too."

"Well," said Lucy, "I should like to stay here to-morrow, very much, and longer too."

So Marielle and Lucy talked and ate their supper together very happily.

After they had finished their supper, Marielle said that she would ring the bell for Washington to come; but Lucy said, "Let me ring it." So Marielle showed her where a green cord was hanging, with a large golden-looking ring at the end of it; and she told her that, if she pulled that, it would ring the bell, so that Washington could hear. Lucy, therefore, went and pulled the cord, but she did not hear any bell ring.

However, in a few minutes, Washington came in with his great tray in his hand.

“Was the supper agreeable, Miss Marielle?” said Washington, very respectfully, to Marielle, for Washington was always very polite.

“Yes,” said Marielle, “only I don’t think they meant to have us hurt ourselves with the tea.”

“Why not?” said Washington.

“Why, it was so weak. I couldn’t tell, at first, which was the water-pot.”

A faint semblance of a smile appeared for a moment on Washington’s countenance as he replied, —

“Yes, — Lady Jane directed about the tea, Miss Marielle.”

So saying, Washington carried the tea things and the table, and the chairs, all away.



CHAPTER VI.

THE SEA-SHORE.

THE next morning, Marielle and Lucy went out to take a walk about the city. They had a very pleasant walk indeed. Marielle showed Lucy a great many very curious things in the shop windows. They came home about eleven o'clock. They found that Willie was getting better, and Marielle told Lucy that Parker had gone to make arrangements for them at some place on the sea-shore, and that, if he came back in season, and if her uncle got home that afternoon, as he was expected, and if Willie continued to be better, they were going to the sea-shore towards evening of that day. Marielle said all this when she came down from her mother's room up stairs, into the library, where she had left Lucy.

"And mother says," she continued, "that she thinks it would be a good plan for you to write a letter home to somebody there, and tell them something about your journey."

"O, but I don't know how to write," said Lucy. "I can print a little. I can make an O; but I can't write well enough to write a letter."

"But she does not mean for you to write it yourself," said Marielle. "She means for me to write for you, while you tell me what to say."

"Well," said Lucy, "I will. I'll write a letter to Royal."

So Marielle opened a drawer, where she knew that paper and pens were always kept, and she took out a sheet of paper and a pen, and carried them to one of the desks upon the table. Then she drew up one of the great chairs, and sat in it.

The chair was not high enough. She, however, soon remedied the difficulty by going into the parlor, and bringing a large cushion, pretty thick, which she put into the great chair, and that raised the seat so that it answered very well. Lucy sat in another great chair, and began to dictate to her amanuensis as follows:—

"First, you must write 'Dear Royal' upon the top," said Lucy.

Marielle began to write; and presently she said that she had done it.

"We haven't got to the sea-shore yet," said Lucy, dictating

Marielle wrote it, and then said, "Well, what next?"

"But it is very pleasant in this library," said Lucy. "Would you tell him about our taking tea all by ourselves, Marielle?"

"Yes," said Marielle, "if you think he would like to hear about it."

"O, the mosaic!" said Lucy. "I'll tell him about the mosaic. But he won't know what a mosaic is," she added.

"But you must explain it to him," said Marielle. "I will write whatever you say."

So Lucy, after a moment's thought, gave Marielle something more to say; and thus they went on for about half an hour. At the end of that time, Lucy said she was tired, and that she wanted Marielle to read the letter to her. So Marielle read as follows:—

"DEAR ROYAL:

"We haven't got to the sea-shore yet. But it is very pleasant in this library. There is a burning mountain here, made of stone. They keep it in a drawer. There is a ship, and the sails are made of stone. It is sailing along in the water. The shells are very pretty, too. I'm going to get some just like them for you, if I can

find any on the beach. Willie is sick, so that he can't have his apple. Marielle brought him an apple. Willie is better now. We had a very good ride, only Marielle got asleep; and so did I, almost. We came over a very long bridge. There were two toll-houses. One was to pay for one end of the bridge, and the other for the other.

“Your affectionate sister,

“LUCY.”

Marielle said that she thought it was a very good letter; and she said that she would go and read it to her mother, and then seal it up, and get Washington to carry it to the post-office.

So Marielle went up stairs to find her mother. Lady Jane said that it was a very good letter; but she did not give it back to Marielle to seal and send, as she had proposed. She said that she wanted to add a line to Lucy's mother herself, and that she would see that it was sealed and forwarded.

After dinner, Marielle's aunt appeared much more cheerful and happy than she had done the day before; for Willie was much better, though he was still very feeble. She said that the children might go up and see him a few minutes after

dinner. Marielle asked if she might carry him up his apple ; and her aunt said yes, and that he should have it roasted, and eat it afterwards. She asked the doctor, she said, and he told her that a little roasted apple would do him good. So she was very glad that Marielle had brought the apple.

About half an hour after dinner, a little girl, named Sarah, came into the library where Marielle and Lucy were sitting, and told Marielle that her aunt was ready to have her go up and see Willie.

“ Well,” said Marielle, “ and will you show us the way ? ”

Sarah said that she would ; and so Marielle and Lucy followed her. She led them up stairs, and thence along a passage-way to a different part of the house from that where their chamber was ; and presently she stopped at a door, and tapped gently. In a moment, the door opened : Lady Jane appeared within, and asked the children to walk in. Marielle and Lucy walked in on tiptoe.

There was a bed in the room, with curtains over it. Before the bed was a crib, not quite so high as the bed, and it had rockers upon it, so that it could be rocked like a cradle. Willie was not in his crib, however. He was sitting in his

nurse's lap, with his head leaning against her shoulder. He looked very pale and wasted; but his eye was very bright, and blue, and he looked earnestly at Marielle and Lucy as they came in.

He was just old enough to talk a little, but he did not say any thing.

"Willie," said Marielle, "here's an apple for you."

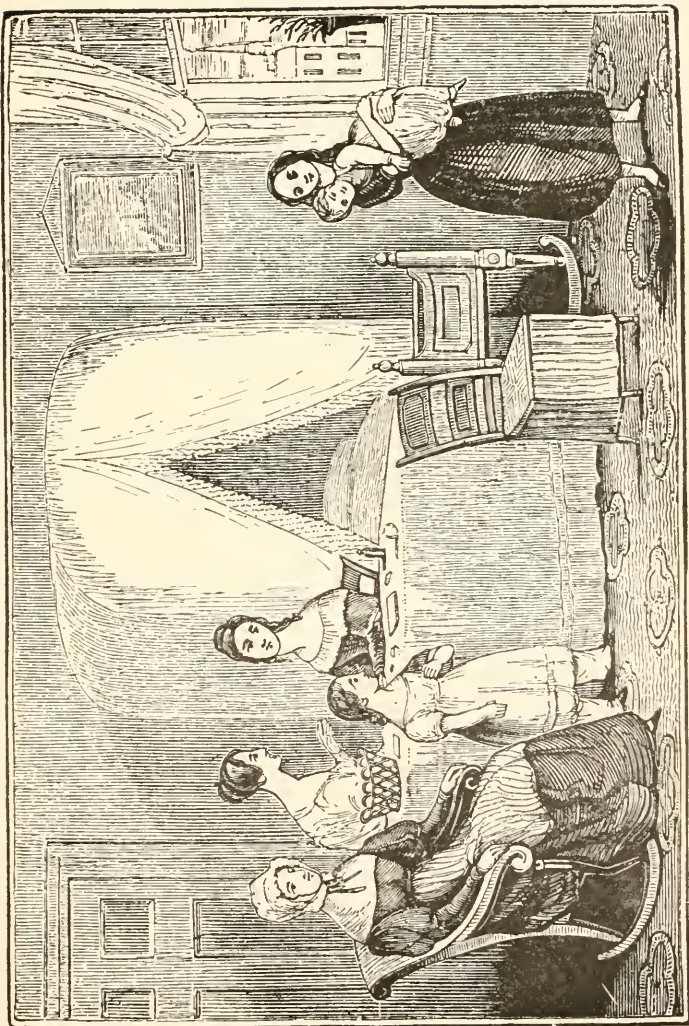
Willie looked at the apple languidly a moment, and then reached out his little hand to take it. His fingers were very thin and slender. He could not hold the apple with them very well.

"I'll put it on the table for you, Willie," said Marielle, "and then you shall have it roasted by and by."

So she took the apple again, which Willie gave up without any objection, and put it on a little table which was near. Willie followed it with his eyes all the time. Then Marielle came back, and said, —

"Shouldn't you like to come and see me a little while, Willie? I'll hold you very carefully."

"No," said Marielle's aunt, who was sitting upon a sofa, between the windows. "I think you had better not take him, Marielle. he's too heavy for you."



“O, do let me take him a minute, aunt, if he will come,” said Marielle.

Willie recollected Marielle very well, for she had often been at the house, and had played with him a great deal. So he held out his little hands to her, and, as his mother did not make any more objection, Marielle took him, and began to carry him towards the sofa. Willie could not hold up his head. His little neck was very weak and slender, and he laid his head down on Marielle’s shoulder.

“I’ll take a walk with you, Willie,” said Marielle. And so, instead of sitting down upon the sofa, as she had intended, she began to walk slowly back and forth across the room with him. But he was a very heavy load for her, for Marielle was not very strong. At last her aunt said that she must not try to carry him any longer, and so Marielle turned to go back with him to his nurse.

“Put me in my crib,” said Willie.

Marielle went towards his crib, but she was not strong enough to put him in. The nurse came and helped her. Together they lifted him to his place, and he laid his head upon his pillow.

“Do you feel any better, Willie?” said Lucy, in a very gentle tone.

But Willie did not answer ; he turned his head away, and shut his eyes, making only a moaning sound, which indicated that he did not wish to be disturbed.

Lady Jane then told the children he was too feeble to see company any longer ; and so Marielle and Lucy went softly out of the room.

“ Poor little Willie ! ” said Marielle, as they were going down stairs ; “ he looks rather sick.”

“ Yes,” said Lucy, “ he looks very sick. I think he is very sick indeed.”

“ No,” replied Marielle, “ he is not very sick indeed, now. The doctor told aunt Mary to-day that he was a great deal better, only that he is weak, and so I think my mother will go to the sea-shore this afternoon, if Parker comes back, and has found us a place.”

Parker did come back ; and he had found them a place, which, he said, he thought would answer very well, about fifteen miles from the city. Marielle’s uncle came home, too, about the middle of the afternoon. When he found that Lady Jane was going to the sea-shore, he insisted upon going with her, to see her comfortably established. But Lady Jane would not allow it.

“ We shall do very well,” said she. “ Parker always takes excellent care of us. When Willie

gets a little better, you may come down, and bring him and sister, and leave them there with us a few days, if you please, and then I will bring them home."

'They all thought that this would be an excellent plan; and it was agreed, if Willie continued to improve, that in the course of a week, perhaps, they would come. So they concluded to take an early tea, and Lady Jane directed Parker to have the carriage and horses at the door at six o'clock. By this plan they thought that they could get to the place where they were going, before sunset.

It was very pleasant riding at six o'clock, for the day had been quite warm, but now it began to be cool. Parker drove through a great many streets, turning corner after corner, until Lucy wondered how he could find his way. At length, however, they began gradually to emerge from the city. Soon afterwards, as they were ascending a hill, Lucy found that there was a fine view of the sea from the window of the carriage. It looked calm and beautiful. There were islands of various forms, some covered with trees, and some with sides descending to the water in long, green slopes, or else falling off suddenly in precipitate banks; and Lucy saw a great number of

ships in the offing. There was one which was sailing between the islands, which Lucy pointed out to Marielle, and said that it was exactly like the vessel sailing in the mosaic.

They found that, the farther they receded from the city, the more open the country became ; and Lucy and Marielle had many a fine prospect from the windows of the carriage, sometimes towards the land, and sometimes towards the sea. At length, they turned off somewhat from the main road, by a way which seemed less frequented, and which appeared to incline more towards the shore. The road soon became wild and romantic. Sometimes it led through the woods ascending a hill. Then, at the top of the hill, an extended view of the sea would suddenly appear before them. Then they would descend the hill, and ride for a short distance close to the beach at the head of a little bay ; thence along under some steep, rocky cliffs ; and, at the end of the cliffs, the road ascended a short hill, and plunged into the woods again, where no signs of the sea could be seen ; only they could hear the distant roar of the surf upon the rocks and promontories.

At last, they passed round the head of a bay filled with islands, and lined with a white sand

beach. The bay was bounded by two rocky points, which extended far out into the water, the extremities of the points being whitened with the tumbling breakers. They followed the shore of this bay a short distance, and then turned into a road that led into a little dell which made up from the shore ; and there the carriage stopped at a white house with a little yard and garden at the side of it, and a grove of trees sheltering it behind. In a word, Lucy had fairly arrived at the sea-shore.

CHAPTER VII

WALKS AND RIDES

THE house which Parker had found for them was a very pleasant one indeed. There was a little parlor below, and two chambers above stairs, which Lady Jane and the children had to themselves. One chamber was for Lady Jane, and the other was for Marielle and Lucy.

At tea-time that evening, Lady Jane told Marielle and Lucy that they must confine themselves to their room two hours every forenoon, engaged in any literary occupations they pleased, and that at other times they might go out and amuse themselves in rambling around, within such limits as Parker should point out. She said that she could not go out with them a great deal herself. In fact, Marielle knew very well that her mother would not be out with them a great deal, as her health was feeble, and she was generally much confined in the house. Lucy did not understand exactly what she meant by literary occupations, but she thought she would wait and ask Marielle

some time. She did ask her that night, after they had gone to bed.

“O, she means that we may read, or write, or draw,” said Marielle, “or do any thing whatever that will be improving to us. That’s always mother’s rule when I’m away from home. She says it is not a good plan for girls to play all day long.”

Lucy was very sorry to hear of this rule. She had imagined that she could play upon the beach and among the rocks from morning to night, when she got upon the sea-shore. However, Marielle said that she would teach her to draw; and this proposition, in some measure, reconciled Lucy to the plan of being shut up in her room two hours every day. When this arrangement had been made, the children bade each other good night, and went to sleep, agreeing to get up early in the morning, and go out and take a walk before breakfast.

Accordingly, the next morning, a little after sunrise, they came out at the front door of the house together. The house, as was stated in the last chapter, was in a little sheltered valley, or rather dell, which opened from the shore of the bay; and the road, therefore, which passed in front of the house, led, in one direction, down to

the shore of the bay, and, in the other direction, farther into the valley. They saw that this road, which led back from the sea, after passing up the valley a little way, began to ascend a hill; and Marielle thought that, if they went up that road, they should find a beautiful prospect. On the other hand, if they went down the road, to the shore of the sea, they could play on the beach. They were somewhat in doubt what to do. Marielle was rather inclined to think it would be best to go *up* the road, to see the prospect from the hill.

"But, Marielle," said Lucy, "I think we had better go down to the shore. I have been on hills a great many times, and I never went on a shore. And, besides, I want to find some shells for Royal."

"Yes, but, Lucy," replied Marielle, "we don't know yet where it is safe for us to go on the shore. Parker is coming, after breakfast, to show us where it is safe; and we might get into some difficulty if we go there first. But we can go up on the hill, and that will certainly be safe. And then, besides, when we are there, we can see the shores all around, and choose pleasant places for our walks. We can see the islands, and the horizon, and ships in the offing."

“Well,” said Lucy, “then I’ll go up on the hill.”

They accordingly turned away from the direction which led towards the shore, and walked along up the dell. Presently the road began to ascend a hill, and, after walking about half a mile, they came to the top of it. The prospect was very magnificent indeed. They found that the land which they were upon, was only a narrow cape, extending down into the sea, with a bay on each side of it ; so that, in leaving the house, and coming up the dell, although they were leaving the sea on one side, yet they were going towards it on the other ; for as soon as they reached the summit, by going on down the other side, they would come to the beach again. Between these two bays the point of land extended out nearly a mile, with a rocky island upon the end of it. There was a lighthouse upon this island. They could also see a great many islands scattered about in the two bays, and along the coast, — their shores whitened with the foam of the waves rolling against them. The water was very smooth, however, at a little distance from the shore. Lucy wondered why it beat so restlessly against the rocks, and rolled up in foam upon the beaches, when it seemed perfectly smooth out at sea.

Lucy admired the smooth and beautiful line of the horizon, with little white specks here and there, which Marielle told her were the sails of distant vessels.

Lucy was very much interested in the lighthouse, too. It was a tall, white building, with windows all around in the top. Marielle said that the windows were to let the light shine through. There was a small house at the foot of the lighthouse, where Marielle said she supposed the man lived who had the care of it. The island on which these buildings were situated, was very rough and rocky, with precipices on the sides, and rugged rocks rising in various places all over it. Between these, however, there was some smooth ground, covered with very green grass, and a few trees.

This island was connected with the shore by a narrow strip of low, sandy land, which Lucy thought was a road that the people had made, so as to get over to the lighthouse. It appeared to be about as wide as a road; but Marielle told her that it was nothing but a natural beach.

“Well,” said Lucy, “at any rate, it will do for a road. We can get over to the lighthouse on it.”

“Yes,” said Marielle, “perhaps so. It looks smooth and dry.”

“Let us ask your mother to let us go over there, then,” said Lucy, “some day.”

“Yes,” said Marielle, “I will; only I had rather have Parker go with us.”

“Well,” replied Lucy, “that will be a good plan.”

The girls then concluded to go home to breakfast.

At breakfast, Marielle told her mother how surprised they were to find that the land which they were upon was only a narrow point, and that, by going along the road a little way, they could pass over it to a sea-shore on the other side. This was, however, no new intelligence to Lady Jane. She was well acquainted with the conformations of the shore. In fact, the shore was deeply indented with bays, and bordered with islands, for many miles along the coast; and there were houses built in various situations, which were retired and pleasant, on purpose to receive company which came to enjoy the sea breezes in the summer. Some of these houses were upon the main land, and some upon the islands; and at the time when Lady Jane and the children were there, these houses were generally filled with

company ; so that the children often met ladies and gentlemen walking upon the shores, or saw them sailing about in pleasure parties on the water.

There was a little village, too, pretty near, at a place called the *landing*. There was a hotel at the village, and considerable company at the hotel. The hotel was about a mile and a half from the house which Parker had chosen for Lady Jane. Parker kept his horses at the hotel, where there was a large stable on purpose for keeping horses ; and Parker spent the night at the hotel himself. He always came with the carriage every morning about ten o'clock, to take Lady Jane out to ride, and to receive his orders for the day.

Generally, Marielle and Lucy rode with Lady Jane. The rides were usually around the shore, by roads made on purpose for such drives. Sometimes Parker would drive them on the beach for half a mile, with the water dashing up under the horses' feet, and under the wheels. There was one beach, in particular, which was very broad and white, and as smooth and hard as a floor. The water continued rolling upon the sand, in a succession of long waves, which curled over, and broke, at last, in a long, white roll of

foam, extending from end to end of the beach. It was very pleasant for them to ride here, with the cool air from the sea, fanning them in their seats in the carriage, and the water bathing incessantly the road beneath their wheels.

One of the pleasantest rides which they took was down to the lighthouse. The low, sandy neck, which connected the lighthouse island with the main land, answered very well for a road when the water was not too high. When the tide was up, it was covered, so that it was impossible to get to the island without a boat. But, excepting when it was near high tide, it was very pleasant crossing; and even when it was barely covered, Parker would drive over it, the horses walking along through the water. Lucy told Marielle that this was like fording the rivers, as she did when she was among the mountains.

The lighthouse was kept by an old man with a wooden leg. He had a small boat, and he used to row himself out in it to catch fish; and then he would take them to the landing in his boat to sell. His name was Star. His wife was older than he was, and even more infirm. She was almost blind. She used to sit under a little porch before the door, knitting, and listening to the roar of the surf upon the beach. Lady Jane

used often to go down and see her, and talk with her about old times. One day, when they were coming home from a visit to the lighthouse, Marielle asked her mother why she liked to talk with the old lady so much about old times.

“Partly because I like to hear what she has to say,” replied Lady Jane, “and partly because it pleases her to tell me.”

“Does it please her particularly to tell you?” asked Marielle.

“Yes,” replied her mother. “Old people are always very fond of telling about old times. In the first place, they remember more distinctly what took place when they were young, and talking about it brings up very vivid scenes, which interest their minds. And then it makes them feel as if they were of some consequence, to find that what they know is interesting to other people.”

Lucy resolved that, some time when she and Marielle were down at the lighthouse, she would talk with the old lady herself about old times.

Not very far from where they were residing, there was the wreck of a vessel, driven partly up on the beach, so that Marielle and Lucy could climb into it when the tide was low enough. The wreck had pretty nearly gone to pieces:

indeed, little was left excepting the ribs ; and these were partly buried in the sand. It seemed to be fallen over upon one side, and it looked so old that the children concluded that it had been there a great many years ; Lucy thought at least as many as a hundred. The wood was all covered, as high as the tide came up, with curious-looking things, like little shells. Parker told them that they were called *barnacles*.

The girls regularly spent two hours, in the morning, in their room. Sometimes they read ; sometimes they wrote ; and sometimes, for several days in succession, they devoted the whole two hours to drawing. Lady Jane did not tell them the reason why she required them to remain at their tables a part of every day ; but the reason was, that she knew that they would enjoy themselves a great deal more, during those hours of the day which they spent in play, if they were confined to their studies a part of the time. So she always adopted this plan with Marielle when they were away from home, excepting the days when they were actually on the road.

The girls became so interested in their drawing, that at last they carried their paper and some pencils down to the sea-shore, and attempted to draw there. The first lesson was the lighthouse.

They found a place among the rocks where they could see it very distinctly; and so, putting their papers upon a book, and holding the books in their laps, they worked for half an hour.

Marielle succeeded with her drawing very well. Lucy looked at it repeatedly while Marielle was at work upon it; and when it was finished, she said that it looked very much like a lighthouse.

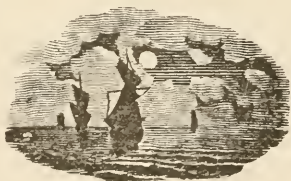
“But as for mine,” she added, “it looks more like a picture of Eben’s lantern than like a light house.”

“Eben’s lantern! What Eben?” asked Marielle.

“Why, the general’s Eben,” replied Lucy

“Where does he live?” said Marielle.

“O, among the mountains,” said Lucy.



CHAPTER VIII

A TRUE STORY.

ONE evening, Marielle and Lucy wanted to go and take a walk upon the sea-shore. Marielle asked her mother whether Parker could go with them, for he sometimes went with them, to take care of them on their walks, especially when they went out near the evening. But her mother said that she believed she would go with them herself.

So they set out, and went down upon the point towards the lighthouse. It was just before sundown.

They came to a place where there was a carpenter at work repairing a wharf. It was a small wharf, where fishing-boats were accustomed to land. They had seen the carpenter before, and they sat down upon a large stick of timber, which was lying upon the wharf, to see what he was doing.

"It is a pleasant evening," said Lucky Jane.

"Yes, madam," said the carpenter, "a very pleasant evening I'm glad of it for the sake of

the shipping off the coast, though they do sometimes get into difficulty even in pleasant weather."

"Ah! do they?" said Lady Jane.

"Yes," replied the carpenter. "I was cast away once myself in as pleasant an evening as this; only it was not in this season of the year. It was in November, about nine o'clock, a fine moonlight evening."

"How was it?" said Lady Jane. "Tell us all about it."

"'Twas a number of years ago," replied the carpenter. "It was in November — a bright and moonlight evening in November. I had been at work at the eastward. I was an apprentice then, and was going home. We shipped on board of a sloop loaded with lumber. We had a very heavy load. There were three or four store frames on the deck — very long timbers. Some of them stretched out ten feet over the bows, and so away back to the quarter-deck.

"We were cumbered up so much that the captain was afraid to go out unless the prospect was very fair. So he waited some time; and at last the passengers began to get tired, and wanted him to go out. There were as many as thirty passengers, and one or two old sea-captains among them. The captain of the sloop was

rather a young man ; and besides him, there were a mate and a boy, and that was all that belonged to the sloop. We ran down to the mouth of the river once or twice ; but, when we got there, the captain thought the wind was not promising enough. So we ran back again.

“ At last, one afternoon, we went down ; but, when we got to the mouth of the river, the captain was still rather unwilling to go out. The moon was almost full, and shining clear. It would be full at midnight. The wind was north-east, and the captain said that, when the moon changed, if the wind should come in at the north-west, he should lose his deck-load. It would blow him off. So he wanted to wait till after midnight, to see how the weather looked then. But the passengers persuaded him to put out, and so he did.

“ We had a very fine sail along the shore that evening. I could see the land all the way. I remember I got into a hogshead that was on deck, one head out, for the cabin was so full of passengers, that there was no room to lie down on any thing. The wind was fair, a little off shore, and we went on well, main sheet all out, till about eight o'clock, when I heard the man at the helm say, ‘ There are breakers on the weath-

er of us.' He put the helm hard up, but it **was too late.** We struck a moment afterwards.

"It was a smooth sort of a rock, which lay shelving in the water, and the bows of the sloop slid up on it about ten feet. So we didn't strike solid. But there we were, fast. The tide was ebbing. The captain was below; but he came up, and he, and the mate, and the boy, took to the boat. The boat was astern. They got on board of her, and pushed off, and said that they were going to the shore to get help. And so away they went, without leaving any orders, or telling us what to do. They were gone three hours."

"What time did you say this was?" asked Marielle.

"This was about eight o'clock in the evening," said the carpenter. "As soon as they were gone, we went to work. First, we handed the sails, and then we got up our tools. I had my chest of tools below. I was apprentice then, and the man I worked with was aboard too. We got our tools, and went to work with every thing that would cut, and cut up these long timbers on the deck, and got them overboard. The sea was pretty smooth, but the swell dashed the spray upon us some, though we didn't mind it. The tide ebbed away, and, after a while, it left the

rocks bare on one side — the side next the shore. I got down on the rocks once on that side. On the other side it was deep water. We would throw over a piece of timber thirty feet long, and it didn't seem to strike bottom.

“ We worked away all night. About midnight, we heard the boat coming. The captain came near enough to hail us, but he wouldn't come on board. He didn't dare to. He said that help was coming. There was a brig, he said, with a large crew up a bay, and he had sent to them, to come down with boats.

“ The people built fires, too, all along the shore. We were not more than a mile from the shore, and we could see them around the fires quite plain. We got along very well as long as we had work to do ; but about two o'clock, we got the deck-load all off, and then we had nothing to do, and it began to seem rather lonesome. Besides, the tide, by this time, rose again, and floated the stern of the sloop off the rock ; and then every swell of the sea would lift up the stern, and let it down again hard. So we kept thumping. Finally, it carried away the rudder, and stove in the stern, so that the hold and cabin were half full of water.

“ At last, we heard the boats coming. There

were three of them. They came right up alongside. As soon as we heard them, every one went to work getting a few of their things together, in handkerchiefs and bundles, to save a little something if they could. But as soon as the boats came alongside, I don't think it was more than three minutes before we were all in, and had pushed off. There was one man there who went down into the cabin to get his trunk, and, while he was there, the sloop thumped so hard as to knock him down, and stun him; and then it tumbled him about on the cabin floor. He could not get up again, and several men had to go down and hand him right up the companion-way by main force. He was stunned.

“ So we all got into the boats, only there was one man, the boatswain of the brig, who said he would stay on board, if any body would stay with him; and another one volunteered to do it. So they staid while the boats went to the shore and came back.

“ While we were gone, the tide got up so high that it floated the sloop off the rocks, and she drifted away into deep water, until they let go the anchor, and that held her. She was pretty much full of water, but she could not sink, for she was loaded with boards. We had forty thousand

feet of boards below. She lay there till the next day, and then they went out with a great number of boats, and undertook to tow her in. But it was very slow work. You see, the rudder was gone, and they couldn't steer her, and she yawed about so, that they could hardly do any thing with her. Finally, they got her in, and repaired her, but it took all winter. I did not get my things, I know, till the next June."

"Then they repaired the vessel?" said Lady Jane.

"Yes," said the carpenter; "they repaired her, and sent her to sea again."

"I think you had a very narrow escape," said Lady Jane.

"Yes," said the carpenter; "it was well for us that it was a still night. If the wind had breezed up while the captain was gone ashore, it would have staved us all to pieces."

As the carpenter said this, he gathered up his tools, and began to go away, for it was time for him to leave off his work. Lady Jane and the two girls rambled along the shore a little while, and then they turned towards home.

"Mother," said Marielle, after she had been walking along a few minutes in silence, "I never

heard of a shipwreck in a pleasant evening before."

"I suppose it is not very usual," said Lady Jane. "In the pleasant evenings, they can see the rocks and breakers, and so avoid them"

"What are breakers?" asked Lucy.

"They are the waves breaking over rocks that are under water," replied Lady Jane. "When the water is deep, the waves roll along regularly; but if there are any rocks, the water breaks and foams against them, and that gives the sailors warning."

"There's one thing I did not understand," said Marielle, "about the captain and his boat. The carpenter said that the captain only came back near enough to speak to them, but he wouldn't come to the vessel."

"Yes," said Lady Jane; "I remember he said so."

"He said the captain was afraid to come."

"Yes," replied Lady Jane; "he was afraid that the passengers would all come crowding into the boat, and sink it. That is the way they often do when a vessel is wrecked, or in any very urgent danger. The passengers and crew sometimes all crowd into the boats, and so they sink them."

“It seems to me that is very foolish,” said Lucy.

“Yes,” said Lady Jane, “it seems foolish ; but they are all so eager to escape from the danger, that they don’t consider. Each one hopes that the boat will hold one more ; and they get it so full that it sinks, or else it is loaded down so deep that the waves break over it, and fill it with water, as soon as they attempt to sail away. It often requires great presence of mind and energy in the captain, to prevent the boats being overloaded, **in case of any urgent danger at sea.**”

CHAPTER IX.

THE RESCUE.

PARKER had instructed Marielle and Lucy that, when the tide was going down, it was safe for them to walk out over low places in the sands, for then they would find the water lower still when they wanted to come back. But when the tide was rising, he thought they ought to be very careful to keep away from the low sands. He meant such low sands as led off to little islands, or under the base of the cliffs; for there were several places where there were cliffs almost perpendicular, which the sea dashed against with great fury; only, when the tide was nearly down, there came a little beach into view, at the bottom, wide enough for Lucy and Marielle to walk upon along under the rocks. Parker charged them to keep away from all such places when the tide was coming up, for fear that they might get entrapped somewhere by the water.

Near a place where the broad beach ended, and the cliffs began, there was a little island at a

short distance from the shore. The island was a large rock, with ragged and broken edges all around, and the surface, all over the top, was covered with innumerable chasms and fissures. Still the rock was not very high above the water, and the top of it was nearly flat in its general form, and the chasms in it were not deep, so that Marielle and Lucy could clamber all over it. They liked to go out to this rock when the tide was half down, and still ebbing. They called it their *castle*. Parker told them it was a safe place for them, if they were careful not to get caught there. "O, we'll take care ; we won't get caught," said Marielle, at the time when Parker was giving them their instructions.

"If such an accident should happen," said Parker, "there will be no occasion for any alarm, Miss Marielle."

"What should we do?" asked Marielle.

"Nothing but remain on the rock, and in a short time you would be missed at home, and I should come in pursuit of you."

"But perhaps the tide would come up and drown us before then," said Lucy.

"No," said Parker ; "this rock is not covered at ordinary tides. Great storms drive over it ; but, at this season of the year, for months at a time, the

top of it is not even wet with the spray. However, it is best to keep away from it when the tide is flowing."

Lucy determined that she would not go on it at all, when Parker said this ; but her fears diminished as she became more accustomed to the sea ; and finally they used to go out to the castle pretty often. There was a smooth, sandy beach, which led to it, when the tide was half out, very much like the little isthmus which led to the lighthouse island.

One afternoon, the children were down upon the shore, drawing. Marielle had been trying to draw the old wreck. She thought it would be very easy ; but, instead of that, she found it was very difficult indeed, it was so irregular in its form. Presently they saw some ladies walking along towards them on the shore. So Marielle put her paper and pencil into her little portfolio, and began to walk along with Lucy towards the castle. There was a boat nearly opposite the front of this rock, lying at anchor. The water was smooth, and the boat looked beautifully, sitting upon it like a bird. It was painted green, and it had one tall and slender mast, and a very few ropes. Marielle immediately determined that she would draw it

"It will be a beautiful drawing lesson," said Marielle, "and I think it will be easy, because there are so few ropes. We will go out on our castle, and then I can get an excellent place to sit and draw it."

"Well," said Lucy, "I'll make a mark."

So Lucy picked up a broken shell, which was lying upon the sand, and went to "make a mark," as she expressed it, in order to see whether the tide was going out, or coming in. It was a method which they usually adopted. There was an almanac at the house, which told them at what time it would be high water; but they did not like to trust the almanac entirely, especially as it was so easy to make a mark, and see for themselves. Marielle said that there might *possibly* be some mistake in the almanac.

They usually made their mark upon the beach, at the highest place which the water came to as it rolled up the slope of sand; for, when a long, white wave broke into foam, there was generally a thin sheet of water which came from it, that glided many feet up the slope of the beach. Now, they would watch this wave, as it glided in towards their feet, and draw a line on the sand at the place where it stopped. Then the water would all run down the slope again, until it was

met by another great wave, curling over and breaking upon it in foam. They would watch these returning billows for a few minutes, mark every one, and then they would select the highest of their marks, and deepen that a little, and smooth over the others. Then they would play about on the beach a few minutes, until the tide had time to rise or fall a little, when they would return to the place which they had marked, and observe whether the waves came up higher than their mark, or not so high ; and thus they satisfied themselves whether the tide was rising or falling.

Lucy accordingly made a mark ; and, after waiting a little time, they found the tide was falling. This corresponded with what the almanac had predicted ; for, by the almanac, the tide was to be high at noon, and, as it was now afternoon, it ought to be going down.

Being convinced, therefore, by the united evidence of the almanac and their observation, that the tide was going down, the girls walked over the sand, and ascended the rock. They clambered along towards the outer edge of it. Marielle helped Lucy over the chasins and ragged places. They found a very pleasant place to sit, on the side of the rock which was towards the little sail-boat ; for the sail-boat was in a sort of

cove, which had the castle and the sandy neck on one side, and the beach on the other, so that it could be seen either from the shore or from the castle, but better from the castle, because it was nearer to it than it was to the main land. Besides, the girls found a better place to sit down and draw, upon the rocks of their island, than they could upon the low, sandy beach of the main land.

After they had been drawing here for some time, Lucy got tired, and she laid her pencil down by her side, saying that she could not draw a vessel.

"It is not a vessel," said Marielle; "it is only a boat."

"It has got a mast," said Lucy, "and some ropes."

"Yes," replied Marielle; "but it is only a sailing-boat."

"Well," said Lucy, "it is hard to draw, at any rate. It is as hard as a vessel, because of the ropes; and I'm not going to draw any more. I'm going to see this log."

What Lucy called a log was part of the topmast of a vessel that was lying upon the sand. This topmast had been driven upon the rocks in this

place, and had got wedged in among them, and there it had been lying for many years.

“Lucy,” said Marielle, “you must not go down near the water.”

“No,” said Lucy; “I’m only going down to sit on this great log.”

“I think that is rather too near,” said Marielle. “That is pretty near the sea-weed. Parker said we must keep away from the sea-weed.”

Parker had told Marielle that these rocks, which were near the water’s edge, when they were covered with sea-weed, were very slippery. The tide, rising and falling over them, kept them wet; and, though the sea-weed might appear dry sometimes upon the top, it was often very wet and slippery below.

Lucy, therefore, did not go very near, but sat down upon the end of the broken topmast, and began to look out upon the water, to see what was to be seen.

“O Marielle,” said Lucy, “there is a great, white bird; look at him!”

“Yes, in a minute,” said Marielle.

“He’ll be gone in a minute,” said Lucy; “he’s going behind that island.”

“No matter,” said Marielle. “I am just making the seats in this boat.”

Marielle did not look away from her work. She moved her eyes alternately from her drawing to the sail-boat, and from the sail-boat to the drawing. Lucy did not urge her to look at the bird, for just then he disappeared behind some trees ; and, besides, Lucy's attention was attracted by hearing a peculiar sound, like the rattling of oars, coming over the water. The sound was faint and distant. Lucy looked in the direction from which it came, and listened very attentively.

Presently she called out to Marielle, —'

"Marielle, here's a boat coming."

"Well," said Marielle.

"Look ! Marielle, look ! Here is a boat coming round the rock. It is coming this way."

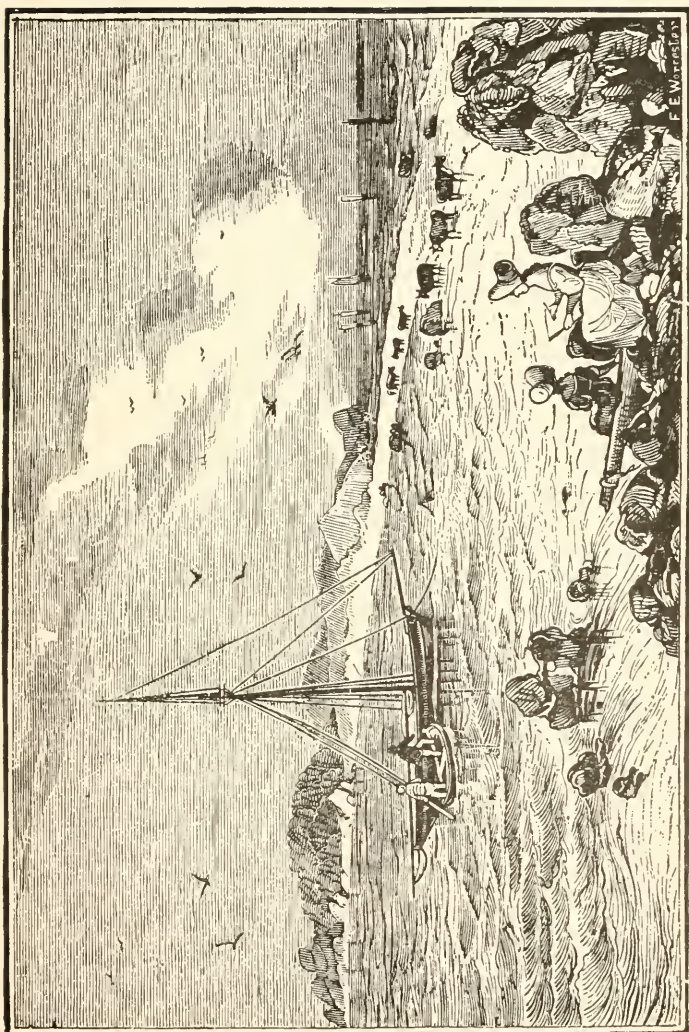
"Yes," said Marielle, "I'll look in a minute."

"There are two men in it, Marielle," continued Lucy.

Marielle looked up from her work, and saw, as Lucy had said, a small boat coming across the water, directly towards them. There were two men in it. One was in the middle of the boat, with his back towards them, rowing. The other was in the farther end of it, with his face towards the children. He was steering. The boat had come out from a little cove : it had turned, and now seemed to be coming directly towards them

Marielle and Lucy watched it, expecting every moment to see it turn off to go somewhere else ; but it did not. It continued to advance directly towards them, as they thought, though, at length, Marielle perceived that its course was beginning to tend more directly towards the sail-boat than to them. All uncertainty as to its destination was soon ended, as it approached nearer and nearer the sail-boat, until, at last, the man who was rowing took in his oars, and the little skiff swept swiftly around, and came up close alongside the sail-boat.

Both men stepped into the sail-boat. The man who had been in the stern of the small boat was a well-dressed gentleman. The other appeared to be a sailor. The gentleman took his seat in the stern of the sail-boat, while the sailor appeared to fasten the skiff to the buoy to which the sail-boat had been moored. After he had fastened it, Lucy looked at the gentleman again, and found that he was doing something to the rudder. While he was at work adjusting the rudder, the sailor unfastened the sail, and hoisted it. There was not much wind, but the sail filled, and the boat slowly turned away, and, a little breeze springing up, it began to glide rapidly over the water. The wind, pressing upon the sail, caused the boat to lean over towards the rock



where Marielle and Lucy were sitting, so that they could see into it very plainly. The sailor was seated not very far from the mast, and the gentleman in the stern, steering. The girls watched the boat a few minutes in silence, and they saw that, as soon as it had got clear of the rocks and islands, it changed its course a little, and sailed away down towards the lighthouse.

“I think that’s a very polite young gentleman,” said Marielle, “to come and take away my drawing-lesson.”

So saying, she looked down upon her unfinished work in despair.

“Yes,” said Lucy; “and I’m glad, for there are not any ropes to that little boat, and I can draw it myself.”

So Lucy began to climb up the rocks again to find her paper and pencil, to draw the little boat which had been substituted for the large one.

By this time, however, Marielle was tired of drawing; and Lucy, though she was very eager to attempt it, soon found that a boat was very difficult to draw, even though it had no ropes. So she soon gave up, and the girls concluded to go towards home. They rose from their seats, and began to walk along over the top of the castle rock.

Although the rock had a great many fissures

and chasms in it, yet its surface was smooth, having been worn by the action of the waves for thousands of years.

They walked slowly along over these rocks towards the sandy isthmus by which they expected to get to the shore. They had taken so much precaution to be sure that the tide was going down, that they did not anticipate any difficulty in getting off the island. But they encountered a difficulty of a very unexpected kind. There was a herd of cows that had been feeding upon a pasture on the land, but they had come down to the water, for what purpose the children could not imagine ; and there they stood, some on the shore, and some just in the edge of the water, and others on the little isthmus, but all exactly in the way where Marielle and Lucy wanted to go. There seemed to be no way to get off the island, but to go directly through this great herd of cows. This Marielle and Lucy were afraid to do.

The children tried for some time, ineffectually, to drive the cows away, but they would not move. The truth is, the girls had no weapons. There were neither sticks nor stones to be found. There were plenty of stones on the main shore, back from the beach ; but here, where they were, there

was nothing but sand ; so that Marielle and Lucy had no means of driving the cows away, but to stand and brandish their arms at them, and endeavor to frighten them off by shouts and scolding. But as they did not dare to go very near, the cows remained motionless in their places, without paying any attention to them whatever.

After remaining a few minutes in this situation, the girls began to feel somewhat anxious ; but their anxiety was soon relieved by seeing a gentleman coming towards them from under the cliffs, which lined the shore, below the place where the castle rock joined the main land. He was walking very slowly, and he appeared feeble. He had a cane in his hand, and, as soon as he came into view, the girls saw that he was looking at them. They therefore ceased their useless efforts to drive away the cows, and waited to see if he would come and help them. To their great joy, he turned towards them, continuing to walk, however, as slowly as before. Marielle thought to herself that he might have come a little quicker ; but she was glad to see that he was coming at all. He paid no attention to the cows, but walked directly through the herd ; one of the cows moved a step or two out of his way, but the rest remained just as they were.

As he came up, Marielle was afraid that he would laugh at them for being afraid of the cows ; but he did not. On the contrary, he looked very sober. He was pale, and Marielle thought that he must be sick. He walked very feebly.

“ Are you afraid of the cows, girls ? ” said the gentleman.

“ Yes, sir,” said Lucy ; “ and will you be so good as to drive them away with your cane ? ”

“ O, no,” said the gentleman ; “ we’ll let them stay where they are ; but I’ll conduct you along safely, if you will walk with me.”

So saying, the gentleman turned, and began to walk back towards the shore, with the children by his side. He asked them where they had been, and they told him they had been down on the island to draw. Then he wanted to see their drawings, and they went to the rocks on the shore, where they found a good place to sit down, and they took out their drawings, and showed them to him. He said that they were done very well.

“ And now,” said he, “ lend me your pencil, and a piece of paper, and I’ll draw you those cows.”

So Marielle gave him a pencil and a piece of paper, and the gentleman went to work. He made a drawing of the castle rock and the sandy

neck where the cows were standing, and then put in the cows, one by one, some on the sand and some in the water. He made a wave just curling over upon the beach; he also made the little boat, which had been left upon the water, and which was just in sight from where they were sitting.

“And now, sir,” said Lucy, “make Marielle and me, trying to drive the cows away.”

The gentleman complied with Lucy’s request, and when the picture was finished, he gave it to Marielle, who said she was going to carry it home, and show it to her mother.

“Well, girls, good-by,” said the gentleman; “but I wish you would come here again to-morrow. I walk out here every afternoon, when it is pleasant; and I wish you would come and keep me company.”

“Yes, sir,” said Lucy, “we will.”

“Yes,” added Marielle, “if my mother is willing.”

“That’s right,” said the gentleman; “I will send her my card.”

So he took out his card, and wrote something on the back of it, and then, enveloping it in a piece of Marielle’s drawing-paper, he gave it to Marielle to carry to her mother.

CHAPTER X

BOATING.

WHEN Marielle and Lucy reached home, they told Lady Jane of the danger which they had been in, and how they had been fortunately rescued by the gentleman who happened to come along just at the right time.

“Do you know who it was?” said Lady Jane.

“No, mother,” replied Marielle; “but he gave me his card for you.”

So saying, Marielle took out the card, which she had put into her little portfolio with her drawings. The card was neatly enveloped in white paper.

Lady Jane opened the envelope, and took out the card. On one side was beautifully printed the name, “MR. W. ST. JOHN.” On the other were written, in pencil, the following words: —

“Lady Jane will confer a great favor upon an invalid, if she will allow him the pleasure of the

children's company, occasionally, in his walks upon the shores."

Lady Jane read this request aloud, for the children to hear it, and then folded up the card again in its envelope, with a smile.

"What is his name?" said Marielle.

"Mr. St. John," replied her mother.

"Do you know him?" asked Marielle.

"I've heard of him before," said Lady Jane.

"Well, mother, may we go and take a walk with him to-morrow?"

"Yes," said her mother.

"There's no danger in our going with him, is there?" said Lucy.

"No," replied her mother, "no danger of any thing but of your being troublesome."

"O, we were not troublesome," said Lucy, "I know. Only just I asked him to let me look at his gold-headed cane. But I don't think that that troubled him."

"No," said Lady Jane, "I presume not; and you may go to-morrow afternoon, and walk with him, at all events. So now you may go to your room, and get ready for tea."

The next day, the children were quite desirous to have the afternoon come when they were to go

out and meet Mr. St. John. They took a ride in the morning with their mother, and they watched the roads where they went, in hopes to meet him. But he was nowhere to be seen. They were going to show him to Lady Jane, if they had met him ; but, finally, after having passed a number of parties of gentlemen and ladies riding or walking, and no Mr. St. John appeared, they were obliged, very reluctantly, to give up the hope of seeing him until the afternoon.

Immediately after dinner, they took their drawing materials and set off. When they reached the foot of the cliffs, they looked about for their friend ; but he was nowhere to be seen.

“ Now I think of it,” said Marielle, “ it is not time for him to come yet. It was two hours after this time, when he came yesterday.”

“ It was after we had done drawing the boats,” said Lucy.

“ Yes,” replied Marielle. “ So now let us sit down on the cliffs, and, while we are waiting, we can draw the same picture that he did, — all except the cows. I know I can’t draw the cows.”

So the girls took out their portfolios, and began to draw. Lucy was going to finish the little boat which she had commenced the day before ; but, on looking out to the place, she found that it was

not there but that the vessel, as she called it, had been returned to its place, and the boat was gone.

However, after waiting a few minutes, and considering what to do, she heard a sound as of oars again, and presently she saw a boat coming with two boys in it. One of the boys was rowing. The other seemed to be at work upon something which he had upon a seat by his side. As they came near, she found it was a fishing-line. Presently the other boy stopped rowing, and went to the bows of the boat, and threw out something which seemed to be like an anchor; and then they both went to fishing. Lucy immediately determined to draw that boat, and one of the boys too. She said she knew that she could draw such a boy as that, for he was nothing but head and shoulders.

She meant that there was nothing to be seen but head and shoulders; for, as the boys were fishing out of the side of the boat which was farthest from the shore, and as they leaned over the side, they caused the boat to tip somewhat in that direction, so that only a very small part of the boy could be seen, above that edge of the boat which was turned towards them.

Lucy went to work to draw the boat, and for

a quarter of an hour, she persevered very industriously and patiently. Then, however, to her surprise, she saw one of the boys look towards the shore, and then he appeared to say something to the other boy ; for he, too, looked up, and both immediately arose, drew in their lines, hauled up the little grapnel which they had used for an anchor, put out their oars, and began to pull in towards the shore.

While the girls were wondering what these manœuvres could mean, Mr. St. John suddenly appeared coming around at the foot of the cliffs. They were so much interested in his coming, that they paid no further attention to the boys. Lucy ran down to meet him, but Marielle remained where she was. She, however, put up her drawings, and rose from her seat upon the rocks.

“ Well, girls,” said Mr. St. John, “ I forgot to tell you what time you might expect me, and so I have come earlier than my usual time, so as not to keep you waiting. It seems that your mother was willing to have you come.”

“ Lady Jane is not *my* mother,” said Lucy.

“ Isn’t she ? She must be your aunt. then, I suppose,” said Mr. St. John.

“ No, sir,” replied Lucy ; “ she is not my aunt.”

“ Well, at any rate,” replied Mr. St. John

“she was willing to have you under my charge; and now we will go down into this boat, and have a little sail.”

So Mr. St. John led the way down to the beach, and the girls followed him. They saw that the boys had come to the shore with their boat, and were sitting in it, looking towards Mr. St. John and the girls.

Lucy hesitated about getting into the boat. She was a little afraid; and then, besides, she was not quite sure that Lady Jane would be willing.

“Yes,” said Marielle, “she said there would be no danger in going any where with Mr. St. John.”

“Except that we might be troublesome,” said Lucy.

Mr. St. John smiled a little at this, and he told the girls that he thought they need not be afraid to go with him. “However,” he continued, “we had better be sure, Marielle. If you feel in any doubt whether your mother would be willing to have you go, you will feel uneasy all the time, and will not enjoy the sail. You had better let Lucy go and ask her, or else go yourself. It is not very far.”

“I’ll go,” said Marielle. “I can go quicker, and you may stay here, Lucy.”

So Marielle ran off along the beach towards the house. Presently she stopped running, and began to walk; but she walked very fast, and Lucy knew that she would be back again very soon. While she was gone, Lucy began to examine the boat. It was a very pretty boat, and very clean and dry inside. There were two or three small seats near the stern, covered with cushions. The boys sat near the middle and forward part of the boat, with the oars in their hands. Lucy wondered how it happened that Mr. St. John was going to get into their boat, and what made them wait for him. However, she supposed that, when Marielle came back, Mr. St. John would ask the boys to let him have their boat, or, at least, say something about it.

But he did not. Marielle came back in a few minutes.

“What did she say?” said Lucy, as soon as she got within hearing.

Marielle did not answer, but kept walking on as fast as she could come.

“Yes, or no, Marielle?” said Lucy.

Still no answer. But when Marielle got near enough to speak to Mr. St. John, she gave her mother’s answer to him, in these words:—

“Mother wished me to give you her compli

ments, sir, and say that she is afraid you are taking a great deal of trouble to amuse us; but she is willing to have us go wherever you think proper."

"Yes, sir," said Lucy, looking up to Mr. St. John, greatly delighted; "that means yes Let's get right in."

But it was not quite so easy to get in as Lucy had supposed; for, although the boys had brought up the boat at a place which was sheltered from the surf, still the water was uneasy and restless, and the boys had some difficulty in holding the boat still, while Mr. St. John and the children got in. When they were in, however, and had got off a little way from the shore, there was scarcely any motion to the boat; but it glided over the water very smoothly and beautifully. The boys rowed, and Mr. St. John steered.

The boat, as it went out, was moving along towards the sail-boat, which Marielle had attempted to draw the day before. Mr. St. John asked Lucy if she should not like to look into it. Lucy of course said that she should, and Mr. St. John steered his boat close to the side of it. One of the boys had to take in his oar, when they got pretty near, to keep from striking the sail-boat. They found that the sail-boat was much larger

than the one which they were in. Mr. St. John pointed out to them the various parts, and explained their construction and uses; and then he passed on. He steered around the castle rock, and then turned in towards the shore again on the other side. Here there was a long, sandy beach, under the cliffs, which extended down towards the lighthouse; and Mr. St. John steered the boat so that it glided along at a short distance from this beach, so that the girls could see the rocks, and the sand below them, and the rolling surf which washed upon it with its ceaseless motion.

Lucy watched the shore for some time, and then she began to look at the boys who were rowing. Each oar rested upon the side of the boat, between two pins, about as large as a man's finger, which were fastened into the edge of the boat at a proper place, and at such a distance apart as just to allow the oar to play loosely between them.

"I saw those pegs," said Lucy, "when I was drawing my boat, but I did not know what they were for."

"They are to keep the oar in its place," said Mr. St. John, "when rowing."

"What do they call them?" asked Marielle.

"Thole-pins," replied Mr. St. John

“I made my thole-pins too far apart,” said Marielle, “if that’s what they’re for.”

“Let me look at your drawing,” said Mr. St. John, “and see.”

So Marielle and Lucy both took out their drawings, and showed them to Mr. St. John. Lucy had not made any thole-pins in her boat, but Marielle had made them, though she had made them altogether too far apart. There was room enough to put two or three oars between them.

“So you see,” said Mr. St. John, “that it is necessary to understand the construction of the thing you are going to draw, and the uses of the parts, in order to draw it well.”

“Yes, sir,” said Marielle; “only if I knew how to draw well enough to copy the thing *exactly*, then it would not be necessary.”

“True,” said Mr. St. John; “but that is not possible. Besides, exactness is not necessary in all respects. There are certain points where it is necessary to be exact. There are others where it is not necessary. And if you know the construction and use of the thing which you are drawing, your knowledge will guide you.

“For example,” continued Mr. St. John, “take the thole-pins. It is essential that they should

be about as far apart as the thickness of an oar. But it is not essential precisely in what part of the side of the boat they are. They may be a little farther this way, or that, without being wrong. So, if you are making a mast, it must be farther forward than the middle of the boat, for masts must always be made so. But if you were making a *man* in a boat, it would be of no consequence whether you placed him nearer the bows, or nearer the stern.

“It is so with all other kinds of objects,” continued Mr. St. John. “Unless you know the nature and uses of the parts, it is almost impossible to draw them correctly; and, even if it were possible, it would require altogether more labor and care to do it, than if you understood your object fully.”

“I don’t know exactly what you mean, sir,” said Lucy.

“Why, suppose that you were drawing a horse,” he replied, “and there is a man upon him holding the bridle in one hand, and a little whip in the other. Now, the lines to represent the bridle must go down to the horse’s mouth exactly, for a bridle is always fastened to a bit, and the bit is in the horse’s mouth. Therefore, though you may make the bridle hang in almost any line, as *you* please, still it must end exactly at the horse’s

mouth. The termination of the lines, therefore, which are meant for the bridle, is one of the things which are essential. But then, on the other hand, the line which represents the whip lash, may end any where."

"Yes, sir," said Lucy.

"Now," continued Mr. St. John, "suppose that you were going to copy a drawing of a man on horseback, and had never seen a horse, and did not know what the bridle was for, or the whip; and suppose it happened that, in the drawing, the man on the horse was holding the whip out in such a position that the lash of it came just opposite to the horse's ear; — now, you would observe, undoubtedly, that the end of the lash seemed to touch the horse's ear, and the end of the reins his mouth, but you would not know which was essential, and which only accidental; and so you would have to take just as much pains with one, as with the other. But if you understood the nature and use of all the parts, then you would bring the lines for the bridle down to the horse's mouth, exactly; and as to the whip, you would be satisfied with having it in somewhat the same position that it was in the original, without attempting to bring the end of the lash exactly opposite to the ear."

“I should think she might make it exact, almost as easily,” said Marielle.

“Yes, in that case you might,” replied Mr. St. John. “I took a very simple case to explain it to Lucy. But when you come to apply the principle to all the parts of a complicated object, it makes a great deal of difference whether you understand it or not, in respect to the ease and accuracy of your drawing of it. A person cannot draw machinery well, unless he understands machinery ; nor ships, unless he understands something about the rigging. Therefore, if you and Lucy want to learn to draw well, you must learn all you can about the construction and use of every thing you see, — at least of every thing which you ever expect to have to draw.”



CHAPTER XI.

THE LIGHTHOUSE.

AFTER a time, our party began to approach towards the lighthouse. Lucy said that she was glad that they were going to the lighthouse, for it was very pleasant there. Besides, she could see very far out to sea from the rocks near the lighthouse. She, however, asked Mr. St. John if he knew where there was a good place to find some shells.

“I promised Royal some shells,” said she, “and now I can’t find any.”

“Have you looked about upon the beach?” asked Mr. St. John.

“Yes, sir,” said Lucy, “I’ve looked in a great many places, and I can’t find but two.”

Lucy had found two shells, or rather three, for one of them, though it seemed to be a sort of a shell, was very different from any others which she had ever seen. It was almost round, like a ball, only one side was somewhat flattened, and in the flattened side there was a round hole, so

that she could see inside. It was hollow. The shell was white, and pricked all over the surface, as Lucy said, with fine holes arranged in very regular forms. Lucy said it looked like muslin.

Just as Lucy had finished telling Mr. St. John about her shells, she observed that the lighthouse and the land suddenly began to sail away very fast, sweeping around in a very extraordinary manner. The lighthouse island had been before them, but in two minutes it had got round almost behind them. Lucy was astonished. It seemed as if the land had really sailed away, though she knew, as soon as she reflected a moment upon it, that the land could not sail away. On looking around her attentively a moment, she observed that the boat had turned, and, instead of being pointed towards the lighthouse, it was moving directly towards a large island which lay off the shore.

“There is a beach on the outside of this island,” said Mr. St. John; “we’ll go and see if there are any shells there.”

The island was long and narrow, and it lay parallel to the shore. On the outside was a long, sandy beach. Mr. St. John landed the children near the end of the island, on the back side, where they were sheltered from the swell of the sea; and

then they walked over the rocks to the front side.

The attention of the children was first attracted to the magnificent line of surf which fringed the beach. A long wave would roll in, swell higher and higher as it approached the sand, until its crest would curl beautifully over in one long line ; and, as it advanced still farther, this would break into a roll of foam, extending along the beach from end to end. As the foam subsided, a thin sheet of water issued from it, and glided swiftly away up the sand. When its force was spent, it would run back again as fast as it came, until it met another wave coming up, swelling like the other, and curling over, just ready to break into foam.

Lucy had seen the surf break in upon the shore before ; but it was more beautiful in this place than any other. She watched it for some time before she began to look for shells. Then they walked about upon the sand, above the reach of the waves ; and both she and Marielle had much better success than they had had before. They found four or five shells that were whole, and which were quite curious. They also found a great many broken ones ; but these they threw away. Mr. St. John said that they had got broken by the force of the waves.

Then they went back to their boat, and the boys rowed them across the water towards the lighthouse. The lighthouse, as has already been mentioned, was upon a little island connected with the main land by a low tongue of sand. The landing-place for boats was round on the farther side from where they were coming in the boat, so that they had to go entirely around it. The front part of the island was rocky. It would have been difficult to land here, as it was exposed to the swell of the sea, and the surf broke upon it with great force. At this time, indeed, it was comparatively very calm on the water, so that there was very little swell. Still it would have been somewhat dangerous to have attempted to land there; and Mr. St. John steered round, entirely outside of the rocks, where the water was very smooth. As they passed around, the girls had beautiful views of the lighthouse, on every side of it. Marielle said that she thought it would be a very good drawing-lesson.

"Yes," said Mr. St. John, "you might sit here in the boat and draw it."

"Well, sir," said Lucy, "I should like a picture of a lighthouse which was made in a boat"

“We’ll go on a little way,” said Mr. St. John, “till we find the best point of view.”

So they went on. As they gradually rounded the island, and came towards the landing-place, they saw a small boat, about as large as their own, just issuing from the little cove in which the landing-place was situated. There was a man in the boat.

“Who’s that coming away?” said Lucy.

“That’s the lighthouse-keeper,” replied Marielle.

He was sitting in the middle of his boat, working both the oars himself. In their own boat, one boy worked one oar, and the other the other, and Mr. St. John sat in the stern, to steer. But the lighthouse-keeper worked both of his oars, and there appeared to be nobody to steer. He sat with his back to the bows of the boat, and the handles of the oars crossed each other before him.

“I don’t see how he can tell when he is going on to the rocks,” said Lucy.

“Or how he can steer away when he knows that he *is* going on,” said Marielle.

Just then they saw that the lighthouse-keeper’s boat had got out of the cove so far as to clear a point of land which formed one of the boundaries

of it, on the side where the boat of Mr. St. John was coming. The girls saw him look over his shoulder at this point of land. Then he stopped rowing with the oar on one side, that is, on the side towards the point of land, and continued to row with the other. The girls saw that by this means he pulled his boat around the point, and then watched it over his shoulder. He passed along close to it, and so came on directly towards them.

The two boats passed very near each other. The lighthouse-keeper rested on his oars a moment as he passed, and, holding both the handles of them in one hand, he touched his cap to Mr. St. John and the young ladies with the other.

“Pleasant afternoon, sir,” said Mr. St. John.

“Yes, sir,” said the lighthouse-keeper; “the water is as smooth as a pond.”

“All excepting just along the shore,” said Lucy to Marielle, in a low voice.

The lighthouse-keeper put his strength to his oars again, and was soon beyond hearing.

Mr. St. John went on a short distance farther, and then the rocks opened in such a way that they had a fine view of the lighthouse, and the dwelling-house at the foot of it, with the rocks and trees around; and Mr. St. John said that it

would be an excellent point of view. The lighthouse-keeper's wife was sitting under the porch on a bench, knitting. Lucy said she meant to put her into her picture.

They took out their drawing materials, and continued drawing here for half an hour. Mr. St. John sat between Lucy and Marielle, and gave them his advice and direction. He took Lucy's pencil very often, and helped her. Marielle looked over, and, by seeing him draw Lucy's picture, she learned how to draw her own. Thus they were going on very well, until, at length, Lucy's was nearly finished, and Marielle's about half done; for, as Lucy herself did very little to hers, and Mr. St. John nearly the whole, it advanced faster than Marielle's.

At length Lucy began to be tired of drawing there; and, besides, she recollected that she wanted a drink of water.

"Then," said Mr. St. John, "we will put you ashore, and you can go up to the lighthouse, and ask the woman for a drink of water, while Marielle finishes her drawing; and I will finish yours while you are gone."

"Well, sir," said Lucy.

So Marielle stopped drawing, and the boys put

out their oars, and rowed towards the shore. They landed Lucy in the cove, on a little sandy landing-place, and then they went back again to their station, while Lucy climbed up to the grass ground above the rocks, and made her way towards the house, singing.

"Who's coming there?" said old Mrs. Star as Lucy approached. "Is that you, Lucy?"

"Yes, ma'am," said Lucy.

"Where's your mother?" said the woman.

"Mother isn't here. I came in a boat," said Lucy. "We've been drawing you."

"Drawing me! child? What do you mean by that?"

"Why, we're making a picture of the lighthouse, and of your house, and of you sitting at the door, knitting."

The old lady smiled, and asked who were in the boat; and Lucy told her. She seemed to be much interested to hear about the drawing, and said that she wished she could see the pictures when they were done.

"I'm sorry you can't see," said Lucy. "How long have you been blind?"

"Four or five years," said the woman.

"Can't you see at all?" asked Lucy

"No," replied the woman "only just to tell day from night. I can tell when the sun shines, and when it is cloudy."

Here there was a pause. Lucy looked at the woman with a countenance of concern, and then said, —

"I should think you had better get some spectacles."

"Dear soul," said the woman, "spectacles wouldn't do me any good."

"Why, did you ever try them?" said Lucy.

"No," said the woman.

"Then you can't be sure," said Lucy, "unless you have tried."

"Why, child," said the woman, "spectacles are good for the sight; but they won't help eyes that haven't got any sight in them at all."

"I mean to ask Lady Jane to lend me hers, the next time I come down, and let you try," said Lucy. "It will not do any harm to try."

"No, no, child! nonsense," said Mrs. Star. "But I'll tell you what to do. Can you read?"

"Yes, ma'am," said Lucy.

"Then bring down one of your little story-books, and read me a story."

"Well," said Lucy, "I will. We've got some

books ; only they're Marielle's ; but she will let me bring one down, I know."

"Where is Marielle ?" said the woman.

"O, she's out in the boat," replied Lucy, "finishing her drawing."

"What made you come ashore without her ?" said the woman.

"Why, I wanted some water to drink. Have you got any water in your house ?"

"Yes," said the woman ; "I'll give you some water ; but you must go and get it yourself."

"Where is the water ?" asked Lucy.

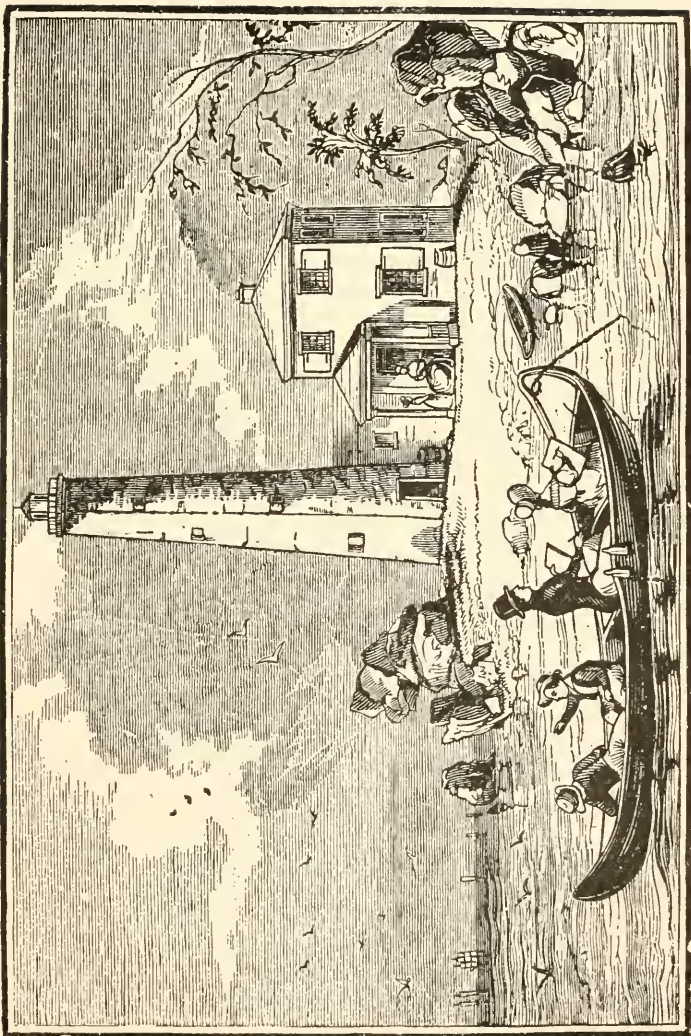
"It is down cellar," said the woman, "in a barrel."

"In a barrel ?" repeated Lucy.

"Yes," said the woman ; "go into the house, and look on the dresser."

"The dresser ?" said Lucy. "What is a dresser ?"

"Why, don't you know what a dresser is, child ? It is the shelves where I keep my dishes. The dresser is at the back side of the kitchen. Look on the second shelf, by the window, and you'll find a mug. It's next to my wooden bowl. Then you must open the door by the side of the fireplace, and you'll see the cellar stairs. Right at the foot of the stairs you'll see a barrel



painted red, with a plug in the end of it. You must pull out the plug; then the water will run. You can hold your mug under, and catch as much as you want, and then put in the plug again."

Lucy, having received these directions, went timidly into the house. She felt somewhat uncertain how she should accomplish so delicate an operation; and, if the old lady had not been blind, she would have asked her to go down and get the water for her. But, as she was so blind, she thought she might fall down the cellar stairs; and so she concluded that it was better for her to go herself. She accordingly went in, while the woman remained at her place knitting, and listening to Lucy's footsteps.

She heard her go to the dresser, and take the mug, and then open the cellar door. She heard her footsteps distinctly, as she slowly and cautiously went down, one step after another, until she reached the foot of the stairs. Then there was a long pause.

"Can't you get the plug out?" asked the old woman, in a loud voice.

There was no answer. Perhaps Lucy did not hear.

"Work it a little back and forth, and then it will come out," said the blind woman

Here there was another pause ; and then pretty soon she thought she heard the running of the water into the mug ; but just as she was beginning to think that the sound continued rather too long, she heard an outcry, in Lucy's voice, coming up from the cellar.

"O dear me ! O dear me ! all your water is spilling."

The old woman jumped up, went into the house, walked rapidly across the floor with her arms extended before her, reached the cellar stairs, and descended, and before Lucy had time to think what was to be done, she took hold of the head of the barrel with one hand, and put the thumb of the other hand, in an instant, over the hole from which the water was issuing. The stream was stopped at once.

"Where's the plug, child ?" said the woman.

"Here," said Lucy ; and she put the plug into the hand which the woman extended to receive it. Mrs. Star put the plug into the hole, and crowded it in hard.

"Have you got enough in your mug ?" said she.

"Yes, ma'am," said Lucy ; "only I'm very sorry I've spilt so much of your water."

"O, that's no matter," said she ; "there's plenty more."

‘But what do you have your water in a barrel for?’ said Lucy. ‘Why don’t you have a well, or a pump?’

‘What, a well down through these rocks, child?’ said the woman.

She went up stairs, Lucy following her slowly, drinking by the way. When she had drank as much water as she wanted, she put the mug down upon the table, as the woman told her to, and then went out upon the porch, and they began to talk together again.

‘We went out to an island,’ said Lucy, ‘to find some shells, but we couldn’t find many.’

‘No,’ said the woman; ‘there are no shells on these coasts. You must go to the East Indies if you want to find shells.’

‘Are there a great many shells in the East Indies?’ asked Lucy.

‘Yes,’ replied the woman; ‘I used to have a bag full, that some sailors gave me.’

‘What did you do with them?’ said Lucy.

‘I don’t know,’ said the woman. ‘They are about the house now, somewhere. If I could find them, I would give them to you.’

‘Well,’ said Lucy, ‘I wish you could find them.’

‘Let me see,’ said the woman. ‘Perhaps

they are in the back cupboard, on the upper shelf. I'll go and see."

So she rose, and went out with Lucy into a back room where there was a closet. She opened the door, and placed a chair there.

"Now, Lucy, you've got eyes; so you may get up in the chair and look."

Lucy climbed up in the chair.

"Look on the top shelf, farther end. What do you see?"

"I see a box," said Lucy.

"Yes; now, what is there besides the box?"

"There is a tin pail," said Lucy.

"Yes," said the woman; "that's my old pail. There's a hole in the bottom. Is there any thing beyond the pail?"

Lucy reached up, and moved the pail one way and the other; but there was nothing beyond it. On the other end of the shelf there were two or three bundles of herbs, but no bag.

"Then they're lost," said the woman. "At least, if they're not on that shelf, I don't know any thing about them. Stop, look *in* the pail."

It was very fortunate that Mrs. Star happened to think to ask Lucy to look in the pail; for there the bag of shells was, safe. Lucy pulled it out by its string. It was pretty large; as large as a work-bag.

Lucy got down upon the floor, and, resting the bag upon the chair where she had been standing, she pulled the mouth of it open, and looked in.

“O, what beautiful shells!” said she. “Let me pour them all out upon the table.”

“No,” said Mrs. Star; “you can look at them after you get home. They are for you and your brother Royal together.”

“Well,” said Lucy. So she thanked Mrs. Star for the shells, and bade her good afternoon, and then ran along down to the shore. They came in for her, with the boat. She told them the story of the shells, and they showed her their drawings. Lucy was very much pleased with hers. Mr. St. John had finished it in a very beautiful manner. He had not only drawn the old lady sitting in the porch, but Lucy herself also, standing by her side, talking with her. Lucy said that she was very much pleased with her picture, and that she was very much obliged to Mr. St. John for helping her make it. And then they put up all the papers, and the boys rowed them home.

CHAPTER XII.

GOING TO TOWN.

LADY JANE often sent to the city, while she was at the sea-shore ; and the day after Marielle and Lucy took their excursion with Mr. St. John, she went herself. When she came back, the first question which Marielle asked was, how Willie did. Her mother told her that he was a great deal better, and that in a day or two she was going to send Parker in the carriage to bring him and his mother to the sea-shore.

“Are they coming to this very house ?” asked Lucy.

“Yes,” said Lady Jane, “and Parker is going to contrive some way to get his little carriage brought here, so that you and Lucy can draw him on the beach.”

“Yes, Lucy,” said Marielle, “so we will. And, mother,” she continued, “why can’t Lucy and I go with Parker when he goes to bring them There will be room. We can ride on the

front seat, and aunt Mary and Willie on the back seat."

"Very well," replied her mother; "I have no objection."

The plan was therefore so arranged. Parker drove up to the door one pleasant morning, immediately after breakfast, and took Marielle and Lucy in. They were very much pleased at having the carriage entirely by themselves.

"There is a whole seat for each of us," said Marielle.

"Yes," said Lucy; "I'll have the front seat, and you shall have the back."

After riding in this way a short time, Lucy concluded it would be pleasanter to ride on the back seat with Marielle, and so she took her place by her side. Thus they could look out the window, and see the country, and the persons who met them on the road.

The horses trotted off very fast, and after about two hours, they began to draw rapidly near to the city. They reached it without any accident, excepting that they were delayed a few minutes by a cause which interested Lucy very much. Parker had stopped a moment to pay toll at one end of a bridge, though it was not the same bridge that they had passed over when they first went

into the city ; and, after going on a few steps, he stopped again. Lucy put her head out of the window in order to see what was the matter. She saw, to her surprise, a long train of carriages before them, extending a great distance forward, on the bridge.

“Why,” said Lucy, “we’re in a funeral.”

Marielle looked out of the window herself, immediately on hearing this announcement.

“No, indeed, Lucy,” said she ; “this is’nt a funeral ; only the *draw* is up.”

“The draw,” said Lucy ; “what is the draw ?”

“Why, the place where the vessels go through the bridge,” replied Marielle. “Here is a part of the bridge, which they hoist up when vessels want to go through ; and then the carriages have to wait until the vessel is through. And they are all standing here in a line waiting.”

Lucy looked out again, and she could now see that all the vehicles before them were not carriages. There were wagons, and carts, and chaises, and one or two men on horseback. She saw now, plainly, that it could not be a funeral. Besides, she could see, away before this long row of equipages, a part of the bridge standing up like a wall, before them. It had been raised into a perpendicular position, so as to open a space

for the vessels to go through. Above this she saw the mast and rigging of a vessel, which was slowly gliding along through the bridge.

The carriage was very near one side of the bridge, and Lucy observed that all the other carriages and wagons before them were also upon one side. See looked out of the other window, and saw that the other side of the road was entirely unoccupied. The children wondered why they all kept to one side of the road so much. While they were looking out, a chaise, with two gentlemen in it, came up behind them, and stopped, and presently another carriage, with several children looking out of the window of it. Still they all kept in one half of the road, and left the other half entirely empty.

“Parker,” said Marielle, “I wish you would turn out of this row, and drive along to the draw, and let us see the vessel sail through.”

“It is not allowed, Miss Marielle,” said Parker “I should be in the way of the other train.”

Neither Marielle nor Lucy understood what he meant by the other train; but there was so much noise and movement there that they could not talk very conveniently, and so they did not ask him. They therefore watched the mast and rigging of the vessels as well as they could from

where they were. The bowsprit first came through; then the bows of the vessel appeared gliding slowly along; then the deck, with several sailors upon it, pushing against the bridge with poles; finally, the whole vessel came through, and then Lucy expected to see the part of the bridge which had been raised, fall down with a great noise. But it did not. It began to move a little, and Lucy heard the rattling of a chain. It continued to descend slowly, till it reached its place; and Lucy saw another part of the bridge, on the other side of the opening, which had also been raised, and which now descended at the same moment, to meet this part; and so both came down into their places together.

Just at that moment, the long procession of wagons and carriages began to move on, and Lucy and Marielle saw that there was another just such a train coming the other way. Now they saw what the reason was that they left one half of the bridge clear, and what Parker meant by the other train. If Parker had left the line, and gone on towards the draw, as Marielle had proposed, they would have been run over, as Lucy said, by all those carriages.

Parker had to go slowly for a few minutes, for those before him went slowly. Lucy and Mari

elle were both glad, for they could see the train which was passing them. First came a stage-coach, with several men mounted upon the top, behind the driver, and a large number of trunks piled up on a rack behind; next came a carriage with two ladies in it, going to take a ride in the country; next, a gentleman in a chaise; and then a great wagon, heaped up very high with boxes and bales of cotton; then a cart loaded with coal, and another empty cart, with a man and a boy sitting upon a board placed across it, from one side to the other; finally, there came a chaise, with the top down, and a lady and gentleman in it, drawn by a gay-looking horse. This was the end of the train. A few minutes afterwards, Parker drove off the bridge, and the carts and carriages scattered in all directions over the city. In about ten minutes, they stopped at the door of the house where Willie lived.

As the carriage stopped, they saw Willie at the front window. He clapped his hands, and called out, —

“Here they come, mother! here they come!”

At this moment, Washington opened the door, and received Marielle and Lucy with a smiling face and many polite bows. They went in, and found Willie very much better than he was when

they left him. He was much pleased with the idea of going to the sea-shore ; and the first thing he said was, that his carriage was going to be taken down, and he wanted to know if Marielle and Lucy would give him a ride on the beach when they got there.

“ Yes,” said Lucy, “ we’ll draw you down to the lighthouse. It is a beautiful place, at the lighthouse, — and Mrs. Star will be very glad to see you, I know. Only,” added Lucy, despondingly, after a moment’s pause, “ she cannot see at all. But she’ll be glad to have you come, I know.”

But Willie did not pay much attention to this. He went capering about the room, and whipping the carpet with a little whip which he had in his hands. He played with Marielle and Lucy about half an hour in the parlor, and then they all went up into the room where they had visited him before, when he was sick. They found that the nurse had gone, and in her stead was a young woman named Martha, who had the care of William. Marielle and Lucy played in this room a little while, and then Martha told them they had better go down into the parlor, because she was going to put Willie to sleep. His mother, she said, wished him to go to sleep before dinner

So Marielle and Lucy went down into the parlor, and in a few minutes they went from the parlor into the library, and began to look at the shells in the drawers again. They had examined all the shells which Mrs. Star had given Lucy, and this had increased their interest very much in the forms of shells. They wished to see whether those in the drawer were like the ones in Lucy's bag. They found several in the drawers which were similar to Lucy's, and Marielle said that they meant to go and ask her aunt Mary what the names of them were. She went to find her; but her aunt told her she did not know the names of any of the shells, and that they were very hard names to learn and remember. Besides, she said she could not come then, as she was busy making preparations to go to the sea-shore.

Parker had orders to bring the carriage to the door immediately after dinner. He was punctual; for, when they left the dinner-table, and came to the window to see, they found him there, all ready. Washington was carrying out parcels of various kinds: among other things, he took out a small, black trunk, and put it under Parker's seat. There was a basket, with a cloth over it, which Marielle told Lucy was full of oranges. She had seen Martha put them up.

Presently they all got into the carriage. Martha got in too, as she was going in order to take care of Willie. She sat on the front seat, in one corner, and held Willie in her lap, so that he could see out of the window. Marielle and Lucy tried to explain to him about the lighthouse, and Mrs. Star; but he was too young to understand much about it, and he did not pay much attention. He preferred looking out of the window, and he called upon Marielle to admire every thing he saw. He had been shut up in his sick room a long time, and now he was delighted to get out again, where he could feel the fresh air, and see the various objects which attracted his attention, as they rode along out of the city.

"Aunt," said Marielle, "I wish you would go down to the lighthouse with us, and let us draw Willie there in his carriage."

"How far is it?" said her aunt.

"Only about a mile," said Marielle.

"O, that's too far for me to walk," said her aunt; "but Martha may go with you."

"Well, if she will," said Lucy. "Will you go, Martha?"

"Yes," said Martha: "I should like to go very much."

“And I’ll carry down my book,” said Lucy, “and read Mrs. Star a story, as I promised her I would.”

“Yes,” said Marielle, “and carry back her bag.”

“Her bag?” said Lucy; “I think she meant to have me keep the bag.”

“Did she give it to you?” said Marielle.

“Why, no,” said Lucy, “not exactly. That is, she didn’t say any thing about the bag. She gave me the shells and the bag all together.”

“Then I think you had better carry the bag back,” said Marielle. “Don’t you, aunt?”

“Why, that would be safer,” said her aunt, “if Lucy is not sure that she meant that she should keep it.”

“I would,” said Marielle; “and then, Lucy, you can put something in the bag, for a present to her in return.”

“So I can,” said Lucy. “What would you put in?”

“I don’t know. What would *you* put in it, aunt?”

“O, fill it with oranges,” said her aunt.

“Only I haven’t got any oranges,” said Lucy.

“There are plenty in a basket here, under the

seat," replied she ; "you may have some of these. I think the old lady will like some oranges."

" Well," said Lucy, " I should like to put in some oranges, very much ; and I'm going to carry down my book, and read her a story, too."

" Have you got any book to carry down?" said Marielle.

" Yes," said Lucy, " my elephant book. I brought my elephant book because I thought I should want to read in it some rainy day ; and I'm going to read ' Blind Jack ' to her, because she is blind herself, and I almost know she will want to hear about Blind Jack."

In this, and in similar conversation, the time passed swiftly away ; and they reached the end of their journey in very good season.

CHAPTER XIII.

WILLIE'S RIDE.

A DAY or two after Marielle's aunt and little Willie came down to the sea-shore, Marielle and Lucy were drawing Willie back and forth in the road before the house, when Lucy proposed that they should go that day down to the lighthouse.

"Well," said Marielle, "I'll go and ask my mother."

"And I'll go too," said Lucy.

They drew Willie just inside of the gate, where he would be safe, and told him to wait a few minutes, while they went to ask his mother if they might take him to ride. So Willie sat still, singing, and whipping the grass with his little whip.

Marielle found her mother and her aunt sitting under a little piazza at the end of the house, where they could enjoy the cool sea breeze. She made known her proposal, and asked her mother's consent that she and Lucy might go, and her aunt's, to allow them to take Willie in his carriage.

"And we want to take something to eat, and

put it in the front of the wagon, and so not come home to dinner," said Marielle.

"How far is it?" asked her aunt.

"It is about a mile," said Lady Jane. "It will be safe, if Martha goes with them, — will it not?"

"Yes," said Marielle's aunt, "I suppose so. What sort of a place is it down at the lighthouse?"

"I'll show you," said Lucy. "I'll go and get my drawing; and then you can see it exactly, and Mrs. Star, too, sitting at the door."

So Lucy went up stairs to get her drawing. Marielle followed her, to bring down hers, too. They got their drawings, and Lucy brought down her elephant book at the same time. She brought forward her drawing eagerly, and held it out for the ladies to see. Marielle came behind her, in a more modest and unassuming manner.

Her mother had seen the drawings before, but her aunt seemed much surprised when she looked at Lucy's.

"Why, whose work is this?" said she.

"Mine," said Lucy; "that's my drawing, only Mr. St. John helped me."

"And he helped me about mine, too," said Marielle.

"Yes," said her aunt. "I understand. Well, they are well drawn, and I think the lighthouse island must be a pleasant place. I should like to go there myself some day."

"I'm going to carry down my elephant book," said Lucy, "and read a story to Mrs. Star."

“And the bag of oranges,” said Marielle. “Aunt is going to give us some oranges,” she continued, speaking to her mother, “to put in the bag which Lucy’s shells came in.”

“But let me see,” replied her mother; “is that best? She gave them to Lucy as a present. Now, if you carry a bag back full of oranges, it will look a little like paying her. I think I wouldn’t. I would return the bag empty, and thus let her have the satisfaction of doing you a favor.”

Lucy and Marielle looked at each other a moment, as if in uncertainty. At length, Lucy said, —

“But I want to give her some oranges very much.”

“Very well,” said Lady Jane; “there will be no harm, particularly, in it; though I thought that, on the whole, I should prefer giving them to her in some other way, or at some other time.”

“Well,” said Marielle, “let us give her the oranges some other way. We can think of some other way; and, at any rate, we may go?” she added, inquiringly.

“Yes,” said her mother, “you may go if Martha is willing to walk so far; but if she finds it is too far, then you must turn round, and come back whenever she says it is best.”

So the girls went to find Martha, and in a few minutes they were setting off; Lucy and Marielle drawing the carriage, with Willie upon the seat, their luncheon in a large tin box, which, together with Lucy’s elephant book, was placed

before him. Martha walked along by the side of the wagon. They soon reached the beach, and began to follow it towards the lighthouse, the wheels moving very easily over the hard, smooth sand.

Martha wanted to help the children draw the carriage; but they were not willing. They wanted to draw Willie themselves alone. When they came opposite to the castle rock, they explained to Martha how they got imprisoned there one day by the cows; and they asked Martha if she would go out upon that rock with them some day. They could not go then, because they wanted to make the best of the way to the lighthouse.

When they reached the island, they drew the carriage up to the door of Mr. Star's house, in order to tell Mrs. Star that they had come, and to tell her about Willie. Lucy and Marielle were both very sorry that she could not see him. But she said that she was very glad to have him come, for she should remember his voice; and that she should know him by that whenever he came again, although she could not see his face. Lucy told her, too, that she had brought a book to read her a story.

"And we are going first along the shore," said Marielle, "to find a place to eat our luncheon, and then Lucy is coming back to read to you."

"Very well," said Mrs. Star; "come any time when you are ready."

So the children turned the carriage away, and

went towards the shore. They found a very pleasant place for their luncheon. It was under some shelving rocks, which sheltered them from the sun, but yet allowed them a full prospect of the sea. They found a good, smooth, flat stone for a table, and they spread their things upon it, after taking them out of the tin box. There were some thin slices of bread and butter, some little cakes, and an orange for each of them. They ate their dinner very happily, watching, in the mean time, the waves, which tumbled and dashed against the rocks at their feet.

When the dinner was ended, Lucy took her book and went to read her story, while the others remained at the shore, intending to ramble about, and pick up shells and pebbles. Willie found great amusement in throwing stones into the water, — little stones which he picked up on the beach. Now and then a boat passed, going in or out of the bay; and they could see several large vessels slowly moving on in their various courses in the evening.

While they were thus employed, Lucy went up towards Mr. Star's door. The old lady was sitting, as usual, in the porch, knitting. She heard Lucy coming, and said, —

"Well, Lucy, it seems you haven't forgotten me."

"No, ma'am," said Lucy; "and first here's your bag."

"What bag?" said the old lady

“ Why, the bag that the shells were in. I’ve brought the bag back.”

“ O, you might have kept the bag,” said she. “ I did not mean to have you bring that back. But it’s all well ; perhaps I shall want it. Put it on the table in the house, and I’ll put it away when I go in. Put it right in the middle, and then I can find it.”

So Lucy went in, and put the bag upon the table, as exactly in the centre as she could, and then came back, and took her seat upon the step, which led down from the floor of the porch to the ground, and opened her book.

“ The story which I am going to read to you,” said Lucy, “ is Blind Jack. It is a story in my elephant book.”

“ Blind Jack ? ” repeated the old lady.

“ Yes,” said Lucy. “ He was a blind boy, and his name was Jack ; and so they called him Blind Jack, and that is the name of the story. I thought you would like to hear about him.”

“ Yes,” said Mrs. Star, “ I should. Begin.”

So Lucy began, and read the story of Blind Jack, as follows.

CHAPTER XIV.

BLIND JACK.

“ONCE there was a boy, and his name was Jack. He was blind. He could see once, when he was very small; but he had been very sick, and at the end of his sickness he was blind.

“Jack’s father was a boatman, and he lived near the sea-shore. When Jack was pretty small, after he became blind, he used to love to go down to the shore, and sit on the rocks, and hear the surf and the breakers. He learned the way down to the shore and back, so that he could go alone very well. He had a long stick, which he used to hold out before him, and feel about in the path, where he was going to walk, lest there might be something accidentally in the way.

“At last, when Jack grew larger, his father used sometimes to take him out with him in his boat when he went a-fishing. Jack liked to go a-fishing, very much. One day, his father let him try to fish, and he caught a fish very soon. He could feel the fish when he began to bite, by the little pulling which he made at the line; and so, when he felt this pulling, he drew in his line quick, and found that he had got a fish. Then his father took the fish off, and baited his hook again,

and let him fish more. Jack found, after a time that he could take the fish off and bait his hook himself, and before long he learned to fish as well as his father.

“ There was another fisherman, who lived near Jack’s father. He had a boat, too. He often used to take his boy into his boat, when Jack’s father and Jack got into their boat, and so they would go a-fishing together. They would go out a mile from the shore, and anchor their boats at a short distance from each other, so that they could be within hearing, and there they would remain many hours, fishing in company. Sometimes the two men would be in one boat, and the two boys in another, and sometimes they would leave Jack in the boat alone, or the other fisherman’s boy alone ; for, in such cases, the other boat never went away far, and they thought there was no danger.

“ One afternoon, while they were fishing about a mile from the shore, none of them, excepting Jack, had any good luck. He succeeded in catching several fishes ; but the rest did not. So they concluded to leave Jack in one boat at anchor, while they went off about a quarter of a mile, in the other boat, to another place, where they thought that perhaps they could catch more fishes. They told Jack that he might go with them if he pleased, but he preferred staying where he was. They said that they should come back before a great while, and that, if he wanted any

thing, he could call ; for they should not go out of hearing.

“ They went to the new place, and they found that there were a great many fishes there ; and they caught them very fast for about half an hour, when they suddenly observed a great black cloud in the sky coming towards them very fast. Then they knew that there was going to be a squall.”

“ Yes,” said Mrs. Star, interrupting Lucy here in her reading. “ Good enough for them. They ought to have known better than to have left that poor boy out there all alone.”

“ I think so, too,” said Lucy ; “ but what is a squall, Mrs. Star ? — a little storm ? ”

“ O, it’s a great gust of wind that comes up suddenly. A squall is a bad thing for a small boat in the offing. If they don’t look out, they’ll get blown off.”

Lucy did not reply to this remark, but simply resumed her reading.

“ They immediately drew in their lines, and pulled up their anchor, and began to row as hard as they could to get back to Jack. But before they got half way there, the squall struck them like a clap of thunder. They rowed against it, with all their strength, for a short time ; but they found that it was of no avail. They were drifting fast out to sea. So they had to give up the attempt to reach Jack again immediately, and let go their anchor.”

"What does that mean, Mrs. Star?" said Lucy, interrupting herself, and looking up from the book.

"Why, dropping the anchor," replied Mrs. Star, "so as to hold the boat till the squall blew over."

Lucy seemed satisfied with this explanation, and resumed her reading.

"They let go the anchor, and, as soon as it reached the bottom, and got hold of the rocks, it stopped the boat; and the wind and the little waves swept by them with great fury. They wanted to call out to Jack, to tell him not to be afraid, for the squall would be over in a few minutes, and then they would come back to him. But they knew that it would do no good to call to him; for the wind and sea made such a loud, roaring sound, that it would be impossible to make him hear.

"But they had not been many minutes in this situation, before they found that they were again in motion. They suddenly perceived that the boat was drifting along over the water again, as fast as ever."

"Yes," said Mrs. Star; "she dragged her anchor. I thought it would be so."

"No," said Lucy, "the rope broke."

"The rope broke!" repeated Mrs. Star.

"Yes," said Lucy; "you shall hear." So Lucy began to read again.

"They immediately went to the bows of the boat, to examine the rope which was attached to the little grapnel that served for an anchor, and found that it had parted about six feet under water."

"*Parted* means *broke*," said Lucy, interrupting herself again, to explain the technical term to Mrs. Star. "Royal told me."

"Ay," said Mrs. Star; "go on."

"It had parted about six feet under water. It was an old rope, much worn, and was too weak to stand the strain. So the men found that they were adrift, and going out to sea at the rate of six miles an hour."

"They saw, at once, that they could not row against the wind as long as it continued to blow so hard. They began to look out for land outside of them. There was nothing in sight in the direction in which they were going, but the open sea, except one island, about eight miles off; and this was far to the north of the course on which they were drifting. They thought that their only hope of avoiding being carried away out to sea, was to row to the north as hard as they could, so as to fetch that island, if possible. They therefore put out their oars, got the boat's head to the northward, and began to pull for their lives."

"They thought that the wind would not blow very long, for such squalls were commonly over in a few minutes; but this one continued un-

abated much beyond the usual time. And what was worse, the wind gradually changed so as to blow more from the north, and thus it headed them off from the island. They found, in three quarters of an hour, that it would be impossible to reach it; and so they gave it up, and then turned their boat's head towards the shore, and contented themselves with rowing moderately towards it, so as not to exhaust their strength, and yet to do something to prevent their drifting quite so rapidly from the coast. As for poor Jack, they did not know what would become of him.

“Now, Jack, when he heard the squall coming, knew very well that there was nothing for him to do but to wait till his father returned. He expected to hear them coming every moment, when the wind first began to blow; for he supposed that they would have seen its approach, and so have tried to get back to him before it came on. When he found, however, that the wind continued heavy and strong for some time, he was well aware that they could not row against it; and so he knew that he must wait patiently until it was over. He had no doubt that they would be able to anchor wherever they were.

“By and by, the wind subsided, and Jack knew, by a sort of glow which he always perceived when the sun was shining, that the clouds had broken away, and the sun had come out. Now he thought, they would certainly come. But they did not. He waited an hour. Then it began to grow dark again. He knew that it

must be night, or else that more clouds were coming. He thought it must be night. The air was very calm and still. The water was smooth, too, for the wind had not blown long enough to raise the sea; and, besides, the wind had been directly off the shore.

— “Jack did not know what to do. He was sure that something had happened to his father and those with him in the other boat, so that they could not come back for him. He supposed that the next morning people would see him from the shore, and come off for him; but then he did not like to stay out there all night, in an open boat. A storm might arise in the night, or a heavy sea come in; and then his boat might be torn from its moorings, and dashed upon the rocks. Still he did not see what else he could do.

“After a time, he thought he could begin to hear the distant roar of the surf upon the shore. As the evening advanced, the night air, which makes all sounds more distinct, brought this sound out to him more and more plainly, and at last he began to think that he might make it a guide to conduct him back to the shore. Jack could row as well as any sailor. He liked to row, and he had often rowed his father out and in, on their fishing excursions. Of course, he had to depend upon his father entirely to direct the boat, as he could not see; though he often noticed, as he was rowing out, that the sound of the surf was always behind them, and when going in, that the sound was before them. So he pulled up his

anchor, secured it in its proper place, coiled up the rope neatly, and then put out his oars. In a moment more, his boat was shooting rapidly along towards the land.

“He had no difficulty in getting pretty near the land, though it took some time. At first, the sound of the surf was very faint and distant, and he had to stop, now and then, to listen for it. It, however, grew louder and louder, and at last he thought he was very near the shore. The sound seemed very loud and near. Jack advanced towards it very carefully, for he thought it possible that the sound which he heard might be that of surf breaking over some sunken rocks, which lay out at some distance from the shore.

“He therefore turned his boat, and rowed off to one side a little way ; and he found that he was thus moving away from the sound which he had heard. Then he stopped, and listened again ; and he could distinctly hear another roaring, much farther in. So he concluded that the sound which he had heard before, was only the breakers on the rocks. When he had gone so far to one side, as to get well beyond the breakers, he then directed his course towards the shore again. He gradually drew nearer and nearer to the roaring of the waves on the shore. He knew that it was the shore, for, when he got pretty near, he could hear the surf not only directly before him, but the sound seemed to extend on each side, very far. He presumed, therefore, that he was before a long line of beach, with the waves rolling upon it.

“ He knew very well that it would not be safe for him to attempt to land through this surf. He must coast along, he thought, until he found some opening which would lead him into a bay, where he could find a sheltered place to land. So he began to row himself along in a direction parallel to the line of surf. When he found that the roaring of the surf grew louder, he knew that he was drawing too near; and when it grew less loud, he inferred either that he was drawing off from the shore, or that the shore itself was receding; and in that case he turned in more, so as to keep near the line where the sea was breaking.

“ At last, he heard breakers directly before him, while the sound continued unabated along the shore by his side. He was glad to hear this, for he supposed that it was a point which put out at that place, and he hoped that, if he could only get round it, he could find a sheltered bay beyond, or, at least, a line of shore not so much exposed to the sea as where he then was, so that he might land. And this proved to be the case. He had some difficulty in getting round the point; but, when he did get round, he found that the sound of the waves rolling upon the shore was much more feeble, although it seemed equally near. He was very glad to find that this was so, for it was getting quite dark, and this made him feel very lonely. It is true, he could not see enough to be of any service to him in finding his way; yet the sensation of light in his eyes was pleasant

and cheering ; but now, when it became utterly dark, his situation began to seem far more desolate and gloomy.

“ At length, he appeared to come to a place where he heard nothing but a ripple on the shore, and it seemed pretty near him, too. He pushed the blade of one of his oars down into the water and, to his great joy, he found that he could touch bottom. In a moment more, the bows of his boat ran up gently on the sand.

“ He stepped out, drew his boat up a little way and groped around. He found that he was upon a broad beach. The first thing, then, he knew, was to secure his father’s boat. So he dragged it up as far as he could out of the water. But he could not draw it far. He judged, from the condition of the beach, that the tide must be nearly out ; and he was afraid that it would come and float off his boat, while he was trying to find his way to some houses on the land. To prevent this, he took out the grapnel, and carried it up on the beach as far as he could, and secured it in the sand.

“ Then he began to grope his way along towards the bank. His first object was to find some bushes where he could cut himself a stick. He could always walk a great deal better with a stick ; for by means of it he could feel before him, to ascertain whether any thing was in the way. He thought that, if he should go up the bank, he should get a stick from some of the trees or bushes which might be growing there.

“He found, however, that the bank was very steep and gravelly, so that he could not climb up. The foot of it had been washed away by the sea, and what remained was almost perpendicular, and was formed of loose stones and gravel. He did not know how high it was, but at any rate it was higher than he could reach. So he concluded to go along the shore a little way, hoping to find a place where the bank might be lower.

“He, therefore, returned to the edge of the water, and began to walk along slowly on the sand, when he happened to recollect that there was a boat-hook in the boat, which he thought would answer very well for a feeler. He, therefore, groped his way back to the boat, and took out the boat-hook. This boat-hook was a pole, about six feet long, with an iron point in one end, and also a hook formed on the same piece of iron. It was to be used when the boat came up to the rocks, or to a wharf, or to another vessel. By means of the point, Jack’s father, in the boat, could push against a rock, or a timber, and fend off, as he called it, so as to prevent the boat’s striking too hard; and with the hook he could catch hold of some edge, or projection, where he wanted to land, and so draw the boat up. This boat-hook was rather too heavy for Jack to use as a feeler; but still, as he could not find any bushes from which he might cut a slender stick, he concluded that he could make it do.

“He walked along on the beach, feeling his way with the boat-hook, which he held before him

He found that he could get along without any trouble. He perceived, also, that the sound of the surf grew fainter and fainter, as if he was leaving it behind him; and he concluded that he was going along the shore of some little bay. He was glad of this, for he knew that the bay, so far as it extended, would conduct him in where he wanted to go; for the road on which all the houses were situated, was nearly a mile from the shore, and parallel to it. If the bay, therefore, should extend a quarter of a mile back, it would conduct him so far inland, and that, too, by a beach on which he could walk much more easily than over uneven ground.

“He went on without difficulty for some distance. At last, he found that the line of the shore began to turn. So he thought that he had got to the head of the bay. He walked about very carefully, examining the place by feeling with his boat-hook, and also by listening to the surf; and at length he satisfied himself that he had arrived at the head of the bay. He knew, therefore, that he must soon leave the shore, and strike off through the fields, though he did not see how he could guide himself so as to go on in a straight line. He was very sorry to lose the sound of the surf. It had not only thus far served as a guide, but it had been a great deal of company for him. He was sorry, therefore, to go away into a region of utter silence, as well as darkness; but he knew that there was no alternative.

“As he left the sandy beach, he ascended first

A sort of ridge covered with round stones. They had been washed up by the sea. It was difficult walking over it. After he had passed this ridge, he descended again a little, and came upon a level place, where his feet sunk, at every step, into loose sand. He soon crossed this, however, and at the end of it he found a perpendicular bank about as high as his head. He could reach the top of it with his boat-hook. With the help of his boat-hook, he climbed up this bank, and found himself upon grass ground.

“The first thing which he did was, to hold up his hand, to see if there was any wind ; for, if there was, he thought he could guide himself somewhat by it. There was a gentle evening breeze blowing directly towards him, as he stood upon the bank, with his back to the sea. So he determined to go on, and to keep the wind in his face all the time ; and by this means, he hoped to go straight away from the shore, and so, at length, strike the road.

“This wind, however, on which he at first depended so much, gradually died away, until he could not perceive it at all ; and, after groping his way for half an hour over rough ground, and so covered with rocks and bushes that he was often turned aside from his course, he began to feel very much disheartened and discouraged. He had a great mind to give up, and wait until morning, in hopes that somebody would come out and find him. He concluded, however, to try a little longer. He went on, and in a few moments

he felt something with his boat-hook rising before him, like a wall, and stopping his way. On examining it more fully, he found that it was a fence. He was very much pleased that he had found a fence; 'For now,' said he to himself, 'I can go straight again.'

"The fence, of course, crossed the line of direction in which he had been advancing. He would have been better pleased, if it had coincided with it, so that he could have gone directly on. Still he thought it would not take him far out of the way; for pretty soon, he supposed, it would conduct him to the corner of the field, and then he could turn and follow the other fence, which, he supposed, would conduct him more directly up into the land.

"As he was walking along by the side of this fence, feeling his way very carefully as he advanced, suddenly the end of his boat-hook went down into a deep place before him. He stopped, and then he advanced cautiously to the brink, and, examining the place with his boat-hook, he found that it was the channel of a little creek, with water in the bottom of it flowing towards the sea.

"On reflection, he concluded that it would be better for him to leave the fence, and follow the creek; for there was some uncertainty about the fences, but the creek, though it might wind about for a time, must lead him, in the end, far inland. The creek, he knew, must come from the interior of the country, and, of course, must somewhere

cross the road ; and he knew, if he followed the creek, that he could tell when he got to the road, by his finding a bridge across it.

“ So he left the fence, and began to grope his way along by the bank of the creek. He had now to go more slowly ; for the roughness and difficulty of the way increased. At first, the course of the creek was very crooked ; but he followed it, thinking that, if he persevered, it would certainly bring him out right in the end.”

As Lucy finished reading that sentence, she looked up, and saw Marielle standing before her.

“ Why, Marielle ! ” said Lucy ; “ I did not know that you were here.”

“ I just came,” said Marielle. “ Martha wants to know if you have not almost finished your story.”

“ Why, pretty nearly,” said Lucy, turning over the leaves of her book. “ I’ve got two or three more pages to read.”

“ Besides,” said Marielle, “ Martha says that she is afraid the tide will rise so high that we can’t get back.”

“ O, well, then,” said Lucy, rising hastily from her seat ; “ let us go now.”

“ But, then, what shall I do for the rest of my story ? ” said Mrs. Star.

“ Why, I will come down some other day, and finish it,” replied Lucy.

“ Well, that will do ; only tell me now whether Jack got home.”

“Yes,” said Lucy, “he got home. He followed the brook up until he came to a bridge, and so he found the road; and then he walked along the road until he got to a house, and the people in the house let him stay there all that night, and in the morning he went home in a wagon.”

“And what became of his father?” said Mrs. Star.

“Why, his father got blown out to sea; but when the wind stopped blowing, they rowed back again, and got home the next morning just as Jack was driving up to the door.”

So saying, Lucy bade Mrs. Star good-by, and went away. She and Marielle found Martha waiting for them, with Willie in his carriage, all ready to return homewards.



CHAPTER XV.

GOING HOME.

LADY JANE and the girls remained, after this, several days at the sea-shore. They had many pleasant walks and rides ; and one day they went out with Mr. St. John in a sail-boat to take a sail. Lucy did not like the sail-boat so well as she did the small skiff propelled by oars, in which she and Marielle took their first excursion upon the water with Mr. St. John. The sail-boat tipped to one side or to the other, in such a manner that Lucy was sometimes very much afraid that it would tip over. Mr. St. John assured her that there was no danger ; but, notwithstanding this, she felt much more safe in the little skiff, which went along very even and steady.

At last, the time came for them to return home. Marielle's uncle came down from the city, to carry back Willie and his mother ; and Parker was going to drive Lady Jane and the children. They were to go to the city in the afternoon, in the morning of the same day, Lady Jane let Parker drive all the children down to the light-house, with Martha to take care of them. They went to bid Mrs. Star good-by. Lucy forgot to carry down her elephant book, to finish reading the story, and Mrs. Star forgot to ask for it. As

Lucy had told her the substance of the conclusion of it, she had dismissed it from her mind. Lucy however, did not forget to carry some oranges, which Mrs. Star was very glad to receive. Then Marielle and Lucy bade Mrs. Star good-by ; and they said that, if they ever came to the sea-shore again, they should certainly come down to the lighthouse and see her, the first thing.

They liked riding all together in the carriage very much, and Marielle said, —

“ I mean to ask my mother to let us children have one carriage, going back to the city, and she and uncle and aunt can have the other.”

“ Yes,” said Lucy, “ and Martha can go with us, to take care of us. Will you, Martha ? ”

Martha had no objection to this arrangement ; and when, at dinner-time, Marielle proposed it to her mother and aunt, she was very glad to find that they had no objection either. Accordingly, in riding to the city that afternoon, the children, with Martha, had the carriage all to themselves.

They spent one day in the city, and Marielle’s aunt was so much pleased with Lucy’s gentleness and docility, that she asked Lady Jane to be sure and bring her with Marielle when she came to town again. They then bade Willie good-by, and Marielle’s aunt, and lastly Washington, who stood upon the steps, and made them a very low bow, as they drove away from the door.

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